

CHATELAIN

MAY - 1939
TEN CENTS



Royal Visit Souvenir Number

Once the spell is broken tears won't bring him back!



No girl need risk losing romance — when MUM so surely guards charm!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises, how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed — and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool... there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless about personal daintiness—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough, when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! For hours after your bath has faded

Mum still keeps you fresh. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more nurses, more screen stars, more wives, more business girls. They find Mum so easy to use, so sure to guard charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds... that's all you need to use Mum! A pat under this arm... under that, and you're through.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to

fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum is so safe that even after underarm shaving it is actually soothing to your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! To avoid all danger of offending, make sure of daintiness with Mum! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor... keeps you always safe. So remember to get Mum at any drug-store today. With Mum, you're *sure* underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



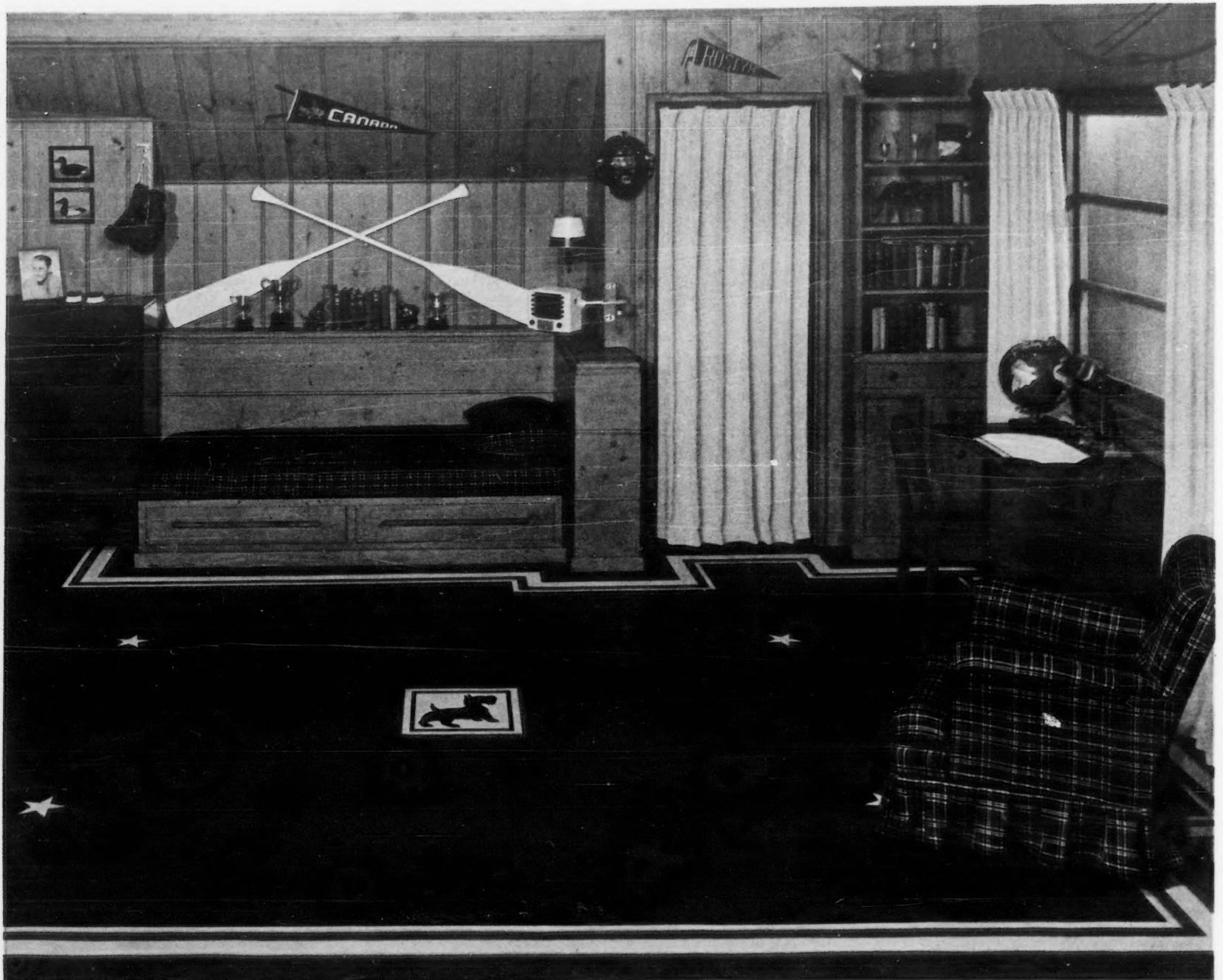
ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE. Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle and safe. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

MUM

MADE IN CANADA

**takes the odor
out of perspiration**

Where your Boy is King!



Blue Marboleum, pattern M/48 strikes the decorative keynote for the attractive room setting illustrated above. The border and interlinings are Red and Ivory Battleship Linoleum. The Scottie dog and Stars are indicative of the many standard motifs and insets available.



A Colourful Room Inspired by MARBOLEUM

What boy wouldn't be overjoyed at the prospect of having *this* room! Attic space, previously unused, transformed into a kingdom! What is the secret? THE FLOOR . . . cheerful Marboleum that forms the basic colour theme for the whole room! Note the decorative inlaid borders, the Scottie and Stars—these are only a few of the distinctive motifs and

insets that can turn an ordinary floor into something "extra special" and present a distinctive background for your furniture and drapes!

Marboleum is ideal for any room in the house! It is permanent, easy to keep clean, quiet and resilient underfoot. Why not visit your favourite housefurnishing store and see what Marboleum can do to improve *your* home!

Write for booklet on "The Care of Linoleum".

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED - MONTREAL

FREE! A WEEK AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR!

CONTEST CLOSES THIS MONTH!

..DON'T MISS THIS AMAZING OPPORTUNITY!

WHAT A LIFETIME thrill! A whole week's visit to the brilliant, breath-taking New York World's Fair!

And how exciting and wonderful if you should win this Week at the Fair absolutely FREE in this big, amazing Magic Baking Powder Contest.

Contest closes May 31st—this is the last month you can enter!

So get busy right away and send in your entry. All you have to do is to write 25 words, or less, stating which of the things we have told you about Magic Baking Powder, you have proved for yourself—and how you have proved it.

Be sure to follow the simple, easy Contest Rules most carefully.

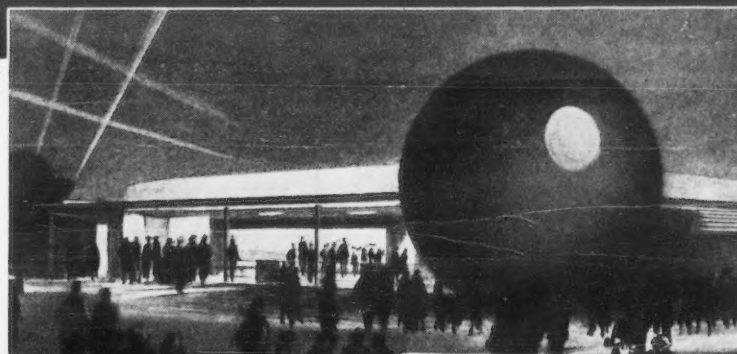
If you win one of the 10 Free Trip first prizes, the trip you will receive

will be for two people to come to New York and take in the wealth of splendor and interest to be found at the giant Fair Grounds. All expenses will be paid—plus a generous "extra allowance."

This is a prize every woman will want to try for! And if your entry doesn't win one of the 10 Free Trips to the Fair, it still may bring you one of the 115 cash prizes of \$5.00 each.

Remember—May 31st is the Contest closing date. Don't miss this glorious chance to try for the Big, Wonderful Prize of a Free Trip to the 1939 New York World's Fair!

Or, if you win a Free Trip but can't come to the Fair, you will be awarded a total of \$225.00 cash, instead.



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SEE THE COLORFUL LIVE FISH and birds—see "Pandora", the giant panda, and the bathysphere, at the New York Zoological Society Building



© NYWF

VISIT YOUR OWN handsome, ultra-modern Canadian Building, white-walled and sparkling with jewel-like decoration



DON'T MISS seeing the \$4,000,000 French Government Pavilion and exhibits—note the thrilling modern use of glass

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1 Of the following things we have told you about Magic Baking Powder, which have you proved for yourself? State your experience, or why you prefer Magic Baking Powder, briefly in 25 words or less, on the back of any Magic Baking Powder label.

Assures light, fluffy, tender cakes

Means sure results

Costs less than 1¢ per baking

Always dependable

The only nationally advertised baking powder in Canada whose ingredients are printed on the label.

2 Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity and originality. No entries returned. Decision of the Judges will be final.

3 Send as many entries as you wish. Write each entry and your name and address on a separate Magic Baking Powder label.

4 Mark label with your name and address and mail to Magic Baking Powder, Post Office Box No. 5, Toronto 2, Ont.

5 Contest closes midnight, May 31, 1939. Winners will be announced shortly thereafter. You may take your trip to the Fair whenever you wish.

6 Anyone in Canada and Newfoundland may compete except employees of Magic Baking Powder and their families.

EVERY PROVINCE and NEWFOUNDLAND WILL SHARE IN THE AWARDS

Entrants from each province and from Newfoundland will compete only with other entrants from the same territory. Each province and Newfoundland has its own quota of prizes, to be awarded only to entrants residing in those respective territories.

125 PRIZES IN ALL

10 FIRST PRIZES

115 - \$5.00 PRIZES



MADE IN CANADA

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye . . . devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do . . . kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it*. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

1. Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.
2. Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
3. Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
4. The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., (Canada), Ltd.

For HALITOSIS (Bad Breath) Use LISTERINE

MADE IN CANADA

Grand Radio Entertainment . . . the top-ranking Mystery Thrillers

"DRUMS" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

Calgary	CFCN Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.
Charlottetown	CFCY Sunday	10-10:30 P.M.
Edmonton	CFRN Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.
Fredericton	CFNB Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Kirkland Lake	CJKL Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
North Bay	CFCH Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Ottawa	CBO Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.

Sydney	CJCB Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Timmins	GKCB Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Winnipeg	CKY Friday	7-7:30 P.M.

"Adventures of Charlie Chan"

Montreal	CFCF Sunday	6-6:30 P.M.
Sudbury	CKSO Wednesday	8:30-9 P.M.
Toronto	CFRB Sunday	6:30-7 P.M.

They're Easy to Make

Photographs courtesy The Canadian Spool Cotton Co.



MATERIALS REQUIRED:

4 Balls Crichton No. 20 in a dark linen shade. Steel Crochet Hook No. 3½ English or No. 7 American.

Pattern: 3dc 2ch 3dc.

COLLAR: Commence with 58ch.

1st row—3dc into 6th ch from hook, * 2ch, miss 3ch, 3dc into next ch, repeat from * to end of row (14 groups of 3dc) 4ch, turn.

2nd row—3dc into first loop, * 2ch, 3dc into next loop, repeat from * to end of row, 4ch, turn.

3rd row—Work pattern ending with 1dc into last loop, 2ch, turn.

4th row—2dc into first loop, continue pattern to end of row, 4ch, turn.

5th row—Work pattern to end of row, 2ch, turn.

6th row—As 4th row.

7th row—Work pattern omitting last group of 2dc, 4ch, turn.

8th-10th rows—Work pattern, 4ch, turn.

Repeat from 3rd to 8th rows once more.

11th row—As 3rd row.

12th row—As 4th row.

13th row—As 7th row.

14th-22nd rows—As 8th row.

Repeat 3rd, 4th, 7th and 8th rows twice more.

31st row—Work pattern ending with 2ch, 1dc into group of 3dc of row previous to last, 2ch, turn.

32nd row—As 4th row.

33rd row—As 7th row.

34th row—As 8th row.

Repeat last 4 rows 5 times.

51st-68th rows—As 8th row.

Repeat 31st, 4th, 7th and 8th rows 4 times more.

89th row—As 31st row.

90th row—As 8th row.

91st row—Pattern to end of row increasing by working 3dc on top of 3rd dc of previous row, 4ch, turn.

92nd-94th rows—As 8th row.

95th row—Pattern to end of row increasing by working 2ch 1dc in same loop as last group of 3dc, 2ch, turn.

96th-98th rows—As 8th row.

99th row—As 91st row, 2ch 3dc in last loop, 4ch, turn.

100th-102nd rows—As 8th row.

103rd row—As 95th row.

104th row—As 8th row.

105th row—As 5th row, 4ch, turn.

106th row—As 8th row.

107th row—As 91st row.

108th-110th rows—As 8th row.

111th row—As 95th row.

112th row—As 4th row.

Repeat last 6 rows once more.

119th row—Pattern to end of row, 3ch 1dc into first loop at neck and continue with 2ch 1dc into each loop along neck ending with 3ch 1dc into top loop at neck, 3ch 1dc into each loop down side; at corners work 2ch 1dc into same place, 2ch 1dc into each loop along outer edge, 3ch 1dc into each loop at side, 2ch, turn. Work 6 rows of dc at both sides and outer edge of collar (work 5dc in corner dc on each row). After last dc has been worked, make 67ch and work 16 rows dc, joining 4 rows in same st at side of collar and commencing next row on next st at side. Fasten off.

Join thread on top dc at other side of collar and make other tie to correspond. Fasten off.

CUFF: Commence with 38ch.

1st row—3dc into 6th ch from hook, 2ch, miss 3ch, 3dc into next, 2ch miss 3ch, 3dc into next, 4ch, turn.

2nd row—3dc into first loop, 2ch 3dc into next loop, 2ch 3dc into last loop, 4ch, turn.

Continue pattern, working one more 2ch miss 3ch 3dc into next ch, 4ch, turn, every alternate row until ch is finished (9 groups of 3dc).

Work 76 rows pattern.

90th row—Work pattern omitting last group, 2ch, turn.

91st row—Work pattern, 4ch, turn. Repeat last 2 rows 5 times more.

Work a row of 2ch 1dc into each loop at top and bottom of cuff, and 3ch 1dc into each loop at sides, working 2dc into each corner with 2ch between. Work 6 rows of dc same as collar.

Fasten off. Make both cuffs alike. Starch and iron on wrong side.

Abbreviations—

Ch. chain
Dc. double crochet
St. stitch ☆

Chatelaine for MAY

Between Moons

by VIRGINIA
SULLIVAN TOMLINSON



"People always think they're in love when they come to the Islands," said Carlotta. "It's the tropics. It's the moon and the music and the lunar rainbow, that's all."

ends. Arguing with one's schoolmate was one thing, however. Arguing with one's hostess of the moment was something else again.

"Terry's different," Francie persisted. "When you meet him, you'll know why. Crazy about his job, of course—but hardly ever talks about it at all."

"I'll bet he doesn't," Carlotta's voice was a soft jeer. "Except morning, noon and night and every twenty minutes during the day! The aviator isn't born, darling, who doesn't talk flying to the exclusion of everything else. And I," she added sweetly, "like my young men to know that I'm around."

"You," Francie said tartly, "are a spoiled brat. If you spoil this party of mine tonight . . . Carlotta, you've got to promise! You've got to promise right now!"

"I promise," Carlotta said obediently. And she thought: "What is there for me to promise? That I'll sit through a dinner party, listening to a strange young man talk about constant speed propellers and slip streams and struts . . . looking dewy-eyed and tremulous every time he stops long enough to notice that I'm there? It's all so silly!"

Aloud she said, in the sweet, husky voice that was so much a part of her charm: "I'll be nice to him. But he'd better be good. Because I'm heading for a swim before dinner, and it's a pretty famous aviator who can lure me away from a beach that has practically no coral at all."

"That," Francie said, "is what you think. It's going to be interesting to watch."

And that, Carlotta assured herself, was all it was going to be; just interesting to watch. Because nothing on earth could make her show even the most casual interest in the most famous flyer ever born . . .

Carlotta had adored Anne, as only a younger girl can adore a lovely older one. She had been very young when Anne had married her flyer; but quite old enough to note how soon thereafter her sister's laughing eyes had begun to hold the shadow of a tragic expectancy at the sight of headlines screaming blackly across a newspaper's front page; at the sound of a siren in the night, or a foghorn's muted wail.

"It's a crazy way to live," Carlotta had protested, waiting beside Anne for a telephone to ring, or a message to arrive with news of a flight's end. "You never know a day's peace, or a moment of security. It's all such a waste!"

Anne had said: "Not when you love someone the way I love Joe, Carla!"

Well, she wasn't going to love anyone that way, Carlotta had vowed. And most particularly, she was never going to love any man whose job was flying.

THERE WAS nothing, Carlotta thought, quite so immovable as a small blond woman who has made up her mind that she will not understand.

She leaned back in the car, closing her eyes against the glare of the Honolulu street. They were dark eyes, eager and ardent in a delicately angled face, above the controlled serenity of her mouth. The tan-and-bronze perfection of linen suit and broad-brimmed hat was one with the faint gold of her skin and the still deeper brown of her hair.

Francie, sitting beside her, shifted gears noisily, guiding her small car expertly past the grinning Hawaiian policeman who waved them across King Street. Her plump chins quivered and her light, stubborn voice went on, mingling with the scents and sounds of the tropical afternoon.

"Of course you'll have to meet him," she said. "I invited him especially for you! Parties are no fun unless you get the right people together. You'll like Terry Shane, Carlotta. He has reckless blue eyes and a lazy sort of way, and he's—"

"A very famous flyer," Carlotta said. "Men admire him and women stumble over their shoelaces to dance with him. He did an outside loop at one of the big air races, and once he flew a rescue party to the South Pole. I know, darling. You've told me. So has everyone else I've met since I came to Hawaii. I'm sorry."

"Well! I should think you would be sorry!" Francie's luminous baby-stare, under the petulant question marks of her brows, grew slightly more aggrieved. "You're being silly," she added conclusively. "It's time somebody took you in hand. Just because your sister Anne married an aviator who went out and got himself killed—"

Carlotta wanted to say: "But it wasn't his getting killed. There was more to it than that . . ." Only Francie wouldn't have understood. As far back as the days when they had gone to school together, Francie had never understood anything that interfered with her reasons for getting her own way. Even then, Carlotta reflected, she had employed just this curious mixture of childish petulance and adult ruthlessness in gaining her

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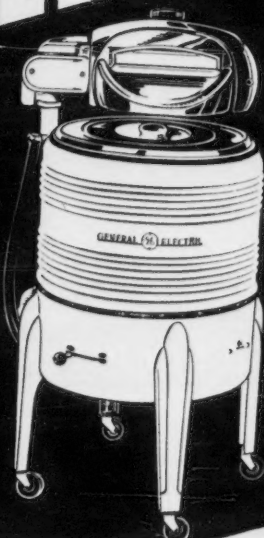
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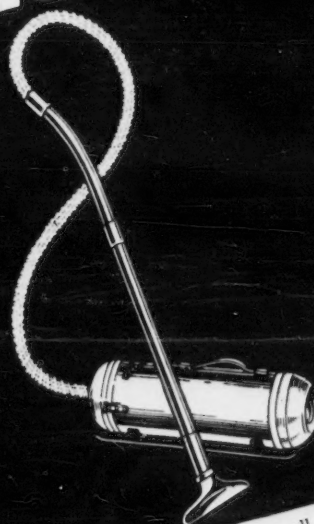
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(Prices subject to Territorial Variations)

Before he went out the door in the morning; then immediately thereafter struck a match on the seat of his overalls. I never knew why—unless it was his defy to the devil to do his worst during the day."

Carlotta said, laughing: "You're outrageous. You're making that up."

All the way up the Nuuanu Valley road she had sat quietly by his side; conscious of an odd, excited happiness, careless alike of the tropical loveliness about them and the fact that the cars bearing the rest of the party had long since passed them on the steep grade to the Pali.

"I'm not," Terry Shane said in his soft, edged voice. "I'm not making it up at all. It was from my father I first got my dream of power. To pull a little lever and make machines—go places. Which brings us back to the question of why you don't think aviators make good husbands?"

Carlotta kept her eyes on the spot where the white spire of a waterfall hurtled itself into pastel mist far below.

"It has something to do with that old joke," she said, "where somebody asks the wife: 'Have you seen your husband lately?' and the wife replies: 'No. But the newspapers say he'll be home in September.' No woman likes being merely the postscript to her husband's existence, you know; something he's tacked on at the end. When a woman marries, she wants a man she can put her finger on; not one who's gone more than he's at home . . . who'll pretend to listen while she talks, then at the sound of a wind or the blotting out of a star be half a world away."

"I see," said Terry Shane. And his grin was more disturbing than anger or resentment would have been.

Carlotta thought: "Why am I talking to him like this? What's the matter with me, anyway. And why didn't I stay with Francie and the others? Prentiss will be wild . . ."

"CLOSE YOUR eyes," Terry Shane said, "and don't open them until I tell you."

They were standing on the ledge of rock that is the famous Pali; that gap in the mountains through which there rushes eternally a gigantic wind. In the gloom about them other cars were parked. Voices and laughter drifted down from the wind-swept ledge above. Carlotta caught sight of Francie, clutching her wildly tilting hat in one plump hand, and of Prentiss Cobb's sturdy bulk, gallantly shielding an ample dowager from the fury of the wind. Their figures seemed to hang in the purple light, against an abyss of moon-drenched sky. But on the ledge where she stood with Terry Shane there were only shadows, warm and velvet to the touch—and the ravaging wind that tore wildly at her swirling draperies and her hair.

"Close your eyes," Terry said. "Listen. Right over there is the spot where Kamehameha's army once drove a band of warriors over a cliff to their deaths. They say that when the wind is right you can still hear the throb of the shark-skin drum and the chanting of the ancient mele . . . What's the matter, are you cold?"

Standing there, braced against him, Carlotta had shivered in spite of herself. "It's just that it's hard to realize—they're gone," she said. "The chiefs with their feathered headdresses, and the brown dancing feet of the girls. The fighting and the dancing, the passion and the pain—"

"And the 'kisses honeyed by oblivion,'" Terry quoted softly. Her startled gaze lifted, and he leaned down and kissed her with a sort of desperate strength. And in the seconds while she leaned unresistingly within the tender, gentle circle of his arms, Carlotta knew that nothing in her life before had ever been quite like this.

Then she was pushing him furiously from her, and there was only the savage, snatching wind and the insistent stars and the sound of Francie's high-pitched laughter coming down the trail. With a sound like a sob, she flung herself heedlessly up the steep grade, away from Terry Shane, leaving him standing there.

But when she reached the others, Francie only said, "Darling, *hello!*" and Prentiss Cobb, putting a steadying hand under her elbow, said in his low, unhurried voice: "You haven't tried out my new car, Carlotta. You'll ride with me going back?"

Carlotta said, "Of course," and laughed out suddenly on a curious strangled note. She thought: "How dared he—oh, how dared Terry Shane kiss me like that! But it was my own fault, because I knew how it was going



She was earnestly unprepared for it when he said: "Is it myself you don't like, or just the fact that I'm a flyer?"

to be when I asked him to drive me here. And I hope I need never see him again—as long as I live."

"THERE WAS a woman who was Lot's wife," Terry Shane said next morning, "who looked back when she ran away. You didn't even have the grace to look back. How do you think I felt, riding home through all that moonlight—alone?"

"If I remember my Scriptures," Carlotta told him levelly, "the lady who looked back got herself turned into a pillar of salt for her pains. I don't particularly care for salt—except on papaya and eggs."

Morning sunlight gilded the sea before the lanai of Francie's house, and the almost incredible glory of the golden shower tree that stood outlined against its blue. Francie poured coffee from a huge silver urn, Japanese maids passed hot dishes under silver lids, and there was a fragrance, faint and spicy on the air. It came from the hibiscus hedge at the edge of the lawn. "The hot-biscuit hedge," Prentiss Cobb called it wittily. And laughed uproariously at his own joke.

In the clear morning light he looked very keen and suave and very sure of himself. He was the sort of man who says, "Quite!" and "Oh, definitely!" in a vague sort of way whenever things too subtle for his understanding were said; but who prided himself on having learned early in life that most things can be had for a price. There was a simplicity about him, a directness and a sort of quiet force.

Carlotta selected a muffin with fastidious fingers, and smiled at him across the table.

"See here," Terry Shane said in her ear, "about last night. I'm sorry I kissed you like that. I won't do it again. Not unless you want me to. I'll know when you do, Carlotta; you know that, don't you?"

"I know you're making a fuss about something that's not important at all," Carlotta said. She looked him squarely in the eyes—those incredibly changeable eyes, that could be so icily green and cool one moment and the next so tenderly grey.

"Isn't it?" Terry Shane said softly. His brown fingers touched hers, lying on the arm of her chair. "Isn't it important, Carlotta? I think it is."

Far out over the blue water a huge hydroplane slid suddenly into view, dipping and hovering and skimming the flying spray before it rose into the yellow disc of the sun. Its dark silhouette, outlined in liquid gold, hung a moment against the sky. Then it was gone.

"We must give Carlotta a *luau*," Prentiss Cobb said. "Every *malabini* who comes to Hawaii has a *luau* in her honor, my dear. You'll like eating pig from the *imu*, and fish cooked in ti-leaves and three-fingered *poi*. I'll be back from my plantation at the end of the week. We'll talk about it then."

Terry Shane stirred restlessly and Carlotta sat quite still, staring at Prentiss Cobb's placid brown face. She had a desperate impulse to say: "But I won't be here next week. I'm going back home . . . on the very first boat I can catch. Because I've got to. You see, I'm running away from myself . . ."

Aloud she said: "That will be nice, Prentiss. I'll love it. And we'll talk about it then."

"HAVE I told you you're lovely?" asked Terry Shane. "Maybe it's that dress, though I'd say that's only the half of it today."

He had a shy and boyish fashion of sitting astride a chair, arms resting on its back, regarding her like a youngster waiting for a story to begin. He was sitting that way now. Prentiss Cobb had been gone five days, Francie was playing bridge under the poinciana tree on the lawn, and Carlotta, in a white dress and a spray of vermilion flowers, sat in the porch swing feeling confident and amused and very much at ease.

She thought: "It's been a lovely week and I've had a lot of fun, and what on earth was I afraid of, anyway? He's just like every other young flyer I've ever met." She said: "Francie's having the crowd in for supper tonight. She wants you to drop around about eight."

"Francie," Terry said coolly, "will undoubtedly be buried, when she dies, with full military honors; bugle, twenty-one guns and all. As a commanding general she's a swell friend. But this evening, my sweet, you and I are going places. To ring doorbells and see people and have a little fun by ourselves. Because I've just found out that I'm being ordered back home. And there's things I've got to say."

Carlotta said: "But Terry, I thought—"

"So did I. I thought . . . Continued on page 27"

Always she would remember lovely, golden Anne on her wedding day; the glamour, the ecstasy, the wild, sweet thrills, and how happy and proud her eyes had been whenever they had looked at Joe. And that other Anne—the Anne of today—whose life now was made up of waiting, while the wind screeched thinly against the windows or the sunlight shone on an empty world. Because Joe had been killed in the end, testing a plane they had begged him not to fly. And Anne had been left behind with her memories, and the small son who looked so absurdly like Joe.

The car turned out Ala Moana and into Kalahaua Avenue, under an avenue of ironwood trees. Francie said, merging annoyance neatly with finality: "Don't stay in the water too long, Carlotta. Dinner's at eight." And then she said: "You're being foolish about all this, you know. Some men are born to fly, just as some are born to be doctors."

Carlotta wanted to say, "Doctors are of some use in the world—there's sense to the work they do." But suddenly she felt that she didn't want to talk about it at all. Because beyond the ragged banners of the cocoa palms the sunset smoldered against the white waters of the reef, and the sea was deep and still, and unbelievably blue.

SANDALWOOD chips burned in a copper urn in the fireplace, trim Japanese maids passed platters and trays of food, a quartet of Hawaiian voices sang muted cadenced minors, and Carlotta sat on the floor of Francie's crowded living room and stared into the face of Terry Shane.

"This," Terry said contentedly, "is more fun than I've had since the big wind in Ireland. It's nice there aren't enough chairs to go round. I don't sit on many floors; it's sort of chummy. For that matter, I don't go to many parties. But I'm glad I came to this one."

Carlotta met the challenge in his level eyes, turned away from the faint impudence of his grin. Sure of himself, wasn't he? But then they all were, these aviators. She wondered how soon it was going to begin; the old familiar saga of motors and crack-ups and flights and air races . . . "I did it in an hour and forty-five minutes . . . He broke the record . . . There was no excuse for that crack-up . . . You know, yourself, what that plane can do . . ."

All through dinner she had waited for him to start talking about his flying. Aviators always did. Those she had known had, anyway. But Terry Shane didn't. He had talked, to be sure, but his stories—fabulously whimsical scraps of adventure—had been romantic, ridiculous, tenderly mocking at himself. Carlotta had thought: "Something should be done about a voice like that." And found herself laughing with the others, wanting to hear more.

She had been entirely unprepared for it when he turned to her under cover of the laughter and said: "Is it myself you don't like, or just the fact that I'm a flyer? Because I think you're pretty swell."

So Francie had been talking. Well, that made everything perfect. She looked down the long table at gardenias waxily fragrant in a low jade bowl, at long candles in crystal sconces, with pendants

that twinkled like tears in the soft light. Like the tears on Anne's cheek, she thought, on the night Joe left home for the national air meet . . . and a week later, when they had brought him back . . .

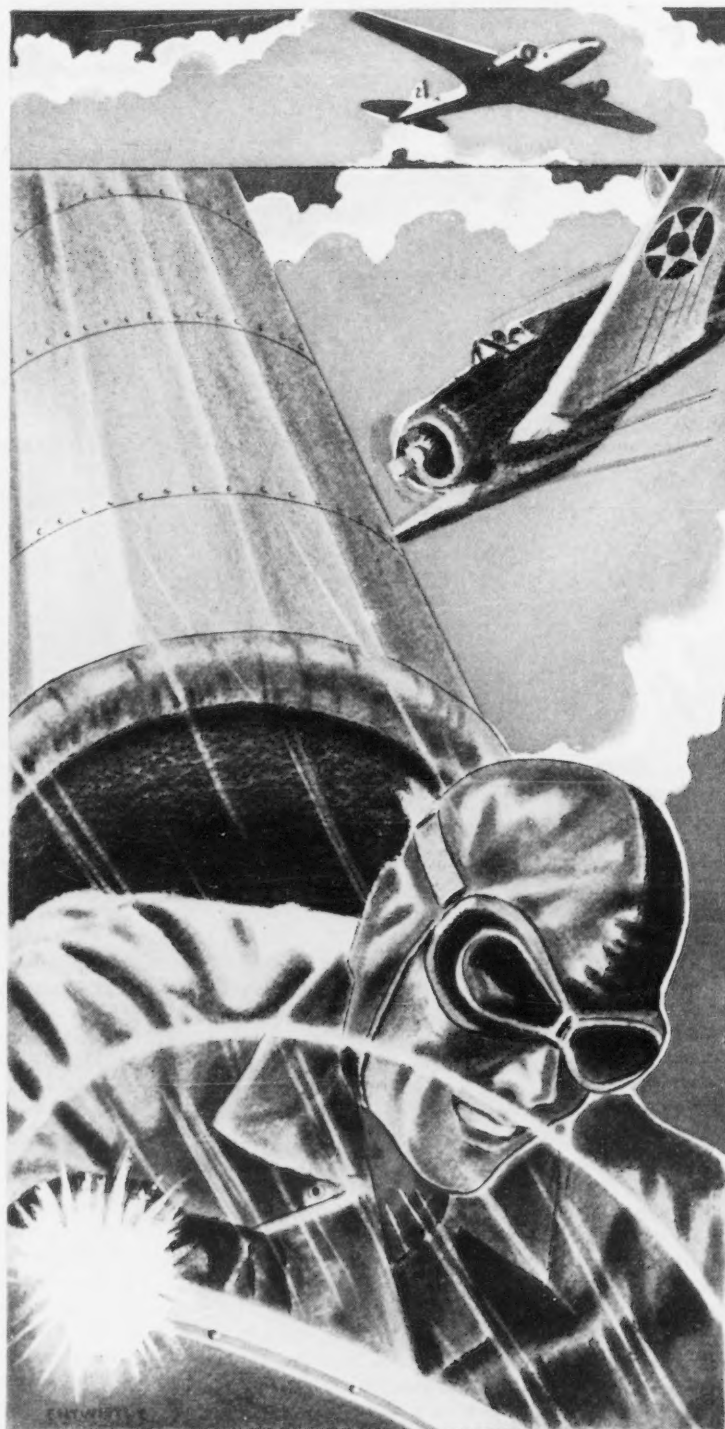
"Flying's a business," Terry Shane said in her ear. "There's nothing glamorous about it. It's hard work; but I love it."

"You bet you do!" Carlotta mocked inwardly. "Love it and eat it and breathe it and live it . . . don't I know? But you're not going to talk aviation to me, my friend. Not to little Carla!"

And now they were having coffee in the living room, and she was sitting on a cushion on the crowded floor and Terry Shane had settled himself beside her with the air of a man who has come to stay. He stretched his long legs and bent his brown head, and his eyes—those

*While no woman likes to be merely the
postscript to her husband's existence - -
sometimes it's the best way to live*

Illustrated by Ralph Entwistle



Joe had been killed, testing a plane they had begged him not to fly.

keen, cool, tender eyes—they were full upon her face. She said: "Don't make yourself too comfortable. Because Francie will be along in a moment to make us all stand up."

"Good heavens," Terry Shane said. "Why?"

"Nobody knows. It's her own idea. Just when everyone is nicely paired off and happy, talking about this and that, Fran always comes in with a bright smile and says, 'Now, I think everyone should stand up and stretch, don't you?' And whether you think so or not, you stand up and stretch. It has something to do with the psychology of being a hostess. You make people mix."

"Oh, I say, that's terrible," Terry said. "And how about a cushion behind your back there? Isn't that better?"

He had grey-green eyes under crooked brows and a lean tanned face and a sudden down-bent look of utter intentness. She moved her shoulder slightly. And she thought: "I've heard a lot about your flying, but nobody told me that just the sound of your voice could make me feel like this . . . whatever it is I feel, darn it!"

Her glance went over his head to where Prentiss Cobb sat stiffly erect on the piano bench, watching her with a troubled gaze. She caught his eye, flicking him a little gesture of salute. Instantly, his tanned ruddy face and intent bright eyes were lighted by his smile.

Prentiss was sweet. In the weeks since she had come to Hawaii, his expensive cars, his sumptuous Island home and his generous attentions had been hers to command. For days now she had known that with the slightest encouragement he stood ready to lay himself and his not inconsiderable fortune at her feet. And for more sleepless nights than she cared to remember, she had been trying to make up her mind about him.

And suddenly she knew that of course she was going to marry him. Because she would rather live in Hawaii than anywhere else in the world. And because marrying Prentiss Cobb would give her the things she had always wanted; beauty and peace and security. The security of his simple kindness, his sleek white house in Moana Valley, his sleek white boat, his sleek Japanese servants.

"I'm in love with you, my dear," he had told Carlotta in the beginning. "But I'm a patient man; I can wait . . . Because I want you to be sure."

As though anyone were ever sure, Carlotta thought. And what did it get you, anyway, all this talk of love? It was feeling safe that mattered. Safe from being hurt as Anne had been hurt. Never to let yourself care about anyone too much; to live inside yourself in reliable little watertight compartments—that was what counted in the end . . .

From somewhere outside the house came the sound of soft laughter, the twang of a guitar string, the dull thud of a shark-skin drum, as native entertainers gathered under the hau tree on the lawn.

Carlotta looked away from Prentiss Cobb, and suddenly she stood up, with a gesture oddly like flight, looking down at Terry Shane, sitting on the floor.

She said, "Everyone here is driving up the Pali to see the view. Will you take me in your car?"

His voice was entirely matter-of-fact, but the speed with which he got to his feet rather took her breath away. He said, "Of course I will!" And then, more lightly: "Have you got a note from your mother? Because invitations of this sort should be accompanied by one or both parents, don't you think?"

Walking beside him toward the door, Carlotta had a moment of feeling Prentiss Cobb's wistful gaze on her back; of glancing defiantly Francie's way. But Francie was busy talking with the doctor from Lahaina, and didn't seem to notice at all. She merely called out: "Better take your white coat, Carla! It's windy on the Pali."

Then they were out in the quiet moonlight, walking down the street toward Terry Shane's car. Staccato tap of her frivolous blue satin heels . . . steady thud of his flying boots, jingle of metal and belt. Their shadows, distorted by the fluid white light, capering madly in their wake.

"MY FATHER," Terry Shane said, "worked on a railroad. On the spur of a railroad, to be exact. He sat on it and pulled a little switch and trains went where he said. I used to carry his lunch pail to him when I was a kid. I remember my mother always tied a red ribbon to the handle. She was a great gal for color, my mother. And he was a grand little guy. Always blessed himself

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As the day wore on and the oblique light of coming evening tangled in the tree tops, Seney thought again of the vision . . . the golden spires.

Her eyes closed. After a minute she realized that Nathaniel was beside her. His head dropped to her shoulder. Instinctively her arms encircled him.

And she was wide awake, with a strange awareness.

SINCE SHE had been old enough to hoe in corn around the stumps, Seney had worked with Nathaniel every day from sunup to sundown. Sharing with Milda and Nathaniel the close quarters of a one-room cabin, they had, of necessity, few reserves. But this new contact was different from anything that had come between them. The weight of Nathaniel's head on her shoulder brought her a swift, flaring sense of exultation. It

seemed a little holy. In a way, it was like a first communion.

She lay motionless, savoring it. And heard, more insistently than the gentle cooing of doves and the light chatter of leaves, the voice of the Chaudière and the quick leap of blood pounding against her eardrums.

Nathaniel raised himself on one elbow and stared down at her. His eyes held a hot, dark urgency that filled her equally with terror and triumph. And she thought of some small, lonely clearing beyond the reach of law or religion. And herself, and Nathaniel. But, after all, there was Milda. And little Nate.

Getting up, she shoved her feet into her moccasins.

And when she composed herself, she faced Nathaniel. "It's time I married," she said squarely.

"Yes." In Nathaniel's throat it was a sob. After a minute he added, almost evenly. "Which will you take? Judd Perkins or Simon Lawrie?"

She hadn't understood before why she had hesitated to make the choice between them. She did now. She knew, too, why she must decide immediately; just mentioning the name would be a commitment.

Judd Perkins, following Wright from Massachusetts, was her kind and Nathaniel's, schooled in the way of pioneering, while Simon Lawrie was an Englishman and obviously bewildered by . . .

Continued on page 30

*This May, our King meets his parliament in Ottawa . .
Here's a story of the brave pioneers who built the city*

by MARION GREENE

Golden Spires

A CHILD, perched like a fly on the warm back of a draught ox, she first came up the frozen river that curved westward into the wilderness from Montreal. She was the youngest among those who had left their rocky Massachusetts farms and were journeying northward to Philomen Wright's new settlement at Hull in search of better.

From under the coonskin cap which Milda, her sister, had made for her, tendrils of brown hair wisped across her small, pointed face. Her eyes, rain-grey, enormous, and continually seeking, missed nothing of the vivid iridescence as the winter sun slanted frostily over the broad ribbon of ice that opened through the darkness of the forest-covered slopes, or of the shadows, blue and violet, on hillsides to the north.

Without fully realizing the courage and human endeavor which drove forward the cattle and laden jumpers, day after day, she saw women huddling together on the sleighs for warmth and the comfort of companionship while men plodded before the loads, leaning into the knifing wind and watching the river ice for any sign of weakening as they passed over it. In spite of frost-cracked lips and swollen faces, in some eyes gleamed a bright light of purpose. In Nathaniel's, Milda's young husband's, it was like a smoldering ember behind the leanness of his weather-browned face.

She understood it more fully the night they encamped in the snow by the dangerous open water of the Long Sault Rapids.

Wright and the men made windbreaks for the stock and built a fire. When everyone had eaten, Nathaniel took out his flute, propped his long back against a pine bole and played. With the silver notes dropping around her like soft snowflakes, she had tried to dance, but bundled as she was could only slither clumsily on the trodden snow, like a fat, little bear cub.

Noticing her, Wright called her to him.

"How old are you, youngster?" he asked.

"Eight, sir," she answered timidly, for this tall man with square chin and high visionary forehead, who was leading them up-river, frightened her a little.

"And what's your name?"

"Seney," she told him.

"Seney," he repeated. "And just eight years old."

Then he was silent, so that when he spoke again what he said seemed very important. "Others will follow us into the wilderness, Seney. And by the time you're eighty, we will have built a city, God helping us. As great as Boston, perhaps."

Staring up awed, Seney noticed the fire-light gilding the tall tops of the encircling

trees. Suddenly, they were no longer trees. But the golden spires of the city that was to come, too vast even to be imagined. She understood then that the flare behind Nathaniel's eyes was a reflection of such a vision. And that Milda had never seen it.

Milda sat, pale and aloof, on Nathaniel's sleigh amid her household possessions. Her face that might have been beautiful was hard with resentment against the crudities of the life she faced. Against Nathaniel, too, because he had chosen that life.

Her attitude caused Nathaniel's thin, wide mouth to stiffen with restraint, but he did not hesitate because of it. Nor did his personal unhappiness blind him to the helplessness of the child, Seney.

For her part, Seney chose above anything else to stay close to Nathaniel. With Nathaniel beside her, the wooded hills crowding down to the river didn't seem so silent, and the deep snow among the trees so mysterious. But she couldn't match her steps to Nathaniel's for long. And when she faltered, Nathaniel always swung her up again to ride on one of the oxen where, warmed by the natural heat of the beast, she dozed, her head dropping to the wooden yoke as she dreamed that she was on a ship, back in Boston harbor, dip-dipping into the waves.

Coming at last to the end of the journey, Seney heard the great, continuous rumble of the Chaudière Falls. It filled her with a fear of eerie things, as of thunder, or ice grinding in the stillness of the night.

"According to the story of the Indians, that's the voice of a spirit living in the falls," Nathaniel smiled reassuringly as he explained it to her. "But I think it's just our new home calling us."



Illustrated by
A. J. Casson

She was the youngest of those who had left their rocky Massachusetts farms and journeyed north.

THROUGHOUT the years she always thought of the voice like that. A friendly voice, and welcoming. Very like Nathaniel's. It threaded through the days with the intimate story of her own life and the lives of those she loved, Nathaniel, Simon Lawrie, and little Nate with his wide, gummy smile.

After giving birth to Nate, Milda's resentment took the form of a withdrawn hostility. The log cabin was her chosen jail which she seldom left, even to trade at Wright's store and exchange the gossip of the settlement. And yet, hating it, she kept it clean, for that was the duty of a wife. In the same way, she washed and tidied Nate.

But Seney adored him. Glancing at him, she always thought how fine he was. And how like Nathaniel. Wherever she went she took him with her, tucked securely into an Indian basket.

Seney was grown, small-boned and slim, but strong, with her brown hair wrapped in a braid around her head and her grey eyes as soft as the seductive river mists, and Nate was already toddling when Nathaniel decided it was high time to pull the stumps from the field he had cleared during their first winter.

In the cathedral half-light of the little clearing, walled about by untouched timber, Seney took her place behind the led yoke of oxen. With her arms over their necks, she waited for Nathaniel to fasten the chain around the stump and give the pulling signal. Then she threw her weight upon the oxen, urging them forward so that their great heads dipped and rose in one full pull. And Nathaniel stood, axe in hand, ready to cut away restraining roots as the stumps came free.

While they worked, doves flocked thickly overhead, wheeling constantly against the sun.

And all the while, with the long patience of a reflective child, Nate played with the seed potatoes, arranging and rearranging them into little piles and talking indistinguishable nothings to himself. As the sun mounted he grew restless. Mosquitoes bothered him, and he began to whimper.

"We'll call a halt," Nathaniel decided.

Seney tied the oxen, and Nathaniel picked up the boy. Together they strode toward the brook that marked the boundary of Nathaniel's land. Nathaniel bathed and soothed his son, and Seney kicked off her moccasins and splashed in the cooling water. Then, snatching a few minutes rest, stretched out in the shade.

Sleepily she watched them, Nate plumply preoccupied with his own small affairs, and Nathaniel as dark and straight as the pines and, except for the little minor cadences of his flute in the evenings, almost as silent.



Photograph by
Walter Stoneman

the marriage, and it was at the King's express desire that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester recently visited the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Paris.

WHAT ARE King George and Queen Elizabeth like in private life? The most obvious trait in the characters of the King and Queen is their personal simplicity. This is due in the first place to characteristics inherited from both their parents, and, secondly, to certain circumstances which are not usual in the upbringing of kings and queens. King George VI was a second son, brought up behind his more brilliant brother, the Duke of Windsor. Although he was King George V's favorite, "Bertie" always took second place. Besides, there was his stammer. I heard him make a speech in the early twenties. It was a courageous but distressing effort. Today his speeches are extremely effective, though he will never have the same natural facility as the Duke of Windsor. These circumstances made him modest and retiring. Indeed, it is safe to say that for the first ten years after his marriage the Duchess was better known than the Duke.

Most people think that King George is a highly conscientious, hard-working, honorable man, who

is rather "a stick." They wouldn't think so if they could meet him, especially off duty. He has a great sense of humor, and a very easy way with him. He never hesitates in private conversation, of which he has any amount. The first time ordinary persons meet him they are naturally rather nervous. It is not etiquette to make the first remark, and they are afraid he may start by stammering. Actually, he opens up with easy and natural conversation. He rarely talks about things he doesn't understand, but he asks questions which are very pertinent. He leaves one with the feeling that one will not get away with a silly remark. He enjoys a good story or a joke.

THE CHARM of Queen Elizabeth is well known. She is smaller than Queen Mary, and less imposing until one comes close to her. Then the effect is magical, for she has the most fascinating deep, honest blue eyes, which she turns full onto the person she is speaking to. It is the most honest gaze I have ever met. She has, too, an exceedingly attractive speaking voice. She is one of those fortunate people who manage to make you think that you are the one person to whom at that moment she wishes to speak. She takes an interest

in everybody she meets, and though she is a charmer, in the best sense of the word, she is absolutely sincere and natural. It is a commonplace to say that the romance of the Duke and Duchess of York has been a perfect one, and remains so. There can be no doubt that his wife has had a tremendous part in molding the character of the King of England.

They live far more of their life in private than any previous King of England, including Edward VIII, for the latter created mysteries which everybody consequently wanted to probe. When the King came to the Throne he gave out that only the names of his official guests were to appear in the Court Circular. Their Majesties' intimate entertaining, which is very considerable, is kept entirely private. At Sandringham and Balmoral they have a large number of private house parties, and, in general, they chiefly invite young married people of their own age, and the younger members of the Royal Family and of the Queen's family.

THE KING'S chief hobby is shooting. He is almost as good a shot as his father, King George V was, and that is saying a good deal. "David" never cared about shooting; ☆ Continued on page 41

At the heart of the pomp and ceremony attending the Royal visit will be two hard-working people. Barry Gordon tells you what they are really like

Informal Portrait of

Photograph by
Hugh Cecil

THE GUNS boom, the Guards present arms, and the Colors are lowered. Far away, too far from you and me, two figures appear in the splendor of ceremonial attire. With perfect dignity they play their part, a dignity devoid of pomposity or self-importance. We are filled with admiration, but we wonder, not unnaturally, what these two central figures are like without the trappings of office.

Do not be overawed by the ceremonial, essential though it be, for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are remarkably simple people. Although they carry out their ceremonial duties with marked dignity—nobody who saw King George's bearing at the Coronation is likely to forget it—in private or semiprivate they are a simple, homely and domesticated couple. The reason for this is not far to seek. King George never expected to be king. As years passed and the Prince of Wales remained unmarried, some people's thoughts turned to Princess Elizabeth as the heir in the third generation, but the Duke of York was always dominated by his brilliant brother. He was naturally retiring—in youth he had a fairly bad stammer, which he has now conquered—and it was not his nature to try and steal the limelight. The Duchess had no

trace of "starch." She was born the youngest but one in a family of ten, and the younger children in large families are not as a rule allowed to put on airs. Her father, Lord Strathmore, is head of one of the most historic houses in Scotland, but he is, nevertheless, a commoner, and his mother was a member of the almost world-wide family with the name of Smith.

Thus it is that the Queen fully understands the non-royal point of view. She remembers that first visit of Queen Mary to Glamis after the War when she was acting as hostess for her mother, and the tremors that she had. And when as Queen of England herself she is paying a visit, she appreciates exactly the feelings of those she meets. She knows that the smile here, the word there, which are so easily omitted, are treasured for many a long day. She has, as it were, seen the other side of the picture.

Neither King George VI nor Queen Elizabeth were ambitious. They had been brought up in their different spheres to accept public duty, and this they did without demur. The Queen naturally wanted success for her husband; she knew his sterling qualities and was glad to see them given a chance; and she is intensely proud of her children

and of their tremendous popularity with the British public.

But there was no question of their expecting or wishing to succeed to the Throne. The accession—under circumstances so tragic—was the final blow to all their hopes of even semi-privacy.

It was freely rumored at the time that both the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester were willing to step down and let the Duke of Kent ascend the Throne. This is quite untrue. There was never any question of the Duke refusing the Throne. But both he and his Duchess must, in many ways, have dreaded it. Moreover, they were on the best of terms with the Prince of Wales. The Duke had been the younger brother, only too anxious to follow his senior right down to the end of their Osborne days. It would be absurd to pretend that King Edward's friendship and subsequent marriage with Mrs. Simpson was what the Duke of York would have wished, but there was never, and has never been, a direct personal break. It must indeed have been with mixed feelings that the Duke and Duchess of York met Mrs. Simpson at a dinner party obviously given in her honor by King Edward VIII in 1936, but they have always fully recognized her as their brother's wife since



"Where's the kid?" he roared. "Think you can hide him from me, don't ye? Think you can learn a kid to strike his own father — I'll learn him!"

What with an *appendixotomy* in the fall, and a honeymoon in the spring. I must say, ma'am, he's a credit to ye, both as a husband and a patient." Johnny had told her that she would like old Bob, and she was inclined to believe it. His eyes were bright in a face weathered into folds and creases of mahogany brown; when he removed his reprehensible cap with a ceremonious flourish, his iron-grey hair sprang on end, symbol of a lively vitality. He was bursting now with all the local gossip. As they sat down to the festive meal Tirutha had prepared for their welcome, it came out in a flood as though Johnny had been away for years instead of a much too short two weeks. Charlotte sat smiling and watchful; some day all this spate of talk would be real to her, would pin itself to faces and names that she knew.

"—And by jinks," said Bob, continuing his thread of thought. "By jinks, Johnny, did I tell ye Weekes is in the jail again?"

"No," said Johnny, and his face hardened a little. "Has he been beating that woman of his again?"

"'Tain't that, though that ain't sayin' he don't. I caught him stealin' our chickens. Had that kid of his half through the chicken house window."

"So the boy takes after his father," said Johnny. "Bob, I told you not to let them on my land."

"Oh, the kid's been stealin' to eat since he was big enough to put his legs in breeches," said old Bob carelessly. "Too bad he's too small to jail. As for keepin' 'em off the place, Johnny, you don't s'pose I went round and invited them in, do ye?"

"Too bad we can't run him out of the country!" said Johnny, furiously, so furiously that Charlotte was startled. She hadn't known that his blue eyes could darken to the color of thunderclouds. He was instantly

aware of her faint movement. "Listen, Charlotte, you tell me right away if that woman—that Mrs. Weekes—comes begging at the door, or if the kid so much as crosses our bridge. I won't have them on my land. As for Weekes—I guess I can deal with him myself."

Charlotte said mildly: "Johnny, if the child is hungry—"

"They've got no business to be hungry," said Johnny. "They've let that place go to wrack and ruin. That was a decent little farm before Weekes took it. It makes me sick to see it now, right at our own gate!"

"Was that Mrs. Weekes?" said Charlotte. "The woman in the red sweater?"

"That's her all right," said old Bob. "Don't you have nothin' to do with them, ma'am. A bad lot—all of 'em."

Tirutha said vindictively: "She won't come here. She knows the welcome I'd give her!"

BUT Mrs. Weekes came. Time had slipped by, and Charlotte was fitting herself to the fairly strenuous routine of her new life, thankful for the long hospital training that had taught her to adjust herself to the small emergencies of everyday life with calm. She had learned harder things in that school than how to churn butter or coax a wood stove, and even the correct diet for chickens could be figured out as one figured the diet of diabetics or typhoid convalescents. She took over the cooking from the first. Tirutha's one idea was meat and potatoes, and pies clapboarded with good thick pastry. "Men like things solid," was Tirutha's motto, and she was suspicious of Charlotte's innovations. But with eggs and cream and butter always at hand, with shelves of home-canned vegetables and preserves and relishes

in the cellar, Charlotte was really able to let herself go. No finicky invalid appetites to be tempted here. She was busy in the kitchen when Mrs. Weekes came to the back door, asking for the loan of a pound or two of sugar. Seeing her face to face, Charlotte was startled by the fundamental likeness this woman had to the slum women who came to the charity wards. The same hardness in her colorless eyes, the same ugly whine, cringing and yet defiant. Her hands and apron were dirtier than was really necessary. From the dairy Tirutha called out with flat hostility: "Don't you give it her, Mis' Hale! Or there'll be no end to her pesterin' us."

"I sure do hate to trouble you, Mis' Hale," the whining voice persisted, "But it's a long ways up to town, and me with supper just ready to set on the table—"

"You mean," said Tirutha, "it's too long a ways to where you could get any credit?"

Charlotte saw the muscles twitch for a second, desperately, round the other woman's mouth. Then she laughed with a loud recklessness and tossed her head. "Oh, well! If you don't care to be neighborly! I guess maybe my hens will be layin' again next week, then I'll buy my own sugar, thank you."

"If you need money," said Charlotte quietly, hearing Tirutha's startled gasp behind her, "you can come and do a day's work for me. We're housecleaning."

"I don't want your work!" Mrs. Weekes shouted back at her. "I got more than I can do down at my own place. So good-day to you, Mis' Hale!"

"Wait a minute." To Tirutha's speechless indignation Charlotte filled a clean lard pail from the sugar barrel. It was the first thing she had done of which Tirutha really disapproved. And Johnny wasn't pleased either. Charlotte stuck to
Continued on page 49

IT FELT to Charlotte as though they had been driving for hours, with Johnny's big brown hands so steady on the wheel, and the road rising and dipping in wide placid curves; climbing toward the far hills, crossing and recrossing the little river, but always following its course. She was suddenly tense with fatigue and a queer uncertainty, feeling the old life, the familiar ways and days, irrevocably falling away from her with the miles, and the new life all unknown. Dr. Fraser had been wild when she told him she was going to marry Johnny. He had growled and thumped the desk with a fist heavy and hairy as a bear's paw. "Going to be a farmer's wife! Going to bury yourself in the country. Why, you're crazy, girl!"

"But you like him too," she had defended herself. "You told me he was fine—"

"Of course I like him!" the doctor roared at her. "Can't help liking the boy. But I thought you were the one nurse I could trust not to fall in love with him." Charlotte had smiled, remembering Johnny as she first saw him, his big body still and straight, collapsed almost, beneath the severe hospital bedding, his strong-boned face grey and a little grim in unconsciousness, crowned with yellow hair that grew crisp and thick as standing wheat; until his blue eyes flashed open suddenly and they had battled together with the receding anaesthetic—"My goodness, Charlotte!" the doctor shouted. "The best surgical nurse I ever had—a farmer's wife! You'll never stand it."

"Why not?" she had asked him. "You ought to know I'm not afraid of hard work."

"Oh, you're a worker all right," he admitted grudgingly, though he pinched her ear as he said it. "But look, what are you going to do with yourself?"

Charlotte said, with the calm candor that made sick children and spoiled cranky women and frightened old men pin their trust to her and grow well: "Why, I don't know, Dr. Fraser. I'll just have to love Johnny and do my best—". And looking at her, deceptively slender in her white uniform, with her russet-brown close cap of curls and sea-grey black-lashed eyes that came from a remote Irish grandmother, he could only swear helplessly and wish her every happiness.

The hills had come closer, the road was darker, hemmed in on one hand by tall trees, heavy with undergrowth, that shut off the afternoon sun, on the other by sagged snake fences overrun with brush. Far below the voice of the river was loud and tumultuous. They passed a disused barn, paintless and blackened, its roof collapsing, a reaper falling apart with rust against one wall. In the door of a farmhouse, built too close to the road so that its shabbiness had no chance to veil itself decently in distance, a woman watched the passing car.

She was a tall woman, gaunt and weathered and wild as a gypsy. Her eyes were angry behind her straggled hair, there was defiance in the jerk of her elbows. She wore a cotton dress, shapeless, washed to a dreary yellow grey, but the ragged, man's red sweater round her shoulders was a valiant splash of color against her drab background. Then they swept by, and round the curve, and Johnny said: "Here we are, angel!"

He stopped the car and got down to open the gate. It swung easily, set firm in good cedar posts with taut wire fencing. Charlotte's heart skipped a beat, absurdly, to see printed on the mailbox, "J. B. Hale—High Leap Farm." This was Johnny's road now, this was Johnny's land, this was Johnny's river. It crossed the road with them, and its voice had risen to a steady thunder. Between the trees that lined its bank, close to the road, the water plunged in a solid whiteness, sunlight dazzling against its face, breaking in spray in the rocky gorge beneath. Johnny said: "High Leap, Charlotte, that my grandfather named the farm for." They passed slowly, watching the changing aspect of the fall, and the timbers of the unrailed bridge rumbled shudderingly beneath them.

"But it's beautiful!" Charlotte breathed. "It's beautiful, Johnny."

He said almost shamedly: "I'm glad you feel so. It's—well, it's a sort of friend of mine. It's like a wall, between us and the world—"

And suddenly happiness rose in her, welling like a tide, reassured by this brief glimpse of Johnny's inner heart, the deep-rooted love of beauty that was strong in him as his passion for his own land. When she saw the house, substantial, mellow, foursquare on its hillside, with its wide white-pillared porch overlooking the whole sweep of valley and river, with its two tall elms whose fan-shaped spread of boughs threw a delicate

The Bridge at High Leap

by MÉLANIE BENETT

Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff



"But, Johnny!" she said, shocked.
"This bridge is awful—it's dangerous."

pattern of shade across the warm brick, the tide of happiness reached its flood.

Johnny, laughing, lifted her across the threshold, into her new home, her new life

IN THE white-painted kitchen stood Tirutha, lean and prim, with her bony hands clasped tightly across a spotless apron. Tirutha had been housekeeper during Johnny's bachelor regime, and a neighbor all his life. Charlotte could feel the unconscious jealousy, the apprehensions, behind the set thin mouth. A woman narrow and upright as a flagpole—

"I guess it ain't what you're used to, Mis' Hale," she said sourly, her eyes going over the scrubbed basswood tables, the spotless oilcloth, the great wood stove, slick and shining as a wet whale. But Charlotte disarmed her by exclaiming over the begonias in the south window, their leaves clean and glossy as though they had been waxed, a few delicate pink clusters of blossom still hanging among them.

"Past their prime," said Tirutha sadly, brushing a fallen petal off the sill. "Mind you set them out as soon as the frost is gone. They like a good rest in the garden. I s'pose—" said Tirutha darkly, "you don't figure to be needing me."

Charlotte said firmly: "Now look here, Tirutha, Johnny—" she remembered *not* to say Mr. Hale, and so avoided alienating Tirutha forever—"Johnny says you know all about the dairy and the chickens and you've run this big house singlehanded for years. How can I possibly get along without you?"

"It ain't run the way it ought to be run," Tirutha grumbled. "It's more than one pair of hands can manage, and that's a fact, Mis' Hale. Well, I guess I can fix it to stay." She turned to Johnny, coming in from the barns with old Bob, and contrived to hide her pleasure in scolding. "Now you wipe your feet, Johnny Hale!"

"Gettin' real citified, Johnny is," said Bob. "Always gaddin'! Just one of these playboys, you are, Johnny."

thought—you got up the Senior Frolic, we remember—and we thought, maybe, we could do something like that."

A musical comedy? It might be done. Sitting in his smelly boardinghouse, correcting the deadly monotony of split infinitives and hanging participles, he let his mind dwell pleasantly on the idea. It would be fun. Take the old idea of a lot of people getting up a musical show; that always took care of the amateurishness and let the good bits shine without any other reason for being in the show. A bit of plot—melodrama was a good bet—no, a burlesque of a melodrama, with the plot played to a soft syncopated tum-te-tum-tum of the orchestra, while the players, reciting the most serious lines, swayed slightly to the rhythm. Not a bad idea.

Take that tiny brunette, make her up dead white, dressed in black, give her lines like, "The mortgage is due at midnight. How the snow is blowing down the chimney!" She was a solemn little thing; but she could do a tiny tap dance with one toe that was somehow ridiculously funny. All the time, in her tragic, white-faced scenes, while speaking her lines in a faraway and ladylike voice, she could do this little ridiculous tap with one toe. Even when she was supposed to be in a dead faint.

In one scene the heroine might chase her incriminating letter down to the public laundry, and he could have a little dance—a swaying background of tap dancers

to him. At all events, walking one snowy night down by the Golden Calf, he glanced inside and saw Tony there and Joan and Vivi—and surely that scarlet beret beyond could belong only to Alison. Without a moment's hesitation he pushed open the door and went in. They looked up.

"Hi'yu?" he said.

"Why—if it isn't the old son!" said Tony. "And I said to Bumpy, that's what they found out at the Olympics—if you make the top cross bar—we're talking about pole vaulting, Eve—so that it sticks up in the sky and right on the top of the uprights—it does something to a jumper. Makes you think you've got to jump right over the stadium. If you move the pit, I told him, down close to the stands, and make the uprights so high that they stick up two feet beyond the highest jump—why I've got a chance for the world's record." He stopped and looked at Everett. "Well, you old son-of-a-gun! How goes 'The stag at eve has drunk his fill'? Hey, that's not so bad! The stag at eve—Eve—get it?"

Vivi got it, at length. "Hey that's good! The stag—Eve—Eve's a stag—Say! That's good! The stag—Eve—"

"That's just wonderful," said Everett; and he looked across the table fully at Alison, and caught the smile in her eyes. He said boldly, "Been thinking about you, Alison."

A mock surprise widened her eyes. "About me, Big Brother? Why I—why I—why I'm practically fainting!"

"About your dancing. Sit on the outside, Tony, so I can talk to Alison. You see, I'm getting up a play, a musical comedy—Here—I'll sit in the corner, and the rest of you can forget about me."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Joan lazily. "I'm so agog I can't breathe. A high school play! Isn't it exciting!"

Everett was looking at Alison, and he saw the glint that flashed across her eyes. Her scarlet mouth smiled. "At any rate, I do want to hear," she said pointedly; and Tony said, "Sure. Spill it." ☆ *Continued on next page*

*A brilliant novel set
in the narrow world
of a college town and
its bewildered young
people*

by CLARISSA
FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

working at ironing boards and tubs and wringers, swaying rhythmically, dressed in bits of washing—say, old-fashioned corset covers and starched white petticoats—with the heroine and the villain in black, carrying on their lines, tum-tum-de-tum-tum! If these kids could just learn a little dance—

Alison! Was everything in life, inescapably, to come back to Alison?

AT FIRST when Everett had taken his job, he had kept pretty much to himself. His mother's half-irritated, half-distressed face made him feel that his presence even at an occasional meal reminded her of something she would rather not remember; Tony's self-absorption; the sight and sound of the passing students, and the impelling call of the chimes which for six years he had followed like a fire horse: these things took their toll of him. And even away from the campus, the students ruled the town. The streets, the movies, the Golden Calf, were full of the faces he knew, the snatches of song, the world that was Anthony. He had outgrown it, true; but he had not yet grown into something else.

And yet this new standing on his own feet, this quiet popularity he was experiencing, it was doing something



"I don't care what you think!" she said.
"I care for Tony, and he's asked me to
marry him — you might as well know!"



Joan turned angrily to Alison.
"You've been jealous of
me — you've hated me —
ever since school began."

Everett Marbury, one of the two sons of the president of the college, is in love with Alison Blake. She is a student at their college but was formerly a dancer in the Folies Bergères in Paris. At the college's annual "Frolic" Alison borries the president's wife and other parents by appearing in what they term "scandalous" attire.

Everett is deeply in love with Alison and at a dinner party given by his sister, Annabelle, vigorously defends her when one of the older women maligns her. This precipitates a family quarrel, in which Everett's Uncle Franklin and Aunt Margaret rally to his side. They feel sorry for Everett, who has been dominated all his life by his mother and who has something of an inferiority complex toward his athletic and self-assured brother, Tony. Everett has an introspective nature and his sensitiveness soon makes his home life unbearable. He leaves home to teach English at the high school.

EVERETT HAD no difficulty in finding a room, though the vacant rooms still unoccupied at Christmas time were not the first or even the second selection. It was third-rate, and the halls smelled faintly of something, everything. But he could not afford to be too particular, not and keep Jerry. The landlady, a fattish person herself, had the fattest spaniel Everett had ever seen. She would be glad to keep Jerry, oh yes indeed. "He'll be company for my Tootums, won't he, Tootums, my booful? Will you be having your meals in, Mr. Marbury?"

"No, out," said Everett firmly, "and please don't ever feed Jerry, Mrs. Parkes. Jerry is—er—very delicate."

"Delicate? Oh—he can't begin to be as delicate as my Tootums, Mr. Marbury. I tell her that she and I are on a diet together—just a dog biscuit a day, Mr. Marbury. Yes, she's very delicate. Why, only yesterday she went up into your room—"

"Good-by, Mrs. Parkes. I'll go up and get my belongings."

He made a stealthy job of moving, even while he hated being stealthy. He delayed telling the family until after dinner at night. Anthony had departed for

his fraternity—also, presumably, his date with Alison. There was only dad and mother. He tackled them separately.

"Dad, I've found a room downtown. I thought, what with the uncertain driving up and down the hill this snowy weather, I'd better. I can't afford to be late to school ever, you know that."

"Of course. Have you found a room? A pleasant one, I hope? You know, Everett, you must let us continue your allowance just the same. It will provide the little luxuries. A better room, for instance—"

"Thank you, dad." Everett raised the eyes he had avoided raising before, but he dropped them. He couldn't bear to discuss any of this with anybody. "I think for a while I'd rather be on my own."

"I know. It's a great bracer to be self-sufficient." He

own. He could come into it, and he could go out of it, and there was no one to know but himself.

He put his own books in the battered oak bookcase, he spread his own couch cover on the bed and put Jerry in the middle of it. He attached his study lamp to a socket, spread out his pictures and his papers, and it began to feel like home. By spending all evening at this, he was able not to think of Alison and Anthony at the Golden Calif. He was going to stop thinking about Alison altogether.

IT WAS queerly exciting, to be entering the familiar old high school building in this new and exalted status. Odd to be standing by the window in old Miss Cruikshank's room, watching the students file in. There was the same giggling and pushing on the part of a couple of girls, the same teasing by some boy, the same lordly air of detachment on the part of the others, the same girl with overdressed hair and bright red nails that once had so frightened him; there was the same smell of ink and old wood; there were the covert bright glances of curiosity upon himself.

"What are you studying now in literature?"

It turned out to be "Marmion."

It may have been that simple thing that made Everett's success as a high school teacher assured. For with that simple announcement, that near memory of Anthony's voice over the telephone, that far memory of

The Brother

looked down at his desk. He was thinking, I have waited too long to know my son. He is leaving us. He looked up. "Well—I'm glad you're not really leaving us."

Everett looked up into the deep-set eyes. What, he thought, does he really want to say? What, thought his father, is there to say to him, to make him understand how I feel for him? It takes courage to break away as he has done.

His mother was more difficult. She found it hard not to try to say everything she felt.

"No, mother, I just can't be dependent on the car this icy weather. Well, I don't like to have to walk. Yes, of course, I'm going through with it. No, I think I'd rather send my clothes to the laundry. Well, I can buy new socks. No, it's not that I'm angry. No, nor hurt. Yes, I know I haven't any right to be hurt. But mother, I'm not hurt, or angry. Either one. No. I don't think I'm acting queerly at all. No, really, mother, I'd rather you didn't come down. I can fix up my room myself. No, of course, it's not that I don't want you to come!" Mother, cried the soul of Everett; leave me alone!

No matter how square and bleak the room, it was his

the boy Anthony shouting out the piece "Marmion" at Friday "assembly," something that was utter hilarity at the ridiculousness of life rose in Everett's mind. His face smiled, his eyes were bright with laughter; a roomful of students smiled at each other and then at him in slightly surprised enquiry. But he was not, now, quite an outsider.

"Good," he said. "I was afraid I shouldn't know my lesson—but 'Marmion!' Why I can recite yards of it by heart."

They smiled again, more assured, because now they knew what he was smiling at; teachers that smile at unknown jokes are to be distrusted. Everett walked briskly up behind his desk, and his friendly hazel eyes looked at them all. The girl with the red nails tilted her chin, and looked at him, long, out of what she thought were deep-hooded eyes. She had been told she looked like Garbo.

It was an astonishing thing to Everett—and as salutary as it was astonishing—to find himself, almost immediately, "popular." Would he referee the basketball games? Would he chaperone the junior dance? Would he chaperone the senior sleigh ride? And finally, would he help them get up the senior play? "We



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"They're a bunch of good kids," said Everett truculently. "And they deserve the same break that"—he looked at Tony—"that you want, even if it's not a world pole-vault record they're trying for. You see, Alison, it's a burlesque of melodrama. The kids are supposed to be getting it up. And part of the time it will be melodrama that's rehearsing, and part of the time a bit of real plot going on on the side—and every little while the one bursts into the other. I've got some swell scenes outlined. And nearly every kid can tap-dance a little—if I just knew what to do about some dances."

"Ha! I get it!" Tony leaned forward. "The villain cries 'Ha now, my proud beauty! I have you at last'—but no! She does a little tap dance that the hero hears—he's on the floor below, you understand, playing pool—"

"Nonsense!" said Joan lazily. "She's in the cellar with the rats and things, but she does a tap dance on the ceiling—her father trained her for an acrobat, of course—"

"Would you like me to help you with the dances, Big Brother?" Alison's glance strayed around the table. "I'd love it."

Everett glanced round the table. He saw Joan's half-malicious smile; he caught the quick look in Tony's eyes as they looked at Alison. His mind thought quickly, as it had thought that first night at the Swiss Chalet: is she doing this for its effect on Tony? But he looked back at her, caught the clear look of her grey eyes, the tight irritation of her red mouth. No, it's for me she's doing it. "That's swell," he said warmly.

"I'll meet you—shall we say, here?—tomorrow at four to talk it over. Suit you?"

"Suit me? It suits me fine," said Everett.

"Look out, Tony," said Joan lazily. "Eve's going to be the villain of the piece after all, if you're not careful."

THAT WAS the beginning of something new and different in Everett's life. As March grew up out of brown mud into the green grass of April, so a new relationship was created between himself and Alison. They became completely natural together, and discovered that they had, when together, a gift of light and easy happiness. Everett, expanding under the unaccustomed impetus of having work that had to be done, and surrounded by a crowd of agreeable youngsters to whom his suggestion was a command and his praise an accolade, and impelled, too, to live up to the commendation of a pair of vivid grey eyes, and comforted and nourished in spirit by almost daily association with Alison, became something more of a person in his own eyes than he had ever been. He had always entered a room hesitantly; now he entered his classroom with confidence, with a smile, with a sure quick step.

Everett regretted once not having their big living room at home for Alison's choruses to practice in, and she said, "Good heavens!" in a shocked way, and they both laughed. His landlady let them use her parlor, and her fat figure would now and again appear in the doorway with her fat dog, and she would say, "My land!" and disappear. Alison called her Sairey Gamp, for there was about her a certain atmosphere of "porter, drawn regular."

They took to snatching a hamburger quite regularly at Pete's Shack, eating usually, from choice, from its marble counter. Once Jerry, from sitting sedately beside them, bolted for the door; and sure enough, Laura Marbury was just passing, on the street. She saw Jerry, and looked all around; and Everett and Alison, looking out the plate glass window, sat frozen in a kind of mutual horror, until Laura gave it up and passed out of sight. And Alison said in a whisper, "Good heavens!

I never thought of your mother as—as buying groceries and things. Does she really go to the grocery store? It seems so incongruous. As if the walls should fall down in abasement and all the cans of tomatoes roll abjectly to her feet."

They laughed into each other's eyes, seeing baked beans and boxes of shredded wheat falling down in obeisance.

But after a moment Alison sobered. "You know, Everett, I'm not just a low-life, the way your mother thinks."

Everett was indignant. "A low-life! Alison! How can you imagine such a thing?"

"I know you don't think it. But I want you to know for sure. Mother was the daughter of a physician. Dad is maybe not much account—not by some people's standards. But he's a person. He's got something—something men envy, and women adore. It's not his fault he doesn't like to work. He's the grandson of an Irish peer—you know, land-poor but proud. Dad's told me how his grandfather studied medicine just so he could treat all the poor on his estates, because there was no doctor, and he had no money to help them with. But the Sinn Feiners drove them out. Dad gambles to make a living. And he likes to gamble." She looked at him. "I'm afraid I understand that too well. Dad's terribly nice

first met her, and again dancing at the Swiss Chalet. It was a look he had seldom seen of late, and it struck him now that it was a look not natural to her, but one that life had taught her. It was as if, now and again, a warning bell struck within her, bidding her stop and estimate the seeming honesty of men. Of men and women both. It was as if her first instinctive feeling was to trust; but that she had found trust too often unjustified. So clear and candid a gaze as hers, thought Everett, deserved straightness in return. With me, his mind said clearly, she will be safe always. With Tony—

He said quietly, "You are fond of Tony, Alison?"

Her answer was direct, her gaze still on the street. "Of course. How can one help but be?"

"How fond?"

Her gaze came back from the street and rested on his face. It was plain that she did not consider the question an impertinence. "That's hard to say, Big Brother. It's easy to grow fonder of Tony—easier than it is wise."

"Why do you say 'wise'? Because you'll get hurt?"

"Of course. And Tony wouldn't. But you know that as well as I do."

"He might not care for you, is that it? I'm not being impertinent, am I?"

Her eyes smiled at him. "You could never be impertinent, Everett. Impertinence is meanness—and it isn't in you. It's just that there are degrees of caring, just as there are depths in a river. A person's caring doesn't depend on the other person; it is what he is in himself."

"If I cared for you, Alison—"

Her eyes rested on him, and they were very honest. "You would be making a mistake," she said.

He leaned toward her impulsively. It was so like her to be honest, and not misunderstand or belittle what he meant. He could not know that to this girl his eyes were like a child's eyes, betraying him. "How can you say that, Alison? Don't you feel anything, yourself?"

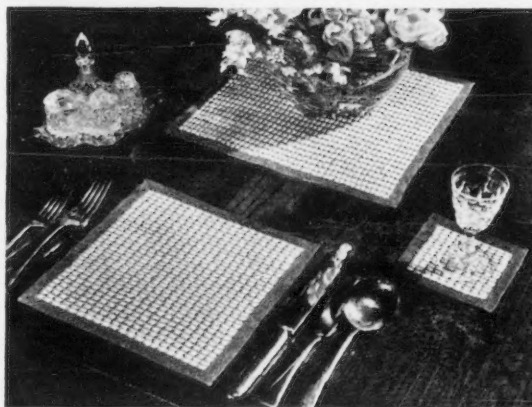
"Of course I do. Would I be here otherwise? But in the mixture of things we are inside of us, I don't feel as much as you—deserve. For Tony I feel—perhaps more than he deserves. Everett dear—I want to be sure you understand. I'm happy with you, happier than I am with any other person in the world. That's true, Everett. I feel relaxed with you. I never have to explain. I'm not on my guard. And the same is true of you—that I know, too. So it seemed to me that we had this to give each other. Happiness together, a sense of building each other up. But I couldn't be happy—if it involved anything more in it." She said "Hi—Steve!" to a passing student and went on as if her thought had no interruption. "It's a really big thing we have. We know it. It doesn't have to be expressed. It would be too bad not to take it. It would be wretched to lose it."

"It would be intolerable, now, to lose it," said Everett, wondering whether he felt more happy or more wretched.

"Thank you," said Alison simply. "That's the thing about you, Everett. I can say this to you, and you understand. There aren't edges left over all the time. I'm not the girl for you; I'm too unsettled. And Tony's not the man for me, even though—And now, lamb, you know that place where the girl is struggling through the wind, carrying a cabbage dressed up as a baby—I think a pumpkin, a huge heavy pumpkin. It'll show better. And she can say, My pumpkin—my darling—darling—"

My darling darling, thought Everett. But he said, "You're right. It's much better."

For Summer Tables



MATERIALS REQUIRED:
6 Balls each Crochet No. 20 in ecru and blue.
Steel Crochet Hook No. 3 English or No. 6 American.
Photographs The Canadian Spool Cotton Company.

Measurements: Centre Mat—12"x12"

Place Mat—9" x 9"

Small Mat—4½" x 4½"

SMALL MAT: Commence with 40ch.

1st row—Allowing 3ch to stand for first tr, work 2tr into next 2ch and 1ch above next ch to form sp between next group of 3tr. Work 3tr 1ch to end of row (10 groups of 3tr, 1ch between each).

2nd row—Keeping work same side, join on blue thread at beginning of row, work 3dc into first 3tr, 1lc into next sp (to work a lc stitch insert hook into stitch on lower edge of sp, draw thread through loosely to top row, pass thread over hook and draw through both stitches) at end of row draw ecru loop of first row through blue, work 3ch to turn. Repeat these 2 rows 13 times (28 row from beginning) work should measure 3½ inches square.

28th row—At end of 28th row (blue) draw ecru loop through blue and break off. This row forms first row of blue border.

Blue Border:

Continue dc, doing 2dc at each corner to turn, work 8 rows all round mat, doing 2dc at each corner on every row. Fasten off, darn ends in neatly and lightly press on wrong side.

PLACE MAT: Commence with 84ch.

Begin blue border on 66th row.

CENTRE MAT: Commence with 104ch.

Begin blue border on 86th row.

Abb: Ch..... chain

Dc..... double crochet

Lc..... long crochet

Tr..... treble

Sp..... space. ☆

really. His only crime is that he's—useless. He's very ornamental." She smiled at him. "I don't care what most people think. But I do care what you and Tony think."

And Tony.

They were sitting at stools at the counter, and as she spoke she looked past his head into the street (where his mother had been), and that odd considering look came into her eyes that he had seen that day when he had

THE NIGHT before the play, it was three o'clock before Alison and Everett, finishing up the odds and ends, called it a day. ☆ Continued on page 71



*Our Royal Chatelaine
and Her Family*

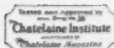




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Above is a charming study of the Lady Elizabeth and her favorite brother, David, hanging in Glamis Castle. To the right is the Queen leaving for her marriage in Westminster Abbey. She wore a string of beautiful pearls for her wedding and is rarely seen without them.



A quaint snapshot of the little Elizabeth at a garden party at Glamis Castle.

Who Became a Queen

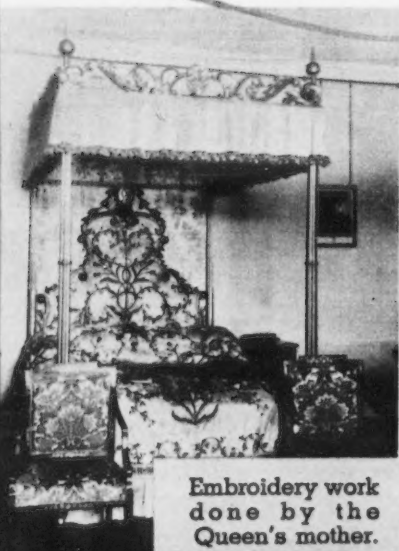
In January, 1923, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon became engaged to the Duke of York, after three years of courtship. Their wedding was solemnized with great pomp in Westminster Abbey in April of the same year. The King and Queen will thus celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage this year, a few days before they leave for Canada, on board H.M.S. *Repulse*.

After their marriage the Duke and Duchess of York spent many happy and busy years in the pleasant home at 145 Piccadilly, until their accession to the throne meant that henceforth home would be Buckingham Palace, with its two hundred rooms. The Queen still takes an active part in the ordering of her household and has a personal interest in her staff. She insists on the minimum of publicity for her children, with regular hours, early bed, simple food, few parties, good manners and quantities of fresh air. The Queen, who is the second Elizabeth of York to become Queen of England—the first being the wife of Henry VII—has been described by those who know her, as a "womanly woman who realizes she had a job to do, and means to do it well." The King, in making his accession speech, was able to say, with complete sincerity, "With my wife as helpmeet by my side, I take up the heavy task which lies before me."



Beneath the floppy hat is young David who, with his sister, Lady Elizabeth, is intent on some grown-up conversation.

The Duke and Duchess of York pose on their honeymoon for the ever-demanding cameras.



Embroidery work done by the Queen's mother.



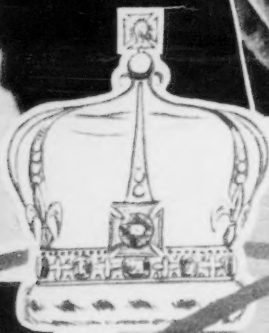
This was the Lady Elizabeth's own writing desk in historic Glamis.



An interesting portrait of the teen-age Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, showing the famous fringe, only recently discarded.



The little Lady Elizabeth was about this age when she first met her future husband at a children's party. They did not meet again for thirteen years.



The Scottish Girl

The youngest in a family of ten, Queen Elizabeth grew up as the daughter of a Scottish country gentleman—the Earl of Strathmore. She was born in her father's Hertfordshire home, but most of her childhood was spent in their ancient Scottish castle of Glamis—pronounced "Glarms." Here the little Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon lived, spending most of her time with her favorite brother, David, playing in the great rooms, and tending their rabbits, dogs, cats, ponies and doves. When the Lady Elizabeth was five she met her future husband, aged eleven, at a children's party. They did not meet again for thirteen years. The family was not a wealthy one, and Lady Elizabeth was trained in the simple, homely arts, including cooking and the use of the typewriter. She plays the harp and piano well, and understands good music and painting. She is an exquisite needlewoman.

During the War the young girl suddenly grew up. The historic Glamis Castle was turned into a hospital, and with her tireless and energetic mother, the late Countess of Strathmore, the future Queen of England gave her whole time to managing the hospital and tending to the wounded soldiers of the Empire.



Fourteen years as Duchess of York gave the Queen a valuable background of experience for the long hours she must spend in public.



A living room corner in Glamis Castle, where the Queen's childhood was passed.



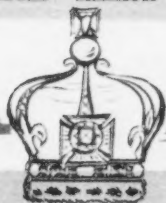
The Queen compliments a very proud mother on her baby during a visit to a housing centre. Note that her hats are "off the face" so she may be seen.



Three royal ladies together. Queen Elizabeth's costume brought her many plaudits from fashion authorities.



The Queen never overlooks the importance to British manufacturers of her choice of materials. She is shown here in Paris.



of a Queen's Wardrobe

By MOLLIE McGEE

reacts on wool, silk and lace trades, and is of vital importance to makers of British velvet.

On two things she insists, her costumes must be feminine and becoming; as for the rest, she leaves the designer leeway in which to make them smart.

Three years responsibility have molded the shy, demure and pleasingly plump little Duchess of York, who frequently wore clothes made by her maid, into a poised, regal figure whose exquisite grooming is a joy to her beholders, to say nothing of photographers and picture editors.

This has not been a sudden change, though the most noticeable difference was during the trip to Paris last year, when the Queen appeared day after day in new gowns designed by Norman Hartnell, expressly for each occasion. Most of the apparent improvement has come through study and elimination. Gone are the loose sacklike coats that added to the Queen's size and took from her height, gone are the hats with uncompromising lines, the furs that clung so close they completely hid her neck. Vanished also are the little bits of ornamentation that made afternoon dresses look bulky. Yet still there is nothing severe about the Queen's clothes.

Analyzed group by group according to the occasion for which they are made, they reveal the careful thought and planning that have contributed to their success.

First the Matter of Colors. The Queen is blessed with a clear pink and white complexion. She has blue eyes and dark hair, so she can wear almost any shade. Her personal preference is, however, for pastel tints. Then, too, she must consider the background against which she will appear. Talking to officials at the British Industries Fair about Court dresses, she mentioned the vivid scarlet of dress uniforms, the crimson ballroom carpets. Also there is the golden damask of ceremonial

chairs and the brilliant splashes provided by the ribbons of her various orders.

When she chooses her dresses, she follows the precedent set by Queen Mary and has her orders brought into the room where the dress designer has his colored drawings with samples of selected materials pinned to their covers. With him and his assistants she discusses all the annoying little problems of clashing and harmony.

She dislikes black though she wore it this year in mourning for her mother, and even appeared alone at a Buckingham Palace party in a black crinoline dress—so that her guests should not be disappointed—when the King was ill.

White she wears a good deal. It proved most effective in the picture dresses worn during her Paris visit, and is her favorite choice for formal evening gowns made spectacular with glittering diamante and embroidery.

Blue is the Queen's pet color from girlhood, from soft powder blue to deep hyacinth. "Queen's Blue" is now a recognized shade.

Dusty pink and almond green, biscuit and fawn, were among the tints chosen for day costumes by her, last year. It is rumored that among the surprises planned in the Canadian wardrobe are several new color harmonies.

For Daytime Wear and the dozens of duties that take her into working-class homes, new housing schemes, to hospitals, bazaars or shopping, her preference is a simple semitailored dress with jacket or long coat of the same material. For some time after the Coronation she wore loose coats with high soft fur collars usually in a pastel tint. Lately her coats have more fitted lines, the dresses have neat defined waists, the soft fur is confined to the hem of the coat, or bandings of short fur are used. She has also appeared in

several smart black outfits and is showing a preference for darker coats.

It is not thought she will adhere to darker shades, as the lighter tones make her more easily seen and recognized by the hundreds of onlookers who frequently stand hours waiting for her to pass. It is for them she chooses her lighter clothes.

Perhaps the daytime outfit that has caused the most comment within the last few months is the shorn grey lamb coat with high flaring collar that brought in a new mode. The Queen had not been in the habit of wearing fur coats when this suddenly appeared. Thoughtful people sighed with relief. They had seen her shiver, standing in the wind on a high platform during the launching of a battleship and in the chill drizzle of the opening day of the Glasgow Fair.

For Afternoon Formal Affairs the Queen has a new fashion: long dresses with short matching jackets, some short sleeved to be worn with elbow-length gloves. Then there are, of course, the garden party frocks—usually in lace—as a choice of printed silks for summer gowns the Queen prefers flower designs and rules out modernistic patterns.

The Queen's Hats. for so long matters of criticism, are now so varied it would seem they must suit everyone. They are cleverly softened with veils, feathers or a rounded line when they are off the face—as many must be so that she can be seen through her car window.

Among those counted her most successful are the small hat with the perky birds, the wide black halo, and the silver turban in which she greeted buyers from the East at a recent exhibition. They were flattered for they wore the same headdress. Rumor predicts flowers in soft silks and velvets will supersede the feathers the Queen's hats have worn for some time. *Cont. on page 48*

The Queen has recently worn some stunning black costumes, but generally adheres to the lighter shades as they make her more easily recognized by the public.

Compare the two photographs of the Queen below — taken some time ago — with the larger one beside them, in which she wears one of her current costumes. Norman Hartnell, the Queen's designer, stresses elimination of detail, more fitted lines, and the wearing of fur at the hemline, rather than around the neck.



The Queen has discarded this type of costume, with the long coat, heavy furs and difficult hats, worn at a bazaar for London Waifs and Strays.



Problems

WHEN Queen Elizabeth steps ashore from the royal barge at Quebec on May 15, on her first visit to Canada and the United States, some where behind scenes fifty trunks will be waiting for her. In one great box bound with iron will be the State jewels and her platinum and diamond crown to wear in Ottawa; in another crimson and ermine Robes of State. More modern are the boxes to contain sixty outfits for daytime complete with hats, shoes, gloves and handbags, or gorgeous evening gowns of shimmering and gleaming fabrics.

Packed by expert hands in layers of tissue paper interspersed with sachets, this wardrobe will be accompanied across the Atlantic by a member of the dressmaking firm now in charge of Her Majesty's everyday clothes, and at least one government custodian of Royal Regalia. It will be the most spectacular collection of wearing apparel to cross the high seas since those brought by Continental princesses who came centuries ago, to marry English kings, and will be of far greater importance.

The dresses worn during her six weeks visit by this country-bred Scottish woman will inspire a thousand cables; affect not only dressmaking establishments in New York and Paris, but department stores, cloth and dye manufacturers, mill owners and even unemployment. A three-inch fur band at the hem of a coat may send the price of beaver skins up in the Northwest Territories, and the bead embroidery on an evening dress may result in thousands of divers searching in the depths of coral-flooded seas.

This tremendous power is in the capable hands of a level-headed woman. Queen Elizabeth knows what she likes and why she likes it, chooses her clothes for the occasions on which they will be worn, and does not overlook the fact that her choice of materials

school
novated
cesses.



World copyright, Marcus Adams



The two Princesses are very fond of dogs and whenever they go out to play on the lawns at Windsor Lodge they are always accompanied by one or more of their many pets. The photograph at left shows Princess Elizabeth with "Jane" and "Dookie," and at right is Princess Margaret Rose, with "Spark."



The Royal Princesses Grow Up

Princess Elizabeth was thirteen years of age in April of this year and Margaret Rose will be nine in the coming August. The elder sister is growing quickly and is now almost the same height as her mother. At a wedding earlier this year she was seen to be wearing long stockings, and she is fast becoming a very "grown-up" young lady. She is of quiet, serious turn of mind, which is perhaps natural, for a future Queen Regnant of England. The King takes his elder daughter for long walks in the grounds of Windsor Castle, and their chats together are usually on the subject of royal bearing and court procedure.

By contrast, Princess Margaret is high-spirited, vivacious and talkative to a high degree. When they make public appearances together, it is usually observed that Princess Elizabeth is attentive and regal in bearing, while Margaret Rose is very much a typical youngster,

intent on enjoying herself. The shadow of a regal future does not hang so heavily over the younger sister.

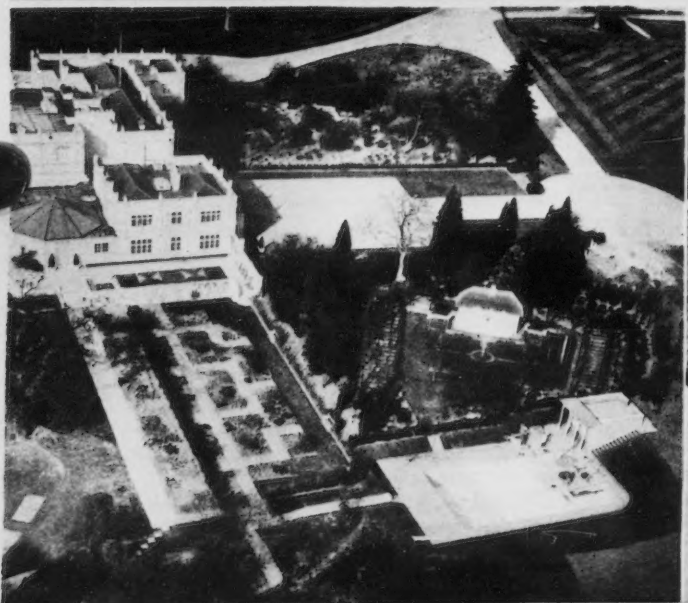
Princess Elizabeth was born in England, but Margaret Rose was born at Glamis Castle in Scotland. She was the first royal baby to be born in that country for more than three centuries. The last royal birth in Scotland was that of Charles I in 1600.

Much has been written about the Princesses that is "pure nonsense." They have been described as model children who have never been naughty in their lives; it has been written of them that they are veritable geniuses when it comes to their studies, learning to read and write, and paint and play the piano with amazing speed. The King and Queen are not pleased by these eulogies showered on their children, and in fact keep a clipping book of all the things the Princesses are supposed to have said and done but haven't.

A swimming pool is being built for the Princesses at Windsor Lodge, adjoining the model house which the people of Wales presented to young Elizabeth.

It is part of their upbringing not to do this. Margaret Rose points and they both turn to stare, on the way to a Coronation ceremony.

The King has bought this tumble-down old school house at Gairnsiel, in Scotland, to be renovated and made into a "picnic cottage" for the Princesses.



Between Moons

Continued from page 7

I was going to be here for a month, but I was wrong. Orders came on today's boat. I'm reporting to the air base on the 10th."

Then he wasn't sitting astride his chair any more. He was standing close beside her, and his lean brown hand—that hand she had been avoiding all week—was resting on her shoulder. And the touch of it seemed to be drawing all the blood away from her heart.

He said: "You're not afraid to talk to me, are you, Carlotta?"

Carlotta said, "Don't be absurd!" and got up from the porch swing and walked beside him across the lawn, her white skirts trailing on the grass. When they came to the summerhouse, he touched her arm and stood still. There was the odor of ginger-flowers sweet-scented and beckoning on the powdered dusk, and a fragment of native singing on the wind.

Terry fumbled for matches, hunching his big shoulders against the breeze, watching her over the flame of his cigarette. The silence that wrapped them in a strange isolation seemed filled with the sense of beating wings.

He said: "It's funny about Hawaii . . . it's the only place I've ever been that I honestly hated to leave."

"Of course," Carlotta said lightly. "Everybody feels that way. It's the silver mists and the ginger-flowers and the singing and the sea."

She heard her own too-sprightly tone, forcing itself into naturalness, conscious that his eyes were laughing at her through the gloom. To avoid that level gaze she sat down on a seat beside the summerhouse door. She felt suddenly unutterably weary and cold. Maybe if she sat quite still she wouldn't have to think. She could pretend that it was yesterday, or the days before—those days that had come in through a pastel-tinted mist and gone out in a thrill of bronze and gold; filled with the wild, exciting happiness that Terry Shane could bring.

"You'll be missing Hawaii, too," Terry said gently. "But that's one nice thing about having a flyer for a husband. You can always get back to places you love."

"A flyer for a husband." Carlotta's voice was very toneless and small.

"Mm-mm. Only this time we shan't be able to fly, of course. We'll be taking the boat instead. Will it rush you too much to be married tomorrow, Carlotta? We might wait and get married on the boat . . . by Jove, that's not a bad idea at all! The captain's a friend of mine; he'd do it like a shot. And it would save a lot of fussing with Francie."

"There are things," Carlotta said levelly, her breath fluttering madly in her throat, "about which even you have no right to joke."

"I'm not joking," he said quietly. "I'm asking you to be my wife. To sail back with me tomorrow morning—and go on being my wife forever and forever . . ."

He reached down and took her two hands and drew her slowly to her feet. His light eyes blazed in his dark face, and because she was more frightened than she had ever been in her life, Carlotta said: "Don't be a fool! You

know perfectly well I haven't the remotest idea—"

"I think you have," Terry Shane said softly. "Because I love you, Carlotta; and you know darned well that you love me, too. Why, all this week—"

Carlotta snatched her hands away, putting them behind her back with a small, frantic gesture. "All this week," she said, "hasn't anything to do with it at all. People always think they're in love when they come to the Islands. It's the tropics. It's the moon and the music and the lunar rainbow, that's all."

"Of course," said Terry Shane, and she was startled by the curious hardening of his velvet voice. "The rainbow. I'd forgotten about that. And at the end of the rainbow lies the pot of gold. That's it, isn't it? Why not be honest with yourself—and with me—and admit that's what you want out of life?"

"I don't have to admit anything at all; either to you or to myself," Carlotta said furiously. "My life is my own. I can marry whom I please!"

Terry said, with a quietness that a faint tremor in his voice threatened to contradict: "You can't do it, Carlotta. You think you can, darling, but you can't. I won't let you. You can't marry a white house and a lot of possessions and a man you scarcely know!"

Carlotta thought: "But I don't know you, either . . . only, of course I really do, because you're the sort of man I've known all my life. Decent and chivalrous and splendid—and uncertain. And oh, how I wish with all my heart I'd never laid eyes on you!"

She wanted to say, "I've got to marry Prentiss Cobb—I want to, can't you understand? I just can't do to my life what my sister did to hers! I don't want glamour and uncertainty. I've got to be sure!" She said, instead: "You've no right to talk to me like that. Prentiss Cobb is a grand person. He's in love with me."

"And it isn't enough," said Terry Shane. "It's not nearly enough, because you're not in love with him. Oh, my sweet, there are so many things I want to show you . . . between this moon and the next . . . things you don't know about at all!"

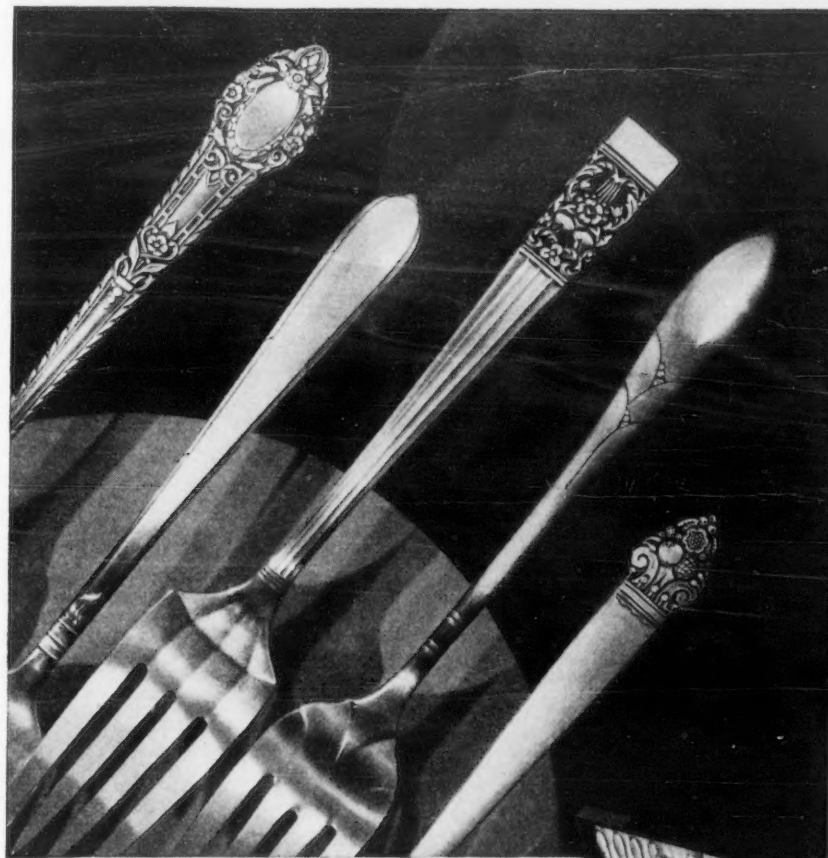
Carlotta said, twisting her fingers tightly together: "Perhaps I do. Perhaps I know more about them than you think. My sister married an aviator, you know. I heard quite a lot about pale-tinted dawns and nights of pagan splendor and the snarling trumpets of the storm—"

The slow red came up into the man's intent face, and some of the intentness went out of it, leaving it cold and still. He said: "Do you really think that's all there is to flying, Carlotta? Just glamour and wearing a uniform—and showing off?"

"And waiting," Carlotta said with soft fierceness. "Don't forget the waiting. And the heartbreak and listening for a telephone that doesn't ring until you're sick to the soul with terror and foreboding. And then maybe he comes home and says, 'What's for dinner, darling? Gee, I had a swell hop today!' I grant you it's a lovely life—"



Does your
dessert course wait . . . while
Mary washes spoons?



*TRADE MARKS

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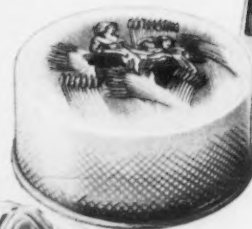
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Chocolate Icebox Cake

Bread, cut in $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$ x 3-inch fingers	Few grains salt
Soft butter	2 tablespoons powdered sugar
Sugar	Vanilla or almond extract
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sweet chocolate	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint heavy cream
4 tablespoons water	
4 eggs	

Butter bread strips lightly all over; sprinkle with sugar. Brown and crisp in slow oven. Melt chocolate over hot water; slowly add 4 tablespoons water. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Cook and stir, to thicken smoothly. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Fold into chocolate mixture; flavor. Line sides and bottom of loaf pan with waxed paper, then with toasted bread strips; cover bottom with chocolate mixture. Add alternate layers of bread strips and chocolate mixture, with bread on top. Chill several hours. Unmould, and top with stiffly whipped cream.



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2. A prize of \$5 each will be awarded to the 206 best recipes which include bread, in some form, in the list of ingredients.
3. Entrants from each province and from Newfoundland will compete only with other entrants from the same territory. Each province and Newfoundland has its own quota of prizes, to be awarded only to entrants residing in those respective territories.
4. Recipes will be judged for originality, practicalness, and good results. No entries returned. Entries and contents thereof become the property of the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast. Decision of the judges will be final.
5. Send as many recipes as you wish. Write each recipe and your name and address on a separate sheet of paper.
6. Mail to Fleischmann's Yeast, 801 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.
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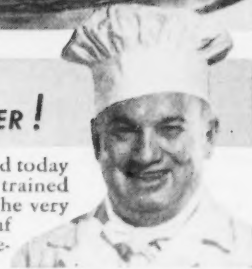
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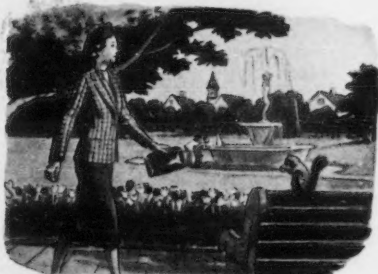
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1 "Tom and I went to see Dr. Wood today. We are going to have an 'addition' to our family. Dr. Wood said that an early examination helps avoid any later complications. The doctor outlined a program that will protect our health — the baby's and mine."



2 "Dr. Wood told me to take a daily walk during the sunny hours, but warned me against getting overtired. I'm allowed to do everything but the heavy housework."



3 "In addition to my regular eight hours' sleep, I plan my day to include an hour's nap every afternoon. I take a few snatches of rest in the morning, too."



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for everybody—except the flyer's wife."

"So that's it," Terry said softly. And it was not until she looked and saw his eyes that she realized what she had said. Because since that first night on the Pali he had made no move to touch her, and now suddenly that wasn't true any more. He leaned over and put both his arms about her and gathered her into them with a sort of hungry violence, and he said: "I made you a promise. And now I'm going to break it. I'm going to kiss you. And when I've finished, Carlotta you'll know . . ."

Then he tilted back her head and kissed her on the mouth, and under the insistent pressure of his eager lips resistance drained out of her. She could only cling to him blindly for an eternity in which sky and sea rocked soundlessly together, and there was nothing in the world but the touch of his mouth on hers and his voice saying: "Carlotta . . . oh, little Carlotta! There's the whole wide world out there! There are deep roaring canyons and sweet little winds and places to go . . . places I can fly you to, places you've not dreamed of . . ." Then he said: "We don't need possessions, darling, but I've a koa-wood table and a Chinese rug, and my sister left me a lot of blue dishes that are really pretty swell . . ."

She was laughing at him and there were tears on her lashes and her soft mouth was lifted to his when the sound of hoarse shouting came from beyond the road. The group about the bridge table came surging over the lawn, and a single voice kept calling: "Terry! Terry Shane! You're wanted at the flying field! There's been an accident. A plane's hit the high tension wires!"

Terry's arms slipped from about her, his "Right back!" a mere whispered thread. Then he was gone, clearing the lawn in a swift, effortless leap. Carlotta put one slender hand to her lips, the other groping for the back of the bench on which she had sat.

Suddenly she began to shake all over, and she got up and walked slowly across the lawn, her shadow wavering oddly as she went up the steps and into the quiet house.

IT WAS the wind, Carlotta thought, that made the dark so alive. The wind and the booming of the surf on the reef and the rustle of the pothos vine in the cocoa palm outside. She had been lying for hours in Francie's guest-room bed, staring through a darkness that smelled of rain and the fragrance of a million flowers.

Sometimes the wind was a bugle blowing; and sometimes it held the sound of a ship's white prow, cutting the hissing waves. And that was silly, of course, because the boat on which Terry Shane had sailed had left Honolulu at four o'clock that afternoon and by now was a long way out to sea.

Carlotta had seen him for just a moment when he came back from the crash at the field. He had caught at her hands, burying his face in them, and he had said: "Darling, listen! You're not saying these things to me! You've had a shock, Carlotta, you're upset. It was an accident; his port wheel jammed, he was trying to make a landing. It could have happened to any flyer!"

She had said, in a voice that wasn't her own: "To any flyer. That's just it, Terry, can't you see? It's no use. I can't face it. I thought I could, but I can't . . . you'd better go." And she had wrenched her hands free and walked past him into the house, without looking back at all.

And somehow last night had passed and she had got through today, and now it was night again and everyone was in bed and there was no need to pretend any more. Because Terry Shane was gone. Francie and the others had gone down to the boat to see him sail, and now she couldn't even ask about him because Francie would say, "Oh, so that's how it is!" and it wasn't how it was at all. In the morning Prentiss Cobb would be back in town; and some time in the afternoon, after he had looked over his mail, he'd come out and regard her with his quiet, reflective eyes and she would tell him she was ready to marry him now.

She thought: "Anne can come out here and live with us. And there'll never be any worries or complexities again. I'll always know what lies around the corner of tomorrow . . . I'm glad it turned out this way. I'm going to be glad—all the rest of my life." And then she thought: "If only that wind would stop blowing!" before she realized that it wasn't the wind she heard at all, but the muted whirr of the extension telephone on the table beside her bed.

She sat up in bed, lifting the receiver from the hook, and said: "Who is it, please?" And Terry Shane's voice said: "Carlotta, it's Terry. I'm telephoning from the ship. We're in Honolulu harbor."

Carlotta said: "But I thought you sailed—"

Terry said: "We turned around and came back. The ship had engine trouble. Listen, Carlotta, we'll be anchored here until daylight tomorrow morning. If you came down to the dock right now, I could get them to send out a boat. You can make it in a taxi in an hour."

There was a sharp crackling sound as the wind outside rose to a shriek. He said: "Something's the matter with this connection." Then his voice drifted quite away.

Sitting there, with the telephone clutched tightly in her hand, it seemed to her as though Terry himself had drifted off into the dim blue vault of the sky. And suddenly, waiting for the line to clear, Carlotta knew two things. That there would always be places to which Terry Shane would go where she could never follow; always a part of his mind and heart that she could never reach. But what she could have of him, she wanted—as she had never wanted anything in life before. Because no matter how often he went away, he would come back to her in the end . . . as Joe had come back to Anne.

The crackling on the line became a roar; then it cleared, and into the silence a professionally polite voice said: "I'm sorry for the interruption. Are you ready now, please?"

Carlotta said: "I'm ready." And to Terry Shane she said: "The taxis aren't running, but I can borrow Francie's car. And it won't take me an hour."

Across the windy miles she heard his shout. ☆

A PICTURE like this of your own little girl would be worth a lot to you— isn't it true?

You can have it. You can take it yourself—and that will be an extra satisfaction.

Just load your camera with Kodak Film and go out and shoot. Keep at it. With dependable film, your snapshots will get better and better. It won't be long before you're getting the life and naturalness into them that great snapshots have.

But play safe with your film. Use the film you can depend on every time—Kodak Verichrome—the film that gets great snapshots.

In Canada KODAK is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Why VERICHROME Film?

There is a type of Kodak Film for every picture-taking purpose, from the kind on which most Hollywood movies are made, to the little roll of film that loads a Brownie camera.

If you're an amateur, using an average camera, Kodak Verichrome Film will give you best results day in and day out. It takes care of reasonable exposure errors. It performs brilliantly even when the weather isn't just right. It makes any camera a better camera. Call for "Verichrome Film" by name.



Accept nothing but the film with the trade mark KODAK on the box



MADE IN CANADA

**The great
snapshots
are made on
KODAK FILM**

Jewels for Smart Accent



but no Shine on the Nose—
if you would be the Jewel in somebody's heart

Hat by Suzy, Jewels by Marcus

IT'S SMART this spring to wear jewels with your street outfit—sparkling rings, a glittering fob to accent a dark dress. But there's *one* kind of glitter that's *never* smart, never attractive—the annoying shine on the nose!

When your nose looks shiny with oil, blame germs! For germs are often responsible for this unwholesome condition. But Woodbury Facial Powder will help you overcome it. This fragrant powder, the favorite of millions, has germ-free purity, contains an ingredient which discourages germ-growth. It stays on smoothly.

Seven flattering shades! *Champagne*, the favorite of Mme. Suzy, famous Paris modiste, for golden complexions. Smart with Woodbury Lipstick and Rouge in deepest Burgundy. *Windsor Rose*, for pink-and-white skin, tones in beautifully with Woodbury make-up in the true red Poppy shade. Get a box of this lovely powder today! \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

(MADE IN CANADA)



YOURS...SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 503, Perth, Ontario

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐
(For golden skin)

WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____

Golden Spires

Continued from page 9

the rugged scheme of life confronting him in the settlement. In spite of his big shoulders and fair strength, there was about him an air of inadequacy and loneliness, but with it the determination to hang on.

"It will be Simon Lawrie," she decided.

"He needs the help of a good hand, surely."

In Nathaniel's opinion, apparently, Simon would never be a successful farmer. But just because Simon lacked Judd's assurance, she hoped that her life and his might grow together sooner in happiness.

Nathaniel got to his feet. His arms went around her and his lips were hard against her hair.

"Whoever you take, Seney, God bless you," he said, turning from her and swinging Nate to his shoulder.

As the day wore on and the oblique light of coming evening tangled in the tree tops, Seney thought again of the vision. Golden spires could not be built merely by clearing land and raising buildings. They must grow through days like this one she and Nathaniel had shaped.

THAT AUTUMN, when a preacher found his way through to Hull, Seney and Simon Lawrie were married.

From the farthest clearings they came to dance in Wright's store, bringing with them dogs, babies, and children. Friendly Indians squatted against the walls. Even settlers from the opposite river bank, who had straggled inland along the Rideau, braved the strong current below the Chaudière in frail boats to join the merriment. Milda, too, was there, her pale face still and expressionless.

As laughter heightened and dust rose from the floor with the stamping of the dance, Nathaniel's flute could be heard over all, shrilling crazily, as though some tortured spirit commanded it. The sound stabbed at Seney, bringing searing tears to her eyes.

She slipped out for a moment of escape, into the silence of the night. Simon followed.

"Did anyone force you to marry me?" he asked, seeing her tears.

"No one. I chose you of my own free will."

Simon's thoughtful face, under its cap of light hair, bent close to hers as he regarded her closely. Obviously satisfied, his hands reached out for hers; but the question he asked was not the one in his eyes.

"Would you care to return to the dancing?"

"I would prefer to go with you," she said, answering directly the unasked question, for she must face what lay before her, and Simon's consideration was stronger than a plea.

Walking into the darkness to Simon's shanty near the head of the Chaudière, it seemed to Seney that she was going to meet the voice. The voice of a new home calling.

But Simon's shanty had been her home for only a night. In the morning when the dancing in Wright's store died and the keg of Jamaica had been drained, men came over and tore it down. In its place they raised a cabin

of squared pine logs that sat solidly upon each other. It had two rooms and a place under the rafters where seed grain might be stored, or children sleep.

"Who could ask for better!" Seney cried, filled with thanksgiving, not only because of the cabin, but she knew then that Simon's love for her was both a tenderness and a dignity.

"There'll be better," Simon said. "For everyone."

Simon claimed that farming was not the only way for a man to earn his salt. With all Europe turbulent and even Baltic ports closed to British shipping, where else but in the New World could England buy timber to rebuild her navy after the ravages of Napoleon's battles?

When men gathered in Wright's store and the talk turned to timbering, the farmers jeered. Cleared pine lands gave only poor crops, and timber floated through the river rapids would be crushed and unsaleable on reaching Montreal. Far better to spend time clearing profitable land and stay on it. Wasn't theirs the best hemp in the world? To prove their point they nodded toward the medal that hung in the place of honor over the door.

As soon as the land and rivers were winter-sealed, however, Simon and Wright's sons went up the Gatineau. They took axes and provisions and spent the winter months cutting along the river bank.

Somehow, in her new cabin, Seney got through the cold. She was not entirely alone, for Nathaniel occasionally brought Nate over to spend a week with her.

Nathaniel came in, stooping at the low doorway and making a great bluster of stamping snow from his feet, as though he were tramping out the memory of the old awareness that had once come between them. It wasn't like a campfire, though, that could be trodden out before turning away from it, and Nathaniel seldom lingered.

But Nate stayed. And each succeeding day banished some of the frozen loneliness that locked his small face. It came back only when Milda's name was mentioned, or at the thought of returning to his home. He was a busy child, helping Seney wind the shuttle for the rough handloom Simon had made for her, and dragging in for the fire billets of wood almost as large as himself.

Milda, Seney never saw. Milda's hatred of the new settlement had become an obsession; she shut herself in completely. At the time, Seney would have been glad of her sister's companionship for she was carrying a child.

ONE DAY when the snow had gone and doves were returning to nest again in the tree tops, Seney heard footsteps pounding along the trail to her clearing. And there was Simon, even broader, and fairer of hair than she had remembered. And exuberantly jubilant.

"We brought the timber safely down the Gatineau!" he cried, gathering her into his arms. "It's in the cove. A

☆ Continued on page 38

BEAUTY CULTURE



A DEPARTMENT OF
STYLE, HEALTH
AND PERSONALITY

Accessory Achievement

by CAROLYN DAMON

MAYBE YOU can take your accessories or leave them alone. Some women can't. Especially the young ones. They're apt to pile on so many colored doo-dads they lose that beautiful simplicity which is the keynote of all good dressing. Others—usually the older ones—are afraid of accessories. So they look plain to the point of severity and drab just when they need gay touches to show that the years have not robbed them of a sense of the colorful in life.

And there's just nothing more important in the impression you make on others than the way you have assembled your clothes. Anyone can buy a good dress or an expensive hat. It takes a woman of discriminating taste to find the right hat, bag and shoes to go with a certain dress, and to make these accessories work for her in whatever way she wishes them to.

Nowadays, of course, you can get all sorts of help from the shops, most of which have regular assembly departments, where you can see suggested groups of things matched or contrasted to various costumes. And there's no longer that too-often disappointing rush from thither to yon after just the bag or gloves or belt that will match the other things you have gathered together. So there are the accessories, all in front of you. Now it's a question of deciding what you want to achieve with them, and how many you need.

First of all, don't use too many. You've seen the woman who branches out in a burst of color at every extremity like a Christmas tree. Your mind is so distracted with her various bright gadgets that you lose all sense of the personality and general effect of the wearer.

"Young girls, particularly, have a habit of loading on too much jewellery, too many bright hankie-and-bag and scarf-and-flower touches. It's a good rule, if you suspect you might be that type, to stand in front of a mirror after you get them all on, and take half of them off again," advises a clever Canadian stylist.

"On the other hand, the older woman shouldn't be afraid of a pair of clipped earrings just showing beneath her smartly waved hair, or a bright jacket with her dark evening dress, or the very gayest of scarves or blouses with her well-cut, simple afternoon or street outfit."

Once you have decided neither to smother your costume, nor to leave it completely unadorned, you can begin to think about what you want to do with your accessories. Or rather, what you want them to do with you. Because they will do amazing things, whether you realize it or not.

TAKE a basic dress such as the one which has been used in the illustration. It depends on your accessories whether you look like the demure little girl on the left or the sophisticated young woman on the right. For it's the same frock. You can build yourself into a smart young thing ☆ Continued on page 48



Photograph by the Robert Simpson Co., Toronto.

With the same well-cut, simple basic dress, two distinctly different moods are created by the clever use of accessories. At left, a little-girl ensemble with color in the childish, up-tilted hat, patent belt and bag, and gloves. And right, a sophisticated tea or dinner outfit emerges with the use of velvet and white hat, white gloves, kid bag and gardenias.

For You... the world's most famous *Beauty Treatment*



"My skin is sensitive and I've got to be careful what I use on it. The extra mild lather of your soap seems to suit it perfectly. Truly, Palmolive soothes and softens my skin without the slightest irritation."

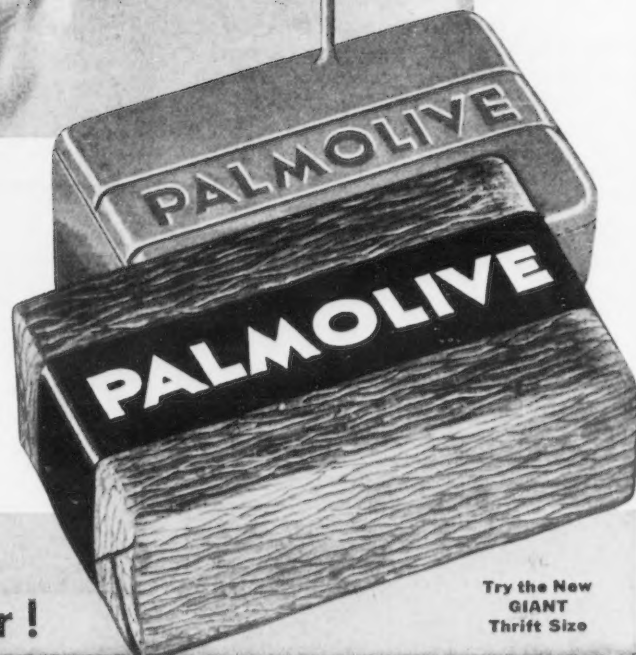
Lucy, Phelan

24 Prince Arthur St., St. Lambert, Que.

Follow this easy Palmolive way to a lovelier skin

For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath, gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to help keep real, all-over skin beauty.

Remember, for 3,000 years, nothing has been discovered that is finer for your skin than the gentle Olive Oil Palmolive's made with.



**Try the New Improved Palmolive
Milder ... New Perfume ... Lasts Longer!**

Try the New
GIANT
Thrill Size



First choice of men and women executives for the business girl is this navy sheer redingote office dress (above). The under skirt is a soft hyacinth.

A very smart black tailored frock (below), giving a feminine touch in the little girl white color and cuffs and buttons. It was the second choice of men executives in a poll taken recently.



outfit on the left, which was second choice as far as women voters were concerned, and got a fourth rating with the men. The soft dressmaker suit, with its linen blouse, is a favorite with women in offices. They know how important a touch of freshness a clean blouse can give, and what an effect of change you can get by using one day, a frilly sheer, another a piqué vestee, and perhaps for blue but busy Monday, a very smart starched linen.

Besides which, leave the office and add furs and you can challenge the most pampered society woman at any smart tea. Or add brilliant clips and a soft satin blousette and you're the apple of a man's eye at the swankiest dinner place in town. If it's the country club or something such, a big bunch of violets and the piqué vestee will give you just that sporting, free-from-worry appearance.

The frock is navy blue with the new soft styling and an added feminine accent in the grosgrain lacings along the lapels and across the pockets. It's a perfect chameleon of a frock, and a happy warrior in the battle for smart styles for the office worker, in any woman's wardrobe!

Next in line is a soft blue crepe which may seem a bit on the dressy side for office wear . . . but some jobs call for considerable going about on the business of the firm. This soft and pretty frock has deep tucking that characterizes the bodice, and a heavy clip gives it a fairly tailored appearance. But be careful about jewellery—be sure the boss has no objection. It would be a good idea just to slip those big bubble clips or little enamel or flower ones, or brilliants, in your bag, and adjust them after five. By the way, there's nothing like this sort of dress to cheer you up—and the whole

office force besides—on those dull and desperate days when everything seems grey and gloomy. We'd call this a definite glad lining for a dark-cloud day.

Next are the two favorites, the black tailored frock and the navy sheer redingote, and second to the right is a grand business type of jacket dress which is very springlike with its pleated skirt and the crisscross check effect in white piqué. A gay little bunch of bright spring flowers on the lapel completes the happy sense of new-season lift. Considering that the average office girl spends a good third of most of her days at her desk, why not, we say, be gay and add a little note of color?

FINALLY, another dress that will bring the sense of spring into any office. The removable jacket and belt are in the new rosy cyclamen shade so happily used with black. And don't be alarmed about the color—the white fleck tones it down considerably—and you can always slip off the jacket for working hours and have the single note of color in your belt. And another belt could be substituted at any time. This is another dress that offers many opportunities for change—a white piqué jacket and belt for summer—or the cyclamen jacket and belt on your last year's white dress—or just wearing the well-cut black dress with clips or scarves or flower and belt changes, as your fancy dictates. The flared skirt gives it a graceful swing when you walk.

You'll notice that all the skirts and sleeves are made for practical use—the skirts won't pull when you sit at a desk or typewriter, the sleeves won't get in your way.

And please put your business clothes on as carefully as you do your evening dress. ☆

Dancing Debs stay fresh till dawn after a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



Miss Peggy Hunter

Ask this Toronto debutante what she most enjoys. She'll reply, "Skiing, sailing, summers at Lake Simcoe." Ask her how she keeps her complexion so clear. She'll tell you, "With Woodbury."

"When I see a 'debbie' who never dances more than halfway round the ballroom without a cut-in, I make this mental note: She's a devotee of the 5 o'clock Woodbury Facial Cocktail . . . and she'll soon be among the 'young marrieds'."

Says **CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER**
Noted Society Commentator

Be utterly lovely for your date tonight! Climax your busy day with a refreshing, skin-enlivening Beauty Cocktail of Woodbury Facial Soap.

AT PARTIES, night after night, how do the debutantes hold that glamorous freshness? These daughters of "first families" are loyal to a beauty tradition, dating back three generations. They defend their beauty with Woodbury Facial Soap.

Five o'clock every day strikes the Facial Cocktail hour when the debs glory in Woodbury's enlivening lather. Brisk up their beauty for the conquest of hearts.

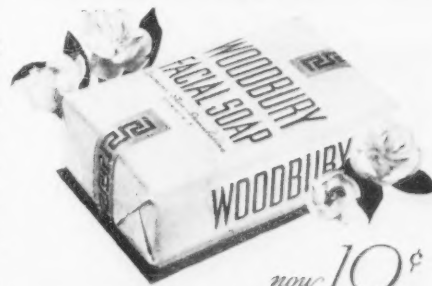
Follow in their steps to after-dark loveliness. Whenever your skin is fallow with fatigue, take this popular Woodbury Facial Cocktail to spark up its youthful glamour.

Apply Woodbury's lather all over your face. Be leisurely about it. Give the skin-invigorating Vitamin in Woodbury, so im-

portant to complexion beauty, time to recall your skin's energy and vitality.

Begin tonight! Use warm water and Woodbury plentifully before your evening date. Your lovely complexion will stir admiration in the heart of every man you meet! Take a Woodbury "facial" at bedtime, too. It's Beauty's grandest nightcap!

Read the valuable booklet on complexion care, wrapped with every cake.



now 10¢

CONTAINS SKIN-INVIGORATING VITAMIN*
*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation—Patent No. 1676579

(MADE IN CANADA)

I'VE TRIED ALL OTHERS —

But only Kotex gives me complete
comfort... absolute protection!



In addition the makers of Kotex know that women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best ... each day!

So Kotex* offers "All 3" types of sanitary protection—

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer than Regular Kotex, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Fibs*... for waning days—the new invisible Kotex tampon protection that's worn internally; requires no pins or belt. Only Fibs are Quilted for greater safety—greater ease of insertion—greater comfort in use. Recommended for waning days.

*Trade Marks Reg.

You'll See—

KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

Dressing...

To Please the Chief

Here are the office outfits favored by three hundred executives in a recent contest

EVER WONDER what the boss thinks of your new dress as he eyes you speculatively some morning? Or whether the woman executive likes your clothes as she sits behind her big desk and talks over your qualifications for the job she has to give to someone?

You may be sure that what is going on in their minds is pretty important to you. For whether they are actually aware of it or not, the way you dress for your work plays a tremendous part in their opinion of your fitness for your job.

Here are six office outfits especially designed for the smart 1939 business girl. When leading advertising and sales men and women, professional and press women, were asked to pick their favorite recently, they had no hesitation in making an almost unanimous first choice.

On the opposite page is the number one business girl costume, in a spring 1939 version of the navy sheer redingote.

Why did they choose it?

Because it's suitable for office wear. It's quiet, unobtrusive, simple, yet smart and becoming. You'll see that it's feminine in spite of its simple lines. It features the new front fullness, the slim waist, and a pretty touch at the patent leather belt. Only in the occasional flashes of the underskirt, and at the throat and sleeves, do you get a lovely glow of color. For underneath

is the softest shade of hyacinth blue, in contrast to the navy sheer.

Men executives like it because in it a girl is garbed properly to meet the public she helps to serve. Subconsciously, they know that it's smart and new, yet distinctively suited to its purpose. Neither through color, design nor line does it draw unwarranted attention to the wearer. It doesn't look like an afternoon or dinner dress "made to do" for office wear. And it's pretty certain that the same frock would be the choice of many business girls themselves—because of its clever possibilities for wear after office hours, hidden though they are from the business world. Shed the redingote and you're gay as any springtime blossom for an important dinner date.

After the first choice, the men and women executives went different ways. Second masculine choice was the simple little black dress shown on this page. The little-girl collar and cuff set and white buttons that relieve the severity of the tailored lines make just that combination of efficiency and femininity that men like in their staffs.

The fitted jacket gives it a trim look, and there is a youthful, but not too flamboyant swing to the skirt.

The other outfits, shown above, as well as the winners, were all heartily applauded as being excellent examples of office wear.

There is, for instance, the first



Six new spring outfits chosen especially for office wear. All are smart, interesting, and attractive—yet perfectly designed to give the best service and appearance in the world of business. — All photographs and models courtesy Robert Simpson Company, Ltd., Toronto.

It's different...
revolutionary!

THE NEW **LIGNE**



AGRÉE (APPROVED) LUCIEN LE LONG-PARIS

"Fabric Boning"

FOUNDATIONS

sponsored and endorsed by Lucien Lelong,
famous Parisian couturier

In Ligne Lelong you find the amazing proof that stiff boning is not essential to proper figure control. "Fabric Boning"—thin, stretchable fabric strips following the curve of the backline—provide all the control of steel or whale-bone yet with a gentle, caressing action delightful to experience... also the sensational new "breathing top" featured in Ligne Lelong girdles which permits perfect breathing comfort without the slightest trace of chafing, rubbing or binding. At all smart shops.

Made in Canada exclusively by
**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
LIMITED • QUEBEC, P.Q.**

UNDER CANADIAN PATENT 372,227 1935

the offing, black jersey suit with lapels of black ostrich feathers... Grand!

Not Without a Veil

Paris insists that we cover our heads this spring with veils. Even of an evening, swathe your curls in yards and yards of colored net or chiffon. Sometimes there is a "doll's hat" under all the swathing... but no matter! Every woman looks better—and feels ditto—when hooded in whimsy! So tie a couple of yards of veiling around your head, the next night-time you wish to stun Himself.

Skirt Lengths

How short can skirts be? Certainly as short as grace permits. Over in Paris they're wearing 'em seventeen inches from the floor. But all smart women know that skirt lengths depend on limbs, not merely on fashion. Never have your skirts so short as to reveal that unsightly "knock in the knees." Skirt lengths depend on your individual figure—not on what Paris, New York or London says about the matter.

"Platina Foxes"

Much fuss about those new "platina foxes"... only fourteen skins in the world. A cross between the silver and the albino fox. Such a lovely, "whipped cream" color effect! We have only two in America (they were bred in Norway), and the price tags modestly state \$6,000 each.

While we all cannot have "platina foxes," still many of us can have a little fur bolero or chubby jacket to top off our spring suits and, later, little late spring dresses. Choose one of the soft, long-haired furs—preferably in a pale tone, unless (lucky gal!) your dress allowance runs to silver fox. For fur jackets, and fur scarves too, particularly silver fox, kolinsky and sable, complete that distinguished appearance craved for any spring ensemble.

Peach Tones

Peachbloom, a definite shade of peach, is much in the limelight for spring lingerie. It has such a warm, rich tone, that will not wash out easily, that we're going in for it strong in corsets, girdles and the like, too. This deep shade of peach has also been selected by Queen Elizabeth for the Little Princesses' spring party dresses. To make everything nicely international, Mrs. Joe Kennedy (Himself is America's Ambassador to Great Britain) is also sponsoring this luscious shade for herself and her pretty young daughters.

Do or Diet

How's your figure? Could you imagine not eating bread or potatoes for four years! Yet Binnie Barnes, the movie star, hasn't touched either for that length of time! So you see how some glamour gals suffer! And ten chances to one you could have a glorious figure with a little attention to diet, and a good foundation garment... How about it?

White Eyelashes!

Oh, my! For summer now they're saying we should wear white eyelashes to contrast strikingly with our sun tans. Goodness, what would we do with our real eyelashes! But that's fashion fads for you, ☆

Lovable Beauty
blooms while you sleep



if your skin stays
Wide Awake!

Accessories by Carlin Comforto

To encourage new beauty, leave on a film of this stimulating cream when you go to bed. It helps keep your skin active, vital.

BEAUTY thrives, when your skin stays Awake. But when the skin drowns with inactivity, it soon grows sluggish, lifeless.

One duty, then, of your beauty cream is to keep the skin's vitality unimpaired. Scientists and doctors have proved that a certain skin-stimulating Vitamin aids the skin's activity. This skin-stimulating Vitamin, now in Woodbury Cold Cream, helps build the skin's vital energy.

To bring your beauty to full flower, cleanse your skin every night at bedtime with Woodbury Cold Cream. Leave on a delicate coating of this skin-arousing cream while you sleep.

Woodbury is a basic beauty cream of germ-free purity. It engulfs every particle of grime, smooths skin to creamy velvet.

Begin tonight with Woodbury Cold Cream. Let it bring to your complexion a lovable, touchable softness! \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.



WOODBURY

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT
John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 765, Perth, Ont.

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐ WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____

(MADE IN CANADA)



For Lips that Look So Young and Tempting

Kissproof Lipstick makes your lips soft . . . smooth . . . sweet as a rosebud and twice as inviting. For Kissproof has a beauty-cream base . . . to protect your lips against drying and cracking . . . to keep them always adorable.

When you use Kissproof, there's no greasy shine, no harsh color or painted look. Kissproof leaves lips *naturally* lovely . . . youthfully radiant . . . warm with a flattering, tempting tone.

Ask your dealer about the new extra-generous 25¢ size of Kissproof Lipstick. See Kissproof's new *Orchid-Blush* . . . and the five other becoming Kissproof shades—TODAY. Kissproof colors are truly *style-right* . . . and delightfully devastating on your lips.

50¢, 25¢, and 15¢ at all beauty counters. Match Kissproof Lipstick with Kissproof Rouge. You can get it in 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



Even a few
PIMPLES
MAKE YOU PAY
A PAINFUL
PRICE



YOU may be so self-confident that you overlook your facial blemishes. But others don't. Even a few pimples and blackheads can result in social disapproval. Do the sensible thing . . . start using reliable Cuticura. Cuticura Ointment helps relieve externally caused blemishes. Cuticura Soap lathers away surface impurities, helps promote natural complexion loveliness. Buy mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment today, each 25¢.



CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT



FASHION SHORTS

Kay Murphy's Style Pointers from New York

WE'RE ALL aiming to be "little girls" this spring and summer. It's the style theme for all of us who can get away with it. Short, curly hair—full skirts—tight jackets—demure bonnets or off-the-face hats—low-heeled shoes—teen-age make-up.

But for goodness sake, watch your step! If you are beyond the age when you can "get away with it"—if you're deliciously yet definitely too plump—if you're that sophisticated type which would look silly in Romper Styles (as we call 'em on Fifth Avenue)—stick to your type. While many can be delightful "little girls," even if the birth certificate is yellowed, many more just can't be. So don't worry. Plenty of smart women still left in the world! Leave the kiddy fashions to those who can wear them.

Queenly Color

Queen Elizabeth, now assembling her wardrobe for her Canadian and U. S. visit, has chosen two of her beloved pastels as primary costume colors. One is a lovely shade of pink which she calls "Mayflower," a delicate tribute to pioneering Americans, and the other a luscious palish blue color which is called Regina Blue, in deference to Regina, Saskatchewan. (My home town! Am I thrilled . . .) Yet 'tis a queenly color!

Gloves to Match

That spring suit of yours will take on new glamour with one of the dainty new colorful blouses, with gloves to match the blouse. Violet, yellow, green, rose, light blue, are some of the smarter colors with navy, black or grey suits. Don't fuss if you can't get the gloves to match the blouse. Buy white ones, and dye 'em. Or if the budget is hard pressed, a white blouse and gloves left from last summer may be dyed to give the stunning contrast.

Basque Jacket

Jackets are on the up and up! So many plaids and checks, and vivid scarlets. Wear 'em over dresses, skirts with blouses or sweaters, and if you want a real climax to an evening dress for spring soirées, tuck yourself into a fitted basque jacket, particularly if it's black, and your dress is vivid.

Flattering Style

The shirtwaist dress is flying high both for day and evening wear. A very flattering style for practically any age. If the blouse sports long, flowing sleeves, tightly cuffed, and the skirt, be it for afternoon or evening, sticks to stripes of any sort, it is all to the good of fashion.

The Great Divide

To avoid "gaping" at the waistline, pick a blouse that is "dirndled" down over the skirt (that means shirring!) or a skirt that is high waisted, or, better still, a wide belt that looks like a sawed-off girdle. But please, if you are plumpish, don't wear a wide belt. It stops your good-looking lines right in the middle.

Speaking of belts on plump people, it is well to remember that the less belt you have, the better. Keep it narrow, keep it of the same color as the main theme (no striking contrast, such as Slimmies can wear), and better still, have it looped in and out through your blouse or skirt. Designers say "half a belt" is better than a whole one, when the wearer hasn't watched her calories (naughty girl!)

Art of Flower-freshening

Plenty of flowers and veils on your hats, m'dears. It's a flower-and-veil hat season. And keep your veils pressed, and your flowers fresh. (I have seen so many "dead" flowers take on new freshness with a smudge of lipstick, rouge, dye or even eye shadow. We try all these tricks down here.)

"Tone on Tone"

Many of us who prefer "soft" suits to the tailored kind, are having a lot of fun with the Mainbocher "Tone on Tone" dressmaker suits. Instead of looking "man-tailored" we can look deliciously feminine, yet be more than adequately suited. One stunning concoction I recently saw, fresh from Paris, consisted of a flared navy blue skirt, a basque jacket of lighter blue, and a blouse even more delicately pastel. This same "Tone on Tone" theme, as it is called, is also charmingly applied to three shades of grey, rose or brown-to-fawn shades.

For dinners, with theatre tickets in



"All-in" from HOUSEWORK

-Feet SWELL and ACHE



For Quick Relief:

Speed up the Blood Flow - Flush Fatigue Acids Out!

On your feet for hours? Then the circulation of blood slows down and poisonous fatigue acids settle in them—make them swell and ache! **Splash on Absorbine Jr.!** Accepted laboratory tests prove it speeds the blood through foot muscles, tendons, ligaments. And the blood flushes away the acids faster! No need to soak or rub. Pat on Absorbine Jr. and swelling and soreness are relieved. At all druggists, \$1.25. Free sample, address: W. F. Young, Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

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Tangee changes on your lips to bring out natural beauty

In the stick, Tangee is orange. Apply it once or twice over your lips. Like magic, the color changes to a bluish rose—blends instantly to just the shade most becoming to your complexion. No need to fear that painted look.

Tangee, too, with its cream base keeps your lips smooth and soft.

Try Tangee. You'll like its magic color change and its alluring fragrance.

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TANGEE
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*4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

Palmer's, Ltd., 750 Vitre St. W. Montreal, Can. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 15c (stamp or coin). II-5-39

Name _____
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her. And everything fused into reality.

She was taken to her cabin. She knew that because she recognized the pattern of the curtain hanging across the bedroom doorway; she had woven it herself. But she seemed to be on a raft, with the curtain for a sail. And she was driving down a river of increasing pain. Trying to overtake Simon. Or perhaps, Nathaniel.

And neighbor women kept walking through the sail, carrying quilts they had warmed by the fire in the other room, and basins.

The pain grew until it was obliterating. Then the raft floated into a great calm. The sail hung limply. And some poor soul with a skirt flung over her head sat by it, weeping. For an endless length of time it seemed to Seney. But even that was difficult to say, for everything, even night and day, were miasmic.

Out of the vagueness Simon's face hung over her, like a thin, worn moon in a cloudy sky. She wanted to reach up and touch it, to comfort Simon, but hadn't strength. And anyway, Simon was on another raft, a raft of logs, riding ahead of her on the current of this nebulous river.

Strong fingers, warm and real, fumbled tenderly through her hair. And Simon's voice was in her ears.

"I didn't dream we'd be gone so long," Simon's voice said. "We spent all of forty days just taking the timber past the white water of the Long Sault—and when we reached Blondeau and Carillon it was all to do over again—"

At the familiar sound of Simon's voice, the hills lining the banks of this strange river became the walls of her room. And the raft was her bed.

"Did you bring the blanket—and the flannel—" she managed to say, not knowing yet that the baby hadn't lived, or that she couldn't have another.

Simon's head dropped beside hers. For a moment he didn't speak.

"No," he said at last. "Nor the silk dress. With what little we got, we bought anchors and stronger chains."

"Another raft," Seney murmured. "Next year—"

"Next year there will be two rafts. We'll take them right through to Quebec."

Seney wondered at the flatness of Simon's voice. He was not one to be discouraged at the first breath of failure. But the young eagerness had died, and he seemed to speak only of work that lay before him and must be done.

In spite of all, their home had not been lonely. One evening, late in autumn, just before the winter freeze-up, Nate came to their door.

"Mother's gone," he told them with the baffled look that always darkened his eyes at mention of her. "She left without telling anyone good-by."

"Where did she go?" Seney asked, incredulous.

"Back to her old home near Boston," Nate said. "Mr. Wright gave her cash for the credits father had at the store, and she went down river with a family of Oka Indians."

"You'll come here and live with us, Nate!" Seney cried, reaching out to the boy's forsakeness. "We want you."

Nate hesitated. He looked enquir-

A proposal to the Girl who has never had a proposal

Use a Long-Lasting Deodorant



"Every girl needs a true perspiration check that her bath cannot render ineffective . . . that will not fail her after tennis, a walk, dancing."

Dorothy Dix



SO many attractive girls make the mistake of thinking their charm is completely protected when in reality they may be safe for a short time only.

They do not seem to realize that it takes a true, long-lasting perspiration check to insure long-lasting daintiness. One that cannot be neutralized by a bath, that cannot fail you just when you want to be most appealing.

You may start out fresh and sweet, but are you still sweet and appealing after an evening of dancing? You may not be unless both that little hollow under your arm and your dress are completely dry! Are you still protected against perspiration odor after a warm afternoon of shopping or a walk or a fast game of tennis?

BE SURE!

Remember, even though you think you do not perspire enough to matter—you do—everyone does. Especially when you are nervous—and you're most apt to be just when you're trying to make your very best impression! No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspira-

tion has been allowed to collect on your dress, it will betray you.

If you think you are the exception, smell the armhole of your dress when you take it off. It may explain why you have been "unlucky in love." And why women of refinement use Liquid Odorono—a doctor's prescription—a long-lasting perspiration check which controls dampness, odor and staining.

EASY—SAVES TIME!

Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm completely dry, as well as sweet, from 1 to 3 days. Why hope you'll stay glamorous when it is so easy to be sure? Thousands of discriminating women use Odorono regularly with complete satisfaction. Liquid Odorono brings sure freedom from any embarrassment—or even the fear of embarrassment.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Most women require only two applications a week. Think how that simplifies the problem of daily daintiness! The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.



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from HEADACHE
NEURALGIC
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Golden Spires

Continued from page 30

whole raft of it. Ready for the trip to Montreal."

"You're not going down river with it!"

Seney was thinking of the perils of the river trip and the child that would be born late that summer.

"Why not?" countered Simon. "We'll not be gone more than six weeks. The river is in spate now. And the journey'll take no time at all!"

"But the crops! What will we live on next winter?"

"My share of the timber money will buy what we need. And if we can't get the price we expect, Wright has promised to carry us through the winter. We'll get it, though. And there'll be enough over to buy you a present. A dress of silk, perhaps."

Seney laughed then, for a dress of druggist was the best she'd ever want.

"You'd do better to buy a blanket and flannel for the baby," she told him.

Next morning at daybreak, Seney stood on the shore of the cove with those who had come to watch the raft start its journey. For anchors there were large stones with chains around them. And nothing but a sail and the river currents to carry it along.

"They'll not see Montreal!" wailed a woman, expressing the fear that was in each mind. "For they'll never manage that clumsy thing in the fast water of the rapids. The anchor stones will slip from the chains."

But Seney, straining for a last sight of the raft as it left the cross currents of the Rideau and Gatineau and was caught into the full down stream, glimpsed again the vision of the spires. The river was a road, broad and fair, through the immense city they were building. Simon and those with him were giving it new use and purpose.

"The fools!" observed Nathaniel bitterly, at her side. "They can't see that they've turned their backs on success."

Nathaniel was one of those who had opposed timbering. On his face now, Seney discovered only scorn for Simon's undertaking. Before her, suddenly, stood a day in her childhood when she had seen just such a look on men's faces as Wright, and Nathaniel, and the others passed through the towns of Massachusetts on their way to the settlement at Hull. Nathaniel had forgotten.

"I'll turn over a strip of land near your cabin so you'll be able to sow enough to carry you through the winter," he said, as though she were already a widow and must be taken care of.

Anger flared hotly within her, the first she had ever known for Nathaniel. Then understanding came to her, coolingly. From the hopelessness and futility of his life with Milda, and in fear that his deep love of the earth and growing things might be threatened by the new industry, the vision had faded for Nathaniel.

In that comprehensive minute, Seney felt taller than the oaks standing about them, and immeasurably older. She was as ageless as compassion. Putting out her hand, she gripped his arm.

WOMEN IN "40's"

Were Never Meant To Suffer Like This!



HERE'S wonderful advice for women who dread hot flashes, dizzy spells, nervous hysteria, spells of "blues" and loss of pep. Life from 38 to 52 can be even richer than 20 ever dreamed if you'll only take a little extra care of yourself during this "change." And here's good sound advice:

Get more fresh air, 8 hours sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic rely on TIME-PROVEN Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women from Nature's wholesome herbs and roots.

Pinkham's Compound helps Nature tone up delicate female systems, build more physical resistance and thus helps calm jangled nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you more PEP to enjoy life.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's—why not give it a chance to help YOU!

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NUGGET YOUR SHOES DAILY

You'll step out in style if you polish your shoes regularly with Nugget . . . and your shoes will last longer.

Black, Blue and all shades of Brown.



"Thank you," she said softly. "I'll be very grateful."

When Nathaniel had plowed a strip of land, heavy as she then was, she planted corn and beans and potatoes. She hoed in grain, enough for seed for another year, to grind into grits in her coffeemill for winter use, and to repay Nathaniel for the plowing. Disaster might come to the timber; and although Wright would carry them through the winter if necessary, as he had promised, still an obligation to Seney was something that must at all costs be avoided.

The corn was knee high and the potato plants in flower, but there was no word of the men who had gone down river. Uneasiness spread through the community and a feeling of inevitable doom.

"They had to go their own way," were the words on many lips. "There was no listening to reason!"

Seney, increasingly wearied as the days passed, tried to recall through the bleakness that settled around her the bright dream of future spires.

Neighbor women from near-by clearings came to the cabin for a chat and to see that all was going as it should. And Nate stayed with her constantly. By the door hung a horn which Nate would blow if help should be needed. Watching Nate, with his grave air of responsibility toward her now, like an elder son, Seney often wondered if any child of her own could ever claim her love as Nate did.

A HOT morning in early August footsteps raced along the path to her cabin. She hurried to the door, hoping to see Simon. But Milda emerged from the gloom of the forest and stood wavering at the edge of the clearing. Her hair hung stringily and her pale face was distorted by the first trace of emotion that had marked it in years.

"Nathaniel!" she wailed across to Seney. "Nathaniel's dead!"

Turning, she darted away again among the trees.

Seney stood for a minute in the doorway, a widening emptiness all about her. Then she began to run, following Milda. Along the uneven footpath she lurched, panting with harsh, tearing sobs, not able to keep pace with Milda, but resolved to reach Nathaniel.

Coming to the clearing, she saw him lying on the ground where he had tripped at the end of a furrow and been trampled by the oxen. His face was turned skyward as if, dying, he had looked finally at the tree tops and the thickly nesting doves.

While Milda peered down at the body in abstracted desperation, Seney fell to her knees. She gathered Nathaniel into her arms.

"Nathaniel," she whispered. "Nathaniel—"

And rocked gently, as though she already held in her arms the child that was expected.

After a while Nate was there, his boy eyes wide with the first wonder-terror of death. He had fetched men with him. Wright among them.

Wright's hand fell to Seney's shoulder and he talked to her, reasoning with her persuasively. But she couldn't hear. For she continued to rock Nathaniel, and whisper, "Nathaniel, Nathaniel—"

Kneeling there, pain washed over

an immediate necessity that called her to the window. To look again at Nate. And at the golden spires.

Reaching the window, she was too tired to stand, so knelt beside it, but was repaid for the effort for she could gaze down into the courtyard and see Nate, grey now, but still tall and straight as Nathaniel had been. He was harnessing the mare between the shafts of a carriage.

As though her glance had drawn his, Nate looked up.

"Put on your bonnet and come along. I'm driving over the Chaudière Bridge to Ottawa."

Not today, she answered, but to herself, and silently.

The sunshine was warm but she felt cold. To keep from trembling she sat back on her heels and rested her aged head against the window frame. She looked up at the tree tops.

"Don't you remember how the doves used to come in springtime—" she remarked aloud. "Like a cloud against the sun. I miss the doves, Nathaniel—"

Glancing down again, she saw Nate's hand fall away from the mare in swift alarm. What a foolish mistake, she thought, calling him Nathaniel. Never before had she done such a thing.

"You'd better crawl back to bed," Nate commanded. "I'll call Simon."

"Yes," she whispered. "Call Simon."

She hadn't strength to return to bed. Anyway, she preferred to stay by the window, and look beyond the court-

yard and across the river, to the rocky cliff beside the Rideau where the turrets and gables of the new Parliament Buildings were rising.

"By the time you're eighty, we will have built a city, God helping us—"

Long ago someone had said that. And there had been a vision of a city, too vast to be imagined, not only in Wright's eyes, and Nathaniel's in the early days, and Simon's, but in the eyes of all others like them throughout the country.

In some miraculous way the spires were being fashioned now from that vision. They were rising, golden in the sunlight, the spires of a city that was as broad as all the land, that must be woven into one strong piece where the good of all was the concern of each.

Simon's feet were on the stairs. Or was he hurrying again along the leafy trail to the cabin? It didn't really matter—Simon was coming.

"Seney!" he cried. "Are you all right?"

She wanted to tell Simon of her happiness to know, at last, that she might live on in the spires. For she had seen the dream, too, and cherished it. But there wasn't time. She was sinking into a silence where the only sound was the great voice of the Chaudière—the voice she had first heard when she came up the frozen river, a little girl perched on the warm back of a draught ox. The welcoming voice. Very like Nathaniel's . . . ☆

Informal Portrait

Continued from page 11

he had been known, as the big flush of pheasants was just starting, to sit down on his shooting stick and read the morning paper. But "Bertie" was as like his father in his tastes as he was in his character. He loved shooting.

In his later years, after his illness, King George V had let the sport at Sandringham run itself, and, perhaps, things had got a little slack. King George VI, both at Sandringham and Balmoral, has made all sorts of changes; nothing startling, for startling changes are not in keeping with his character, but people who have shot at Sandringham this year are loud in their praises of the sport they have had.

Flighting is a "tough" form of shooting involving rising in the dark in freezing weather, but the King finds it has a special fascination for him. He has many ideas for making flight ponds at Sandringham. At his first visit to Ranworth this year the frost was really too intense for good sport, and he had the tantalizing experience of seeing nearly 15,000 ducks in the middle of a frozen broad, and quite unapproachable.

The King is a good horseman and often rides with Princess Elizabeth in Windsor Park, but till his accession he had never taken an active interest in racing. Now that the Royal Stud has passed into his possession he visits it whenever he can, and is rapidly acquiring a knowledge of all matters connected with the turf. On his visits to Newmarket he is generally accompanied by his sister, the Princess Royal, who is very much devoted to horses and racing, and whose husband,

the Earl of Harewood, is a steward of the Jockey Club.

NEITHER THE King nor Queen are yachting enthusiasts, and they have not yet paid an official visit to Cowes. Both are keen amateur gardeners. They have improved the gardens of Royal Lodge beyond all recognition, and are never so happy as in the week-ends they spend there with the two Princesses.

Royal Lodge is a small country house in Windsor Great Park made over to the Duke and Duchess by King George V. Here they have almost complete privacy, with none of their official household present. Both here and at Balmoral picnic teas and simple country pleasures are the rule. They give the whole of the week to their Royal duties; at the week-end they are able to some extent to relax. They walk over to the service at the little church in the park, just like any other English parents with their family.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the two Princesses. On the one hand they are made out to be prodigies of industry, intelligence and virtue. On the other, they are described as being simple, unspoiled children, exactly like anybody else's. It is perfectly plain that they cannot be brought up exactly like anybody else's children. For the last three or four years it has become increasingly obvious that such a course would be impossible. Princess Elizabeth, as she and everybody else knows, will one day be Queen Regnant of England. And as such she must have a specialized training. Fortunately, she is quite



Often sings at charity affairs—THE LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, daughter of Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin's' in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



Royalty attended her wedding—THE LADY GRENFELL, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin'."



In smart society journals, photographs of the charming LADY MORRIS often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds sparkle and glamour to my make-up!"

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Cold Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.



"Skin Smooth Again"

AFTER HOURS OUT OF DOORS"
says Titled British Sportswoman



**POND'S VANISHING CREAM
GETS RID OF LITTLE
ROUGHNESSES AT ONCE.
I LIKE IT BETTER THAN
EVER, NOW IT HAS
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT**

The Lady Patricia French
daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis, riding, swimming.

**FAMOUS POWDER
BASE NOW BRINGS
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"SKIN-VITAMIN"
TO YOUR SKIN***

Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic about this grand powder base. Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use before powder and overnight. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

ingly at Simon; it was Simon's house and the decision must be his.

"I could help with the planting," he suggested. "And when I'm bigger you might take me on the river. I'd earn money on the river"—his mouth trembled but he went on—"enough to buy a carved headstone for my father's grave."

Into Simon's face came something Seney had never noticed there before, a yearning need that matched her own deep sorrow. Then Simon went to Nate and drew the boy to him.

"It will be pleasant to have you with us, Nate," he said. "When my times comes, if you care to put a stone on my grave, I will be repaid for anything I can ever do for you."

Tears poured down Seney's cheeks in a tide of flooding joy. In a way, she was able after all to give Simon a son, for Nate was hers by right of the love that had grown between them since he had been a baby and defenseless against Milda's indifference.

From that day their lives had been interlaced with happiness. And the next year there was not only a little money from the timber but a gold brooch with a sparkling jewel chip, which Simon brought her from Quebec.

Year followed year and roads reached through the forests, to Montreal, and Kingston, and westward along the river. Land was cleared so that the sun shone warmly on all. Every spring the river was choked with logs brought down from the upper reaches of its tributaries, and the clamor of the

Chaudière was somewhat muted as its power was put to work in gristmills and sawmills. There was even talk of railroads.

For Simon, success and failure trod intermittently upon each other's heels, but success was the more persistent of the two.

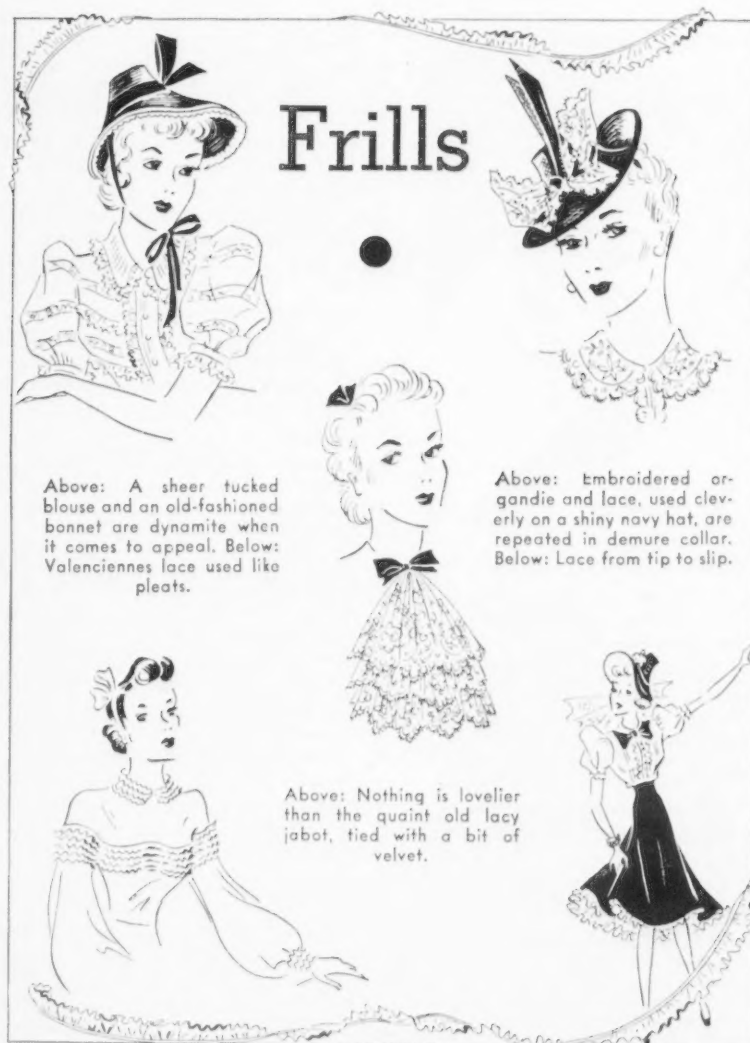
BY THE time Nate was old enough to look about him for a wife, Simon had replaced the log cabin with a house of stone that backed onto a courtyard flanked by stables and a carriage house. In such a house Seney would have felt like a withered pea in a pod that was much too large if Nate's children hadn't come to race along its corridors and romp through its rooms, dragging the willing Simon into their games.

But none of them lived in Seney's heart as Nate had, except the least of all the brood, a dark, silent, little girl who tiptoed up to Seney's room every morning, balancing in her small hands a cup of tea for granny. From the child's manner, Seney was always reminded of the minor cadences of Nathaniel's flute.

There came a morning when Seney couldn't wait in bed until the child brought her tea. Lifting her head from the pillow and listening, as she liked to do on waking, through the incidental noises of the day to the thunder of the Chaudière, she found that the voice was speaking to her in a way it never had before. It was filled with

☆ Continued on next page

Frills



Above: A sheer tucked blouse and an old-fashioned bonnet are dynamite when it comes to appeal. Below: Valenciennes lace used like pleats.

Above: Embroidered organdie and lace, used cleverly on a shiny navy hat, are repeated in demure collar. Below: Lace from tip to slip.

Above: Nothing is lovelier than the quaint old lacy jabot, tied with a bit of velvet.

Frills tell the story of enchanting femininity that is the keynote of a gay and youthful season. Fine frills, used from the brim of your hat to the frill of your petticoat, are the newest of fashions.

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THEY'RE TROOPING TO SEE The New Congoleum Colours



Never before have Congoleum patterns evoked such enthusiasm as this year's "Royal Line" . . . for never before has even Congoleum offered such gorgeous designs and colourings. The sun porch illustrated above looks bright on the cloudiest day—and the secret lies in the floor. The pattern is Torino, No. 516. Its neutral marbled field helps create an impression of spaciousness while the touches of military scarlet and blue are in tune with the times

and are cleverly accentuated in the furnishings. Call at your favourite housefurnishings store and see this rug. And remember—Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs are *sanitary, easy-to-clean*—a damp mop keeps them spotless—lie flat without fastening of any kind and are *guaranteed* to give you satisfaction.

FREE: For a free illustrated booklet, entitled "Smart New Colour Schemes for Every Home" and reproducing the complete range of Congoleum style-leaders, clip and mail the attached coupon.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS



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Please send me your free illustrated booklet, C-1
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"Lovely," says Mother...

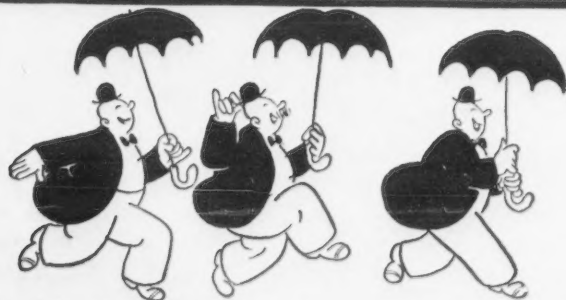


"NEVER A SHRINKAGE WORRY!" says

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Wise Mother . . . she knows these charming little garments will never shrink a size too small. You can't fool her . . . she insists on the Sanforized-Shrunk label when she buys her own and her children's wash clothes. It's the patented process that takes all the shrinkage out of fabrics permanently . . . within a harmless 1 per cent. Don't waste money on clothes that shrink. Look for the label . . . it's your all-time safeguard against shrinkage.

THE SIZE YOU BUY IS THE SIZE THEY STAY



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

at home in a crowd, and suffers from none of the shyness of her aunt, the Princess Royal. But lately she has seemed to grow much more serious-minded. She is being instructed in the part she will have to play, with lessons in Constitutional Law, history and similar matters. Small wonder that affairs sometimes weigh upon her which do not affect other children. She has an engaging intentness of manner which suits her well, and in appearance she takes after her grandmother, Queen Mary. Princess Margaret Rose is not yet under the shadow of destiny. Sometimes she is a delightfully naughty child in the best sense, she is eager and wistful, and, like her sister, of a winning disposition.

Here is a story of her which is not, I believe, generally known. When the new prayer book came out at the accession, she listened with increasing disapproval to the prayers for the Royal Family, and remarked at the end of the service, "Daddy's prayed for, and Mummy's prayed for, and Lilibet's prayed for, but I'm not prayed for, and I'm the worst of them all!"

Actually, the two Princesses are intelligent children for their years, strictly brought up, and with good manners, and with the poise and lack of self-consciousness which is inevitable in children who have been taught to live their lives in public. The King and Queen very much deprecate the unnecessary fuss that is made of them, describing them as prodigies of learning and industry. They have long kept a cutting book—cuttings of all the things they and their children are supposed to have said and done and haven't!

The King and Queen are most punctilious in their royal duties. They are punctual and methodical to a degree, and it is no secret that the King's prompt and businesslike methods of dealing with the affairs of state have won the admiration and the gratitude of his Ministers. Here is a story that illustrates this. Shortly after the accession there was a Privy Council to transact some official business. It was the sort of business that a "rubber-stamp" king would have put through in a few minutes. The gentleman-in-waiting on duty outside wondered why it was so prolonged, till, finally, Sir Maurice Hankey, the Clerk of the Council, who has as comprehensive a knowledge of official procedure as any man living, came out metaphorically mopping his brow. "Never," he said, "have I seen such a command of detail. He has caught me out on two points of detail, which I, with all my experience, had never noticed."

IT MUST also be remembered that the King is not only King of England and the Dominions, but he is also head of the Royal Family. Every question concerning it is deferred to him. Even

the aged Duke of Connaught, the doyen of the Royal Family, and Queen Victoria's only surviving son, would consult his grandnephew before taking any important step. The Queen, too, has won golden opinions from some of the elder members of the Royal Family, who thought that they might be rather "left out" in the new reign. But never has any member of the Royal Family been left out in any way, and the King's family are loud in their praises of the way in which Queen Elizabeth takes her place as the first lady in the land.

Thus the sending of the Duke and Duchess of Kent to Australia was very definitely the King's desire, for he has known for some time that his youngest brother wished to have more scope for his many varied gifts. It has been suggested more than once that the Duke of Gloucester might go to Canada as Governor-General, but this does not seem very probable at the moment. The Duke is head of the Council of Regency in the absence of the King, and would be automatic Regent in the event of Princess Elizabeth succeeding before she comes of age at eighteen. He is at present carrying out the functions which devolved on the Prince of Wales during King George V's lifetime. He can, therefore, ill be spared from the United Kingdom at the present time. Moreover, there is an acute shortage of Royalties, and especially male Royalties, just now. A few years ago King George V could turn to his four sons, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught, all of whom were at hand, to fulfill important public duties. In a few months time, the only available male member of the Royal Family, other than the King himself, will be the Duke of Gloucester, for under the wise and democratic provision of King George V, made in 1917, only sons of the Sovereign, and the sons of sons, retain the title of Royal Highness. It is not generally realized that the younger sons of the younger sons of King George's sons will be plain "Mr. Windsor."

THE KING recognizes to the full the increased importance of the Dominions under the Statute of Westminster, and though he consulted his Ministers, both in Ottawa and London, the forthcoming tour of Canada and the United States is one that both he and the Queen have been looking forward to for a long time. Nobody could fail to fall for the Queen's charm; nobody could fail to be impressed by the King's dignity and sense of duty. Their popularity is growing slowly and steadily. Everybody was amazed at the ovation they received at the Coronation: everybody was amazed by their instantaneous success in Paris. I foresee that the success of their tour in Canada will be the most amazing of all. ☆

DO YOU LIKE FLOWER PAINTINGS?

If you do, watch for the June Chatelaine which carries on its cover a superb flower study of gladioli. This canvas, with its glowing masses of color, was painted by the noted Canadian artist, Beatrice Robertson, and will be left clear of type and suitable for framing.

IN THE JUNE CHATELAINE

CONTRAST IN FROCKS



Both costumes so directly contrasting in mood, will be all-important in your summer wardrobe. Described on page 49

"Yes, My Darling Daughter,—It's for You!"



For the ten to twenties, there's a Maytime delight in these light-hearted frocks which flare so gayly in the flower colors for Spring and Summer. If she wants the mood of the school uniform without its rigidity, No. 3011 can be adapted to many summery occasions with a different blouse—and see her into the Fall term.

A slim-fitted two-piece frock such as No. 3021 can be gay with rhythmic braid or tailored in darker fabrics for more sophisticated roles. Or perhaps your daughter's heart will yearn for the debonair swing of No. 3008 which can be designed with the enchanting frills of the season, or in a simpler style as shown in the small sketch.

Pattern descriptions on page 49.

PEGGY SAGE PRESENTS

Heartbreak • Nosegay • Goldrush



AS WORN BY CLAIRE LUCE



New-born trio from the color pallet of Peggy Sage. HEARTBREAK—orchidaceous pink, to shatter the heart of your most hard-bitten suitor . . . to point up your newest fuchsias, shockings, purple-blues. NOSEGAY—petal pink touched with mauve . . . insidious charmer for lavender and old lace moods . . . for ethereal pastels, for artful new sea greens and blues. GOLDRUSH—newer than next week . . . earthy, golden-toned—for the new yellows, gold hennas, clay tones—for the finger tips of the sun-tanned prospector. Peggy Sage Salon, 50 East 57th Street, New York—and better shops.

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SUITS ON PARADE

Pattern Descriptions on page 49.



AND HERE are the new Paris versions of the ensemble you'll make for the Springtime . . . and live in for months! They're softer . . . they're younger . . . they're caught up in the petticoat influence. Take No. 3054, for instance. A ruffled blouse and petticoat match the fresh-faced collar of the jaunty mess jacket. Make it in navy crepe trimmed with white pin-wale piqué.

You're going British when you wear No. 3051, best in tweeds or worsteds. The broad-shouldered cape makes it warm enough for early spring wear and perfect for travelling.

Man-tailored and pencil slim, No. 3037 is a classic background for bright accessories—tailored shirts, frothy white blouses or your favorite sweater. Choose men's suiting with a bold chalk stripe to emphasize the clean-cut lines.

Charming for formal daytime wear, No. 3059 is the perfect answer to weddings, luncheon and tea engagements. The jacket finished with a jabot collar, tops a simple, slim-fitting frock.

Your Lips by Annabelle Lee

—So important is the right-colored lipstick to your successful wearing of the new spring bonnets, that many smart stores have installed little make-up counters in their millinery department. They've proved that in the majority of cases the right shade of lipstick will make all the difference to the triumph of one of the brilliant new hats. Most women these days, keep at least two shades of lipstick—one with an orange cast, and the other shading more to the blue tones.

—The new liquid lip coloring, which "stays put" so beautifully is winning acclaim everywhere. There are six shades, so that you may find one suited exactly to your own needs. Moreover, a new thinner removes it in a second, and will lighten your chosen shade to an individual tone for your own wearing. This liquid coloring has an effective applicator and is particularly good for bringing added beauty to your lips, as you can so easily make your mouth

look a little fuller and larger, if you want to.

—Softer "cameo" shades are popular this spring for your make-up, befitting the glamorous little girl styles. With the rich-hued orchid shades which are more popular than ever this spring, come vibrant orchid shades which many women find particularly becoming.

—So much interest has been centred in the finding of the proper shade of lipstick that it's possible for you to find the color which does most for you, provided you are willing to take the time to make a careful selection. Ask the girl behind the counter to give you her advice. These days it's ten to one she has been trained in the science of correct color harmonies in make-up, and she's there to give you the help you need.

—Don't be afraid of lipstick. Learn how to apply it, and take time to put it on expertly. ☆

The Bridge at High Leap

Continued from page 13

her point with a gentle stubbornness. "But she needs help, Johnny."

Bob growled: "She wouldn't be grateful—whatever you do." And Johnny said: "Leave it alone, Charlotte. You can't do anything for that sort. What's the use?"

"Darling," said Charlotte, "it's a bad habit I got into at the hospital—wanting to help people. Hopeless people like Mrs. Weekes." The seagrey eyes were pleading, her hand touched his arm lightly. With a little exclamation of affectionate impatience he surrendered.

"All right, angel. Do what you like—"

Tirutha, tight-lipped, shook her head.

But even Charlotte was astonished when, bright and early the next morning, Mrs. Weekes again appeared at the door. She had the old red sweater round her shoulders, for the May morning was cool, but her dress was clean and newly ironed, and her elflocks combed back savagely and pinned in a hard knot. She looked at Charlotte wordlessly.

"Good morning," said Charlotte, pleasantly. "Have you changed your mind?"

Something gleamed for a moment in the strange colorless eyes, hastily veiled as she lowered her glance. Her lashes

were thick and black, and for a moment Charlotte was startled by the realization that this woman must have been a striking girl. Then Mrs. Weekes said loudly: "Yeah, I changed my mind. I'll work for you."

There was plenty of work to be done. She and Tirutha had come pretty close to biting off more than they could chew. It had all started with the spring cleaning of the big, dry, airy attic. "Start at the top and work down," Tirutha had advised. And the attic was crammed with things; the accumulation of three generations of Hales. "That's the bed Johnny was born in," said Tirutha, pointing to tall carved posts stacked forlornly against the wall. "And his father before him, I dessay—"

"We'll bring it downstairs again," said Charlotte promptly. "It belongs with the walnut chests in our room." And this was the beginning of a terrific chess game. The pieces were furniture, and the moves went up and down stairs as well as from room to room. The whole house was topsy-turvy. They painted over dark-papery walls, they made and hung fresh curtains, they emptied every trunk and cupboard. Johnny was patient, amused, and bewildered altogether, and because he was so sweet about it Charlotte had no intention of overriding his wishes

☆ Continued on next page

Descriptions of Patterns on pages 44, 45, 46

No. 3011—Sizes 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 15 requires. Jumper: 3½ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Pocket Trimming: ¾ yard of ½ inch width bias fold tape. Blouse: 1¼ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch; 1½ yards 44-inch fabric. Bolero and Skirt: 3¾ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch; 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Blouse: 1½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 1¾ yards of 39-inch; 1¾ yards 44-inch fabric. Price 20 cents.

No. 3008—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 15 requires. Dress with Short Sleeves: 3¾ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch. Trimming: 4¾ of 1½-inch width novelty pleating. Dress with Long Sleeves: 3¾ of 39-inch; 2¾ of 54-inch. Trimming: ¾ of 1½-inch width pleating. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3021—Skirt and Blouse in sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20. Size 15 requires. 4¾ yards 35-inch; 3¾ of 39-inch. Trimming: 1¼ yards rick-rack braid. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3100—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires. Dress with Short Sleeves: 3¾ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Trimming: 2 yards

1-inch width purchased frilling is required. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3008—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric needed. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3054—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20. Size 15 requires. Bolero and Skirt: 4¾ yards 35-inch; 4¾ yards 39-inch; 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Detachable Collar: ¾ yard 35-inch pique. Blouse: 1½ yards 35-inch; 1¼ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3051—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires. Suit and Long Cape: 5½ yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3037—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires. Suit: 4 yards 35-inch; 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3059—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires. Dress and Jacket: 5¾ yards 35-inch; 5½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.



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SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be...and then discovered a way to new loveliness...wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly does not give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look."

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Problems of Queen's Wardrobe

Continued from page 23

As to Sportswear the Scottish-born Queen wears tweeds from the land of the heather for long walks on the moors that surround Balmoral or over the farmlands of Sandringham. Those woven by Scottish weavers are made up in simple though not mannishly tailored styles. Here again she prefers the dress with a jacket rather than the suit with a knitted sweater.

The Queen's Evening Gowns might be divided into four distinct groups. There are those for dining out with friends—the King and Queen have created a precedent by going to dinner at friends' homes—the Louis Mountbattens, for instance.

Dresses worn by Her Majesty for these occasions and for the theatre are usually svelte and beautifully cut, with perhaps elaboration in the design of the bodice, but they are usually heavily embroidered or beaded so they gleam as she walks, the centre of attraction. Luxurious long evening capes of soft white fur designed to lie flat on her shoulders are a fairly recent acquisition and most becoming.

For the opera, or formal Buckingham Palace dinners such as that given for King Carol of Roumania, the Queen likes picture gowns. In the Royal Box at Covent Garden, or the palace's great rooms with their crystal chandeliers, she is a regal figure amid a glittering assembly, for she wears crinolines of rich satins festooned with silver-threaded lace beaded with tiny gleaming jewels that catch the lights from her diamond necklace and tiara.

For the courts, when hundreds of debutantes are presented and one by one make their curtsies and bow their heads with their three nodding white feathers, Her Majesty frequently wears a gown of silver or gold lamé. She also wears a long train from her shoulders. One of these—probably the most beautiful—was the gift of an Indian maha-

raja at the time of the Coronation. It is embroidered in the colors and design of a peacock's feathers, each centred with jewels. With this she chooses a slender gown of cloth of gold.

At home for dinner with the King or other members of the Royal Family, Britain's first lady appears in soft chiffon dinner dresses such as she really loves and might have more time for wearing if her husband was merely lord of a country estate. They are in palest pink or peach or blue, with soft draperies and filmy scarves. With them she wears little jewellery.

These dinner gowns are in strange contrast to the crimson velvet and ermine Robes of State for the Queen's official duties. Their making is an art in itself, carried on in a traditional manner. Six girls at the Royal School of Needlework worked for months on the embroidery of the Coronation train, using real gold thread. The crimson and ermine for the Parliamentary ceremonies are equally impressive, though both such ceremonial garments might be said to be State treasures rather than wearing apparel.

The treasure box among the fifty trunks will be that containing the Crown Jewels. The King's State crown, the Queen's crown with its intricate setting for the Koh-i-noor diamond which can be worn as a brooch pinned to Her Majesty's dress.

An interesting tradition about this famous stone, and one always respected by the Royal Family, is that it must be worn only by a woman, for fear of an ancient curse.

With such luggage awaiting her, Queen Elizabeth will arrive in Canada. Exactly what she will wear during the historical visit will not be disclosed till those fifty trunks are opened, and as beautifully gowned as any great lady who has gone before her, the Queen of Canada meets her subjects in person. ☆

Accessory Achievement

Continued from page 33

ready for morning shopping or office routine, or a leisurely guest at a smart tea party, or as attractive a dinner partner as any presentable male would care to be seen about with (including a husband, of course).

It's all in the trickery of assembling accessories. And you must be careful to get them in tune, from tip to toe. Sport shoes, for instance, and a little velvet turban won't look convincing for either a five o'clock tea date or a morning round at the country club—although the same dress might be perfectly suitable for either.

Let's look at the nicely turned out, 1939-silhouette dress in the photograph. Of course the frock must be smart, well fitted and becoming in line. This one has just-above-the-elbow sleeves, a slightly molded natural waistline and a brief, flared skirt. It's in black—but could be navy or dark green or wine, or any such deep color you choose.

Suppose you feel like looking very *jeune fille* this spring. (And who doesn't?) Choose a gayly colored acces-

sory set for your basic frock like the one on the left. A childish turn-up-all-around hat, lined with color—perhaps in Mainbocher's lizard green, or Piguet's Spanish red, or Patou's violoncelle (red-purple). The belt would be a shiny patent to match the tailored bag, and your gloves a flare-cuffed style in fabric. And don't forget the pearls! The simple three-strand string gives you a not-a-day-over-sixteen look. Having thus outfitted yourself, don't add another thing. Little girl toeless slippers will complete your youth appeal.

But perhaps you have a yen for smart tea-time dressing. Or a dinner outfit, like that worn by the girl on the right. Try a velvet high-bowed hat with a white brim, long gloves crushed over your bare arms, a wide soft bag and a crushed belt the color of your frock with just the buckle in white. Gardenias at the neckline do something very special to a dark frock. Add them as a final touch. See the distinguished effect achieved with the same simple frock that the girl on the left wore with childish effect? ☆



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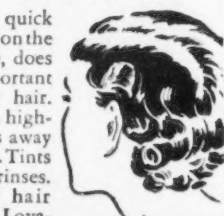
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sound, as the rabbits did, he turned and fled on bare feet, vanishing into the woods. There was a hole in the back of his ragged overalls, and through this the skin of his small behind gleamed grey-white, absurdly like the scut of a startled bunny. Charlotte managed not to break into open laughter.

"Good evening, Mrs. Weekes," she said; amused to realize, in her best nurse's manner. "Was that your little boy?"

"That's Lonnie," said Mrs. Weekes, stolid and unsmiling. "Ten years old, but small for his age."

"He looks healthy enough," said Charlotte, dismissing him casually. "I was sorry not to see you this morning. Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't—"

"You might have let me know." Mrs. Weekes said sullenly: "Well, my husband wouldn't let me come. My husband says I ain't no hired servant."

"But I thought—" said Charlotte, and paused helplessly.

"He's home. He come home yesterday." She flung out the unasked information as though to ward off questions. The sun had dropped below the hills, the shadow of the crowding woods was suddenly chill and ominous. This time it was Charlotte who turned away feeling herself baffled, aware, with a little odd prick of fear, of eyes watching, of something malignant and dangerous lurking in the unpainted shack behind her.

It was Tirutha who pointed out sourly that Mrs. Weekes had returned neither the lard pail nor the blue-handled kitchen plate on which Charlotte had put the chocolate cake for Lonnie.

LATE IN June Charlotte discovered the berry patch in the upper pasture, and decided to surprise Johnny with a wild-strawberry shortcake for supper. She picked in the warm sunshine till her fingers were stained with juice and her back felt permanently bent and drowsiness ached through all her veins. There was a copse of young firs at the crest of the hill. Just for a moment she sat down in their shade, stretching luxuriously. The ground was cool and slippery with needles—and it might have been half an hour later that she woke with an instant consciousness of watching eyes. Her blood seemed to check itself at her heart, in the sickening conviction that it was Weekes who had come upon her, out of sight and sound of the house. Every ugly story Tirutha and Bob had told her came flooding into her mind. Don't be a fool! she told herself strongly. Afraid of the village bogymen! You've handled tougher customers than Weekes! And she sat up abruptly, to find herself looking into two brilliant black eyes on a level with her own. Eyes set in a grubby fawnlike little face under tangled black curls. It was Lonnie, crouching among the fir branches with a lard pail in his hand.

"Hello!" said Charlotte, and then automatically: "What are you doing here?"

"Pickin' berries." Then he added, with his mother's odd way of telling more than was asked: "Mis' Millard buys 'em from me."

Charlotte said reasonably: "But they're not your berries to sell."

"They're wild berries, ain't they?"

"But this isn't your land. I thought my husband warned you to stay off our land."

He said sulkily: "I pick berries here every year. Nobody never seen me before."

Charlotte found herself thinking—and I'm not quite sure I'm seeing you now! He looked as though he might vanish, elflike, into the trees. "You mean to tell me," she said, unbelieving, "you come over the bridge and up our road, and nobody ever saw you?"

He shook his head. "I got my own way to cross—up in the woods behind your pasture. There's a plank across where the gully narrows."

"I see," said Charlotte. "Show me what you have picked, Lonnie."

His pail was nearly full; a long time he must have been stooping in the sun, picking the small, jewel-like, scarlet fruits one by one. She lifted her half-empty pail and set it by his. "Very well, Lonnie. You fill my pail too and bring both to the house. I'll pay you for the picking. Is that fair?"

"I reckon that's fair enough, Mis' Hale—"

She pinned her faith in him and had her shortcake all prepared. And an hour before supper he set the two heaped pails on the back step. She said gravely: "Thank you, Lonnie!" and handed him a quarter. He looked up at her with limpid eyes and said surprisingly: "That was real lovely chocolate cake, Mis' Hale!"

Tirutha had come out on the porch and was tilting the berries with a practiced hand. She snorted vigorously. Charlotte said, trying to keep amusement out of her voice: "I'm glad you liked it, Lonnie. Would you care for a piece of cake now?" and saw the dusky red deepen in his cheeks. She brought him a square of gingerbread, with a top like brown satin, and a glass of cold milk; she tried not to look at Tirutha while he sat on the step, cramming it down wolfishly. So she was astonished again to hear Tirutha say, in her severest tones: "Them berries is picked nice and clean, young man. We could do with more for preserving."

"Gimme my pails then," he said stolidly.

"Your pails!" said Tirutha with indignation. He squeezed up the last crumbs of gingerbread between his fingers.

"Mis' Hale—"

"Well, Lonnie?"

"Thank you, Mis' Hale—And—and you won't ever tell my father you paid me cash for them berries?"

Charlotte asked sharply: "Why not?" His small face looked suddenly pinched and anxious, an old, wise look.

"He'll take it away from me." And again he added, as though the words pushed themselves unwillingly out of him: "He found out before—about what you give ma. But you let me pick your berries for you, Mis' Hale. I got to earn something for ma. I'll work hard for you—"

With a queer unease, a feeling that all this was leading somewhere, that she had irrevocably tied her life to the lives of this gypsy woman and her child, Charlotte said: "All right, Lonnie."

IN JULY the raspberries ripened, and Lonnie was still keeping them busy.

"Now I'm pals with the Duchess!"

I work at Trimble's, the leading store in town, and I'm plenty lucky to have a job there. But—oh boy, how close I came to losing it! I was in ribbons then, and one morning . . .



I was waiting on "The Duchess". We girls call her that, because she's so rich and fussy. I'd dragged out every bolt of green we had . . . but she insisted none of them matched her sample. Finally, I bleated out, "If this doesn't match, then one of us is color-blind!"



Believe me—she lost no time in reporting me to Miss Wilson! (She's head of the department.) Well, quicker than it takes to tell, Wilson sent word she'd like to see me in her office. Gee, I thought I was a goner for sure!



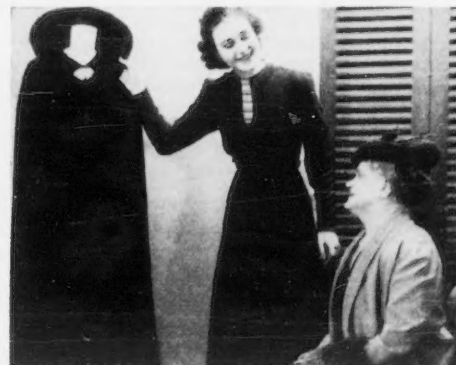
But Wilson was a peach! So I decided I'd come right out and tell her what the trouble was. When I explained it was the wrong time of the month and I was so chafed and uncomfortable I didn't know what I was doing, she reached in her desk and took out a box of Modess . . .



"I'll show you something," she said. "Every girl ought to know the difference between 'fluff-type' napkins and layer-type napkins!" Then she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the fluffy, downy-soft filler—so unlike napkins made of crepey, close-packed layers.



"And—Modess is safer, too"—she said. Then she took the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad and dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "Yet"—she went on, "Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins!"



Well—that was the last of nerve-wracking chafing for me. Also the last time I ever sassied a customer! Miss Wilson patched everything up . . . and now I'm pals with "The Duchess." I'm in the French Room now, and she won't let anybody else wait on her but me!

Modess

Softer! Safer!

Complexion Care for all Shoes!

What's in your shoe wardrobe today — kid, patent, suede, gabardine, reptile, gold, silver? No matter—every one of them needs "complexion care" if they are to win admiring glances. The English have a word for it — MELTONIAN! Remember—there are Meltonian dressings for every type of shoe. Make Meltonian your household name for shoe polishes and cleaners—sold in good stores from coast to coast.

MELTONIAN

"THERE ARE
MELTONIAN
DRESSINGS
FOR EVERY
TYPE OF
SHOE."

BY APPOINTMENT
TO KING GEORGE V



NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabrics.



39¢ a jar

Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars



15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

where Mrs. Weekes was concerned. She set her to work cleaning the verandah paint and the window shutters outside; she attacked the job with a kind of passion of energy. The cream paint of window frames and railings, streaked with a season's rains and snows, grew swiftly shining under her assault.

At the end of the day Charlotte gave her a well-earned two dollars, and moved by a sudden impulse, cut into a fresh-baked chocolate cake, put a thick wedge on a clean plate, and said: "That's for your little boy." A flicker of light burned in the opaque fierce eyes. "And come again tomorrow."

"All right," said Mrs. Weekes, shortly, taking the plate. "Thank you!" The word was hoarse and reluctant, as though the habit of small courtesies had rusted inside her. "Mark me," said Tirutha when the door closed after her, "no good will come of this!"

AND THE next day Mrs. Weekes failed to appear. Charlotte was oddly and unreasonably disappointed. In the evening as usual she walked down to the mailbox with Johnny, enthralled as always by the sheer loveliness of the outspread countryside. Sunset deepening in the wide sky, the new green fields gilded in the level light, the woods slowly darkening, the sonorous steady thunder of the fall. She thought, It's true, I hardly notice it now; how strange and empty the air would seem without it. As they crossed the railless wooden bridge her heel turned and she stumbled. Johnny caught her arm and steadied her. "Whoa there! Watch your step!"

"But Johnny!" she said, shocked. "This bridge is awful—it's dangerous." The river roared below them, deep and swift and savage, hurling itself toward High Leap.

"Now don't you worry about it. My father built this bridge. Oak logs, and good oak planks. It'll last a few years yet."

"But I notice," said Charlotte, struck by the significance of this fact, "I notice you drive pretty slowly over it."

"Oh, well, the car's heavy," said Johnny easily. "Anyway, angel, we're going to build a new bridge—when we get round to it."

It was her turn to laugh, light-heartedly enough. She had already learned the implications of the phrase "when we get round to it"; there were so many things on a farm to get round to. And then she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Weekes' red sweater. "Johnny, wait for me," she said. "Please—" and hurried down the road.

Mrs. Weekes, seeing her, turned instantly toward her house. Charlotte called with sharp authority in her voice: "Wait! I want to speak to you!" and deliberately steadied her pace to a calm walk. Mrs. Weekes stopped at her gate, stiffened to a gypsy defiance, hugging her arms across her breast, holding her head high. The little boy was standing with her, so still against his mother's drab skirts Charlotte at first had not seen him, frozen like one of the small brown rabbits they occasionally surprised round a bend in the road. She got an impression of liquid dark eyes under a mop of black hair. Then without a

Sharp Pains Shot Through Knees

Woman Suffered 10 Years

"Since coming here from England 10 years ago," writes a married woman, "I have suffered badly from rheumatic pains. I bought medicine, lotions, liniments, and have taken concoctions until I was tired spending my money. I heard of Kruschen Salts so often, that I thought one day I'd try that. By this time my knees were frequently full of terrible pains. I bought a bottle of Kruschen, and took a teaspoonful every morning. It had no effect. But my husband said 'Persevere! Give it a chance to act.' Well, I did and before long my knees were nearly normal. I kept on, and believe me I am not like the same woman. I walked four miles the other day and felt fine, whereas before I could hardly walk across the floor."—(Mrs.) E. A.

What more need be said about the relief that Kruschen Salts can bring to sufferers from the pains and stiffness of rheumatism?

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Noxzema Aids Beauty In 5 Important Ways

● If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion, follow the example of millions of women who depend on Noxzema to improve skin texture—keep complexions clear and fresh.

Nurses discovered how grand this greaseless Medicated Skin Cream was to help clear up poor complexions and restore natural skin beauty. Noxzema's medication promotes quicker healing of externally caused Pimples and soothes red, Chapped irritated skin. Its mild astringents help reduce enlarged pores—it softens harsh weather-roughened skin. Used as a Powder Base Noxzema furnishes an even, lasting foundation for make-up.

WHAT WOMEN WRITE

"I have been using Noxzema for only a short time, but what a change it has made. Blemishes are disappearing and my skin is lots smoother."

—Mrs. Ella Muender

"I used to be troubled with blackheads, but since I've been using Noxzema they've disappeared completely."—Mrs. Carl Nigro

"I have never found Noxzema's equal as a Powder Base..."—Mrs. Roy Brown

25¢ JAR ONLY 15¢

For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 15¢. Get your jar today. Use it regularly. See for yourself if Noxzema can't help your complexion as it has thousands of others.



scornfully. "You're wasting your time then."

Rage got the better of him. He shouted at her: "Don't you try your high-and-mighty over me! Don't you think I won't get it out of him! I'll take it out of his hide if'n I don't get it any other way. I'll—" He stopped abruptly.

The haywain was creaking up the hill. They heard Johnny shout to his team. In two jumps Weekes was off the porch and running down the road to the bridge. Johnny shouted again, on a different note; a moment later he strode into the kitchen and dashed his wide straw hat on the table.

"What was that fellow doing here? I tell you, Charlotte, I won't have him on the place! I don't mind the kid, but—" Then he saw her face. She was white as Tirutha's spotless curtains, and shaking. He caught her to him. His shirt was wringing wet; he smelled of hay and sweat, but it was somehow a clean and decent smell. He was a pillar of strength. "Angel—Charlotte—what's wrong?"

"It's Lonnie—He'll thrash Lonnie—"

Johnny said grimly: "I guess the kid has been thrashed before. It's not your fault, darling."

"But it is my fault, Johnny! I wanted to help them, and now he's been spying on Lonnie. He knows I've paid him for the berries."

"You know that kid's a worker. You were right about the kid, Charlotte."

She said frantically: "I didn't know what he was like. He's like a log chained to their lives, dragging them down. I can't forget that woman's face—and little Lonnie—"

"By the lord, Charlotte!" said Johnny. "If he shows his ugly face round here again and upsets you like this I'll do the thrashing—"

"I've got to help them. We've got to do something, Johnny!"

Only there was nothing they could do. All she had done was to hurt them both. She put her head down against Johnny's shoulder with a long shuddering sigh.

The summer wore on, and Lonnie stayed away from High Leap Farm.

LATE IN September the weather broke with a vengeance. The tall elms swayed and moaned under the assault of angry winds, the ground was littered with broken branches. The sound of the fall, muted a little through the long hot days of August, rose to a roaring deep crescendo. "Pretty bad weather for the Fair," Johnny said, but they went up nevertheless. Driving over roads that were deeply rutted till they reached the highway, and bad enough then. Charlotte's heart was in her mouth each time they crossed the old bridge, which seemed to quiver and slide under the wheels with the rain-swollen river snarling at its stanchions.

But the Fair was fun. She was absurdly thrilled when her orange cream pie took a prize at the cooking exhibit, along with Tirutha's wild-strawberry jelly. And when Johnny's grand young Jersey bull won a blue rosette she couldn't even speak; the lump of pride and joy in her throat simply refused to be swallowed. She was still gulping when a small hoarse voice at her elbow said: "Hello, Mis'

Hale!" and there was Lonnie. He was laughing. White teeth, small and sharp as a squirrel's, gleamed in his brown face, his eyes glinted through their thicket of unkempt hair. With a little pull at the heartstrings she realized that this was the first time she had seen Lonnie laughing.

"Hello there, Lonnie!"

"Pretty swell fair, ain't it, Mis' Hale? Didya see my punkin in the Garden Produce? 'Tain't big enough for a prize, but she's in! She's a real purty one, Mis' Hale—shapely—"

"Good for you, Lonnie. I'll go right over to see it." She wanted to ask him a dozen questions, to hold him by her and find out how things were going. But his father might be anywhere. Johnny, at her other hand, abruptly interrupted: "How would you like a hot dog, Lonnie?" A coin passed between them, and with shining eyes and a hurried word of thanks Lonnie darted away, while Charlotte and Johnny went solemnly to inspect his shapely punkin.

On the last day of the Fair, Johnny and Bob set off in the truck, to reclaim the bull. Charlotte said with an unaccustomed nervousness: "But the roads are so awful, Johnny!"

"We'll manage," he replied. "We've driven through worse than this. If we do get stuck we'll find accommodation along the road. You're not to worry, angel."

"I won't worry. But I'll be glad to see you home—"

The voice of High Leap rose deep and ominous above the sound of the departing truck, and the telephone was ringing angrily in the house. It was for Tirutha; Tirutha was wanted at home, her mother was bad. Tirutha's mother was a little lively shrivelled octogenarian; impossible to think of her ill and inactive, but the Fair and the bad weather had been too much for her. Tirutha, badly rattled and in tears, departed under an enormous umbrella. And so for the first time Charlotte was alone in her house.

The rooms seemed suddenly very large and empty, and the unusual quiet, hemmed in with a solid wall of sound—the rising wind, the roar of the river, the renewed and furious drumming of rain—was oddly unnerving. The interminable minutes were like small separate weights added to a scale, tipping it slowly. Charlotte, who prided herself on her independence, her self-sufficiency, was shocked to find how unprepared she was for aloneness. She found herself listening with strained ears to the faint creakings that even the best built houses make when they feel themselves free to speak. It was as though the house complained to itself—she doesn't really belong to me yet; she has only been happy here; she has never been afraid—or suffering—or alone with me. The stormy night grew swiftly black outside, pressing against the windows like an enemy looking for a way in. And far off, behind the hills, thunder rumbled and lightning flashed, and the electric lamps flickered uneasily.

Somewhere near at hand a door slammed violently, as though an unexpected gust of wind had caught it. She started to her feet, remembering the kitchen door, unlocked as always; and then stood rigid, listening with every nerve. A footstep had crossed



"Hold it! You've got something there."

"Sure I have... it's a Sweet Cap."

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Cream Deodorant
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STOPS
Underarm
PERSPIRATION
without irritation



NEW ODORONO CREAM is scientifically made with "Inhibitors" which are immensely effective in preventing dampness and odor.



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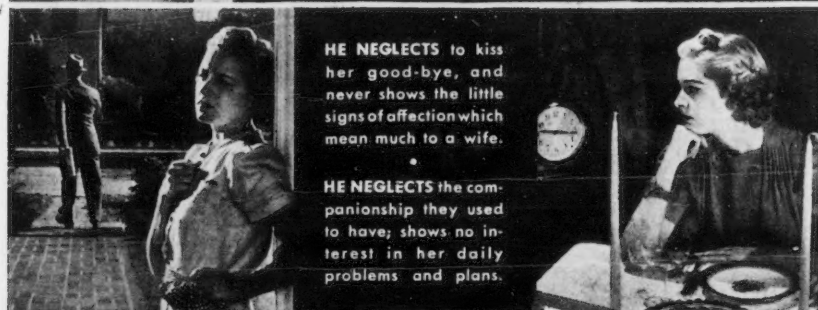
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A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT



HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.



HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.



HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

BUT...
*her own neglect
was really the
cause of his
indifference*

The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMINE HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

IF THERE is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives are . . .

1. **Non-Caustic.** "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness.** "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter.
3. **Spreading.** "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out

germs. 4. **Economy.** "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1c an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. **Odor.** The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. **Stability.** "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

How to keep your Home Hygienically Clean



IN DAILY CLEANING
use "Lysol" in the water used for cleaning walls, floors; to wipe furniture, etc.; rinse mops, brooms, dust and cleaning cloths.



IN THE BATHROOM
wash floor, tiling, tubs, toilet, wash basin, daily with a "Lysol" solution to disinfect and deodorize, as you clean.



IN THE KITCHEN
use "Lysol" in cleaning sink, drainboards, shelves, etc., and rinse garbage pail daily with a solution of "Lysol."



IN MEDICINE CABINET
cleanse all minor injuries (scratches, bruises, etc.) with an antiseptic "Lysol" solution. Directions on every bottle.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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Please send me the book "Lysol vs Germs", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Charlotte and Tirutha were literally up to their elbows in a batch of raspberry jam one day, when an unfamiliar heavy step sounded on the back porch. The men were haying in the south fields, far below the house. In the lazy warm wind the clacketing sound of the reaper came faintly up the hill. The footstep paused, and there was a thumping knock. Charlotte and Tirutha looked at each other; then Charlotte, who was nearest, brushed back the hair from her flushed face and opened the door.

A man stood slouched against the jamb; a big man, tall as Johnny but heavy with a sort of sodden fleshiness. His blurred features still held a remnant of bold coarse good looks, but his mouth was slack and uncontrolled, twisted uneasily into an ingratiating grin. This was Weekes, of course. There was a nightmare likeness in him to the fawnlike Lonnie—in the set of slanted cheekbones, the sloe eyes, the turn of the head. She said in her coldest voice: "What do you want?"

The vile stub of pipe came out of his mouth then, and he made a gesture that might have been the traditional tug at the forelock. But his eyes travelled up and down her slim neat figure with an insolent and unconcealed pleasure. "I guess you're Mis' Hale," he said. "I guess Johnny Hale's a right lucky young man, lady! My name is Weekes."

"Is it?" said Charlotte. "Then what are you doing here?" She was aware of Tirutha, pop-eyed with excitement, with a secretly pleasurable horror, standing behind her.

"Shall I ring the dinner bell, Mis' Hale? I'll ring and Johnny'll be up here in two ticks to throw him off the place for you!"

Weekes said hastily, flinging a look of stark venom at the old woman over Charlotte's shoulder: "To get to business, Mis' Hale. It's about my boy—about Lonnie."

"Shall I ring the bell, Mis' Hale?" "Just a minute, Tirutha. What about Lonnie?"

"Mis' Hale, it's a hard thing for a father to say such about his own child, but don't you trust that boy. I bin watchin' him, Mis' Hale. He's been up here pickin' berries for ye. And what do you suppose he does with the money you give him?"

Charlotte's voice was stony as her eyes. "What money?"

He said with a sudden ugly fury: "Well, you pay him, don't ye? You ain't askin' the boy to work for nothin', are ye?"

"Don't you suppose," said Charlotte, "he'd be glad to work for something good to eat? He's a very little boy, you know."

For a moment he looked uncertain. The ugly mouth pulled itself with difficulty back to its insinuating smile. "Mis' Hale, we're poor people, and I have awful hard luck. Every man's hand is agin me—and that farm wasn't never no good. You wouldn't begrudge say fifty cents now and then for the boy's work, now would ye? But don't give it to him. You can't trust that confounded little liar, Mis' Hale. I bet he tells you he give it to his mother, don't he? That's what he tells you, ain't it?"

"You mean you want me to pay you for the boy's work?" said Charlotte

WHY NOT USE TAMPAX THIS VERY MONTH?



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern, civilized sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over one hundred million Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is worn internally. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

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YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE
PLANNING, DECORATING
AND FURNISHING



The use of three wallpapers gives an illusion of a much larger room, amplified by the mirror. This is the vogue for 1939.

Horizontal lines increase the length of the bedroom below. Homespun curtains, Venetian blinds, bleached mahogany furniture and quilted bed heads make an attractive ensemble.

The bottom photograph shows a good example of the use of figured wallpaper, emphasizing the increasing use of free patterns.

Two of the new English fabrics are shown on this page. In an immense range of design, they are sun-fast and washable. Even the glazed fabrics can be put through the laundry tubs. They lend themselves for drapes, furniture coverings and as distinctive wall decorations.

Discoveries in Decorating

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

NOW IS the time to have a shot at the possibilities of modernizing your home in an economical way. To bring out new and hitherto unsuspected charms of the living room, bedroom, hall or study. There are quite a few ways in which this can be done. One is to apply the ingenious illusions inherent in color by skilfully painting in or painting out walls to suit your fancy.

The furniture may be rearranged to make the room architecturally correct, and the shape of sofa and chairs changed by clever use of patterns and styles in slip covers of the new fabrics.

The windows can be made larger or smaller according to the way the draperies are hung, and by using a modern fabric, or you can do wonders with the size and shape of a room by experimenting with wallpaper.

A modernizing job done with wallpaper may be purely decorative, or it can be done to alter, by illusion, the proportion of a room. The modern trend of using different papers for the four walls of a room is based upon the assumption that color and design should not only be decorative, but should be handled for the purpose of creating illusions of space.

For instance, papering one wall in a plain, cool color next to a gaily figured wall makes the plain wall seem less important and also makes it appear to recede.

Many bedrooms are too long for their width. Even if windows are on two sides of the room, one long, awkward and barren wall space is still left, which is likely to make the room seem ☆ Continued on page 60



I HATE THAT CLUB—THE WOMEN ARE SO SNOBBISH

SNOBBISH? You're mistaken, Mrs. E——
—let's suppose **undies** could talk...

OH DEAR, IF WE COULD ONLY TELL HER **WHY** THOSE WOMEN AT THE CLUB WERE SO COOL

OF COURSE WE'RE THE REASON—SHE FORGETS TO LUX US, SO WE OFFEND—WE ALL HAVE **UNDIE ODOUR!**

IF SHE'D ONLY USE **LUX** EACH DAY! IT TAKES ODOUR AWAY—KEEPS US NEW-LOOKING LONGER



UNDERTHINGS absorb perspiration odour. Lux them after *each* wearing. Lux takes away odour—keeps colours new looking longer. Avoid soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the thrifty big box: a little goes so far—it's **thrifty**

the kitchen, coming toward her, stumbling a little.

Before she could recover herself, before she could even tell herself it was all imagination, Weekes was in the doorway. Standing as she had first seen him, braced against the frame, one arm barring the passage. His breath was noisy, he swayed a little as he stood, and the sour strong smell of *whiskey blanc* reached out to her like clutching hands. For a moment her whole mind spun on the axis of her violent repulsion, trying to reason out why he was here, what he had come for this time. Her thoughts flew to Johnny, driving home through the storm. Something had happened—an accident—the bridge had gone—And Weekes had come up to tell her.

"What is it?" she said breathlessly. "What's wrong?"

"You ask me!" he said, the words thick with fury. "You ask me! Where's my wife? Where's Lonnie?"

A little cold thrill of fear went through her. But she said brusquely, getting control of herself with an effort: "They're not here. And you had better get out, before Mr. Hale finds you."

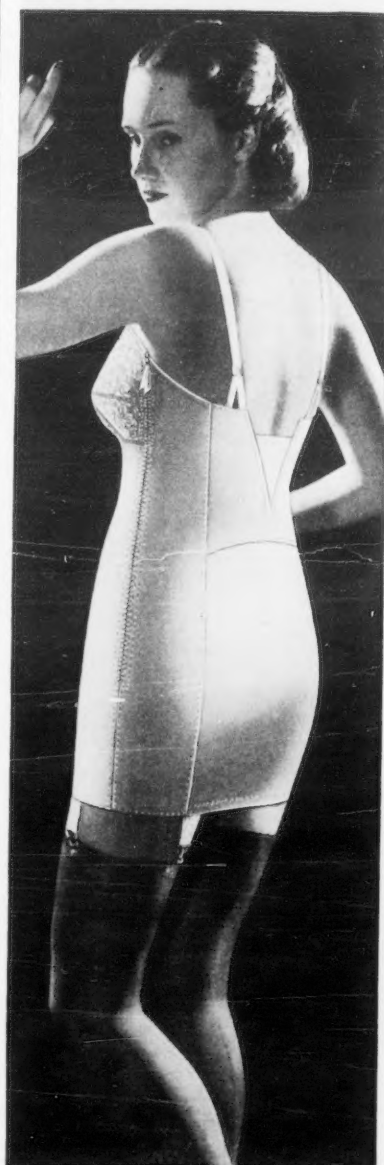
"Too bad he ain't here, ain't it? I'll bet Johnny Hale'll be sorry he missed me—I ain't going. Not till I find them. I'll give that little brat the thrashing of his life—" He lifted his clenched fist suddenly, his eyes suffused with redness; he was drunker than she had thought, savage as a freed boar. Her mind whirled desperately. The telephone was behind him, in the hall. He stood between her and the door. "Where's the kid?" he roared at her suddenly. "Think you can hide him from me, don't ye? Think you can learn a kid to strike his own father—I'll learn him. Little wildcat, striking me—him and his mother—I'll fix 'em. I'll fix you, if you don't bring 'em out."

He lurched toward her, sending a small table crashing to the floor. She heard the Bohemian glass bowl that stood on it, filled with late asters, splinter into a thousand pieces. And at the same instant, with a simultaneous green glare and a terrific bombardment of thunder, the lights faded and died. She heard him curse and lunge, stumbling over the upturned pedestal.

IN A flash she was in the hall. He clutched at her dress as he fell, and the silk ripped savagely as she jerked herself out of his clumsy grasp and fled; across the dark kitchen, and through the still open door. The rain was cold on her face, she was almost running, hurrying breathlessly down the black road. If only Johnny would come! Lightning crackled and crackled again, with an almost incessant unnatural light. The bridge was close ahead. Even above the thunder High Leap roared at her with a kind of wild encouragement—

And Mrs. Weekes was coming toward her, a wild figure, battling wind and rain. Charlotte managed to call out to her: "Go back—Mrs. Weekes—go back!" feeling the words rasp burningly in her throat. And behind them, suddenly, was the sound of heavy feet pounding down the road. In a sudden uprush of panic Charlotte began to

☆ Continued on page 70



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SMART
Unbelievable
EASE**

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N M I

Chatelaine's "Your Home" Editor describes
some of the high lights of

The New York World's Fair

PROBABLY YOU will be one of the millions who will visit the New York World's Fair. If so, a preview of some of the high lights which I saw upon a recent visit will be of interest.

The Garden City of Tomorrow in the Perisphere, which with the Trylon is the theme of the Fair—viewed from a magic carpet fifty feet above the ground—is approached by a moving staircase. From this altitude you see a city with a working population of 250,000, but without a single inhabitant. No one lives in the city proper, which is for business, amusement, shopping, culture and administration.

The people are housed in a rim of garden apartments, in suburban developments in satellite towns, or in the country.

☆☆
The town of tomorrow features fifteen, four-to-ten-room demonstration houses, ranging in cost from \$3,000 to \$17,000. The architecture is principally modern traditional, and not of the "packing case and rounded corners" type which a few years ago, we were told by some immature stylists, was modern design.

Here you can see all types of modern house-building materials and equipment. Also, suggestions for home furnishings and decorations. But, it would be well to take what you see as a collection of hints and not slavishly adopt them.

A deliberate attempt has been made to enliven life by introducing color and gaiety. It is quite conceivable that in the future both houses and buildings generally will be ornamented both inside and out with colored wall murals. Some of those at the Fair are painted on the walls; others of mosaics, applied aluminum, linoleum, copper, brass, stainless steel, and porcelain enamel on sheet metal.

☆☆
Interior decoration is at its best in the Terrace Club. The dining-room floor is apricot broadloom, and chair seats canary yellow. The furniture is blond mahogany; linen is gunmetal in color, with glass and china delightfully blended in the color scheme of the room.

At one end a bay window extends the full width and overlooks a lagoon in which graceful swans swim to and fro. This bay window is worth looking at if you intend to build a new home.

The main lounge in this club has concealed and spotlighting. The color scheme is noticeable for its restraint. The drapes are putty in color and are patterned with a "swish" design. Concave bookcases create an illusion of curves, all of which gives the ensemble a streamlined appearance conducive to repose and comfort.

If you go into the ladies' lounge, look twice before you sit down. A most unusual stunt in wall decoration is that of chairs painted on the walls. The illusion is so good that very probably you will be deceived and lose your dignity. The mirror in this lounge is

cleverly framed with paper that is worthy of emulation.

☆☆
The walls of the main entrance hall of the Theme centre are finished in thin sheet copper. As sure as "Pigs is Pigs," we shall see this copper sheeting used in dining rooms of modern homes. Maybe with colored insets reminiscent of the Spanish and Japanese leathers which were used years ago with exceedingly good effect.

☆☆
A dining room in the National Advisory Committee Building has two outer walls of glass brick, and is decorated to create the illusion of sitting under a blue sky in a formal English garden.

The use of colored enamel on copper for the outside of buildings is already here, and we can expect a further development as time marches on.

If rural dwellings and out-buildings were covered with the new electro sheet copper and properly grounded, lightning conductors would not be necessary. It has been done in the Steinmetz Hall at the Fair, wherein are generated and discharged ten million volts of artificial lightning.

☆☆
Recently we have been hearing a lot about synthetic raw materials. Plastics come within this category and are nothing short of miracles.

For instance, "Lucite" instruments light the surgeon's incisions, or the dental patient's mouth, by "piping" the light from a bulb in the handle.

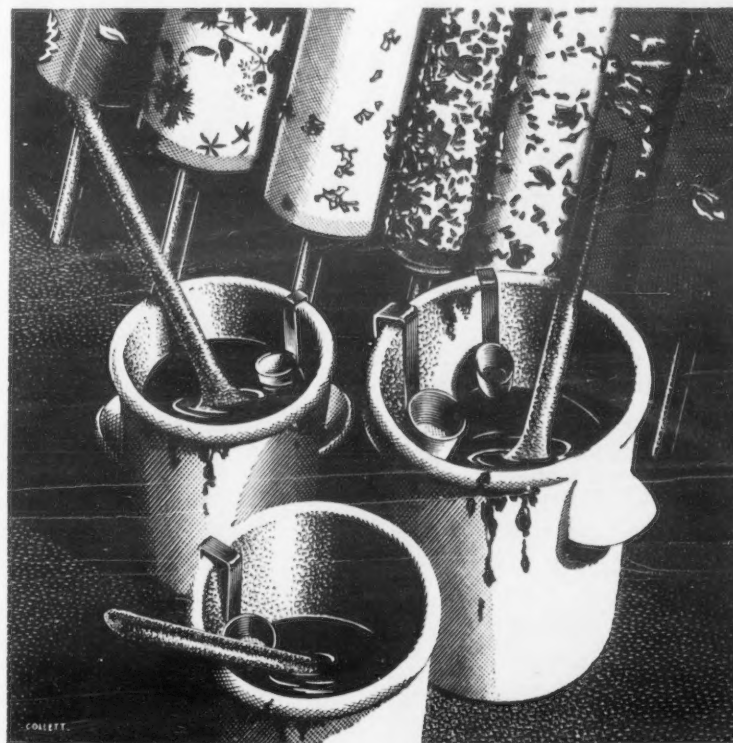
"Lumarith" bathroom accessories and plumbing fixtures, which cannot chip and will not deteriorate.

Household hooks with colorful plastic bases; small stands that grip the bottom of tall drinking glasses, stainless and moistureproof, simply designed flowerpots.

Illuminable vanity mirrors for motorists in plastic cases, scratchproof ash trays, "Lumarith" lamp shades, coat hangers, curtain rods, and fin-grip handles for paring knives. Hardware for doors and windows, and lighting fixtures make you rub your eyes in wonderment.

☆☆
From what I saw in the World of Tomorrow, shopping will be a pleasure. The stores are surrounded with park areas, and connected by covered arcades with underground parking facilities for shoppers. In the School of Tomorrow, you can watch the actual functioning of preschool and elementary classes through one-way glass screens; the children can be seen but they cannot see you.

As you come away, I can hear you say: "Where do we go from here?" Well, I am of the opinion that we are just bursting through the underbrush and only commencing our journey down the road of startling developments of equipment and materials which will be used for and in the home in the days to come. ☆



WOULDN'T THIS MAKE A NICE LOOSE COVER?

Ah, you say, these advertising people *will* have their little joke — and you get ready to turn the page. But wait! Those dye stained vats, those wooden rollers are indeed the beginning of what are to become in many ways the best loose covers you could buy. Those vats contain dyes that neither years of strong sunlight nor innumerable scrubblings and washings will move even ever so slightly, once those rollers have imprinted their patterns on carefully woven cloths. For the illustration shows a corner of the Sanderson factory at Uxbridge, where they make Indecolor Fabrics for your curtains, cushions and covers.

Please don't think this all 'by the way'; we believe you will want to know something of the care and precision with which Indecolor Fabrics are made; that you will be interested to hear of the exhaustive testings for colour strength, and the half mile of intensive washing that every piece of Indecolor Fabric must endure before it is fit to be sold.

Because we believe it will enable you to answer the question you will ask when looking through the Indecolor range.

'Yes, they're charming — there are several here that would do beautifully — but will they *wear*?'

Sanderson Indecolor range includes reversible woven fabric, cretonne, linen and linen union, glazed chintz, and the new lustrous finish washable chintz, called 'Sanderlin', all guaranteed sun-resisting and washproof. They are sold by good furnisners & stores everywhere.

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Screens of
Anaconda
Bronze

EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C., has had numerous queries from readers as to the best method of successful repainting. Here he gives some very useful hints on

Painting Over Furniture



MOST AMAZING changes can be effected by those knowing how to use a paintbrush on furniture.

Most of us have at one time or another tried our hand with some favorite piece of furniture, which through use and age has begun to look seedy. Results from this pastime, if you can call it such, are sometimes not so satisfactory as they could be. There are two main reasons for this—faulty preparation of the wood surface before starting the job, and using too thick a paint. However much you strive, without a smooth-finished surface as a base, and an easy-flowing paint, the result must of necessity be a failure. So what?

Let us assume that you want to repaint a dresser, bed, stool, or a table, which has an ivory enamelled, or any other finish not in keeping or harmony with the new decoration of your room.

The first thing to do is to wash the surface with soap and water to remove any grease film. Next, sandpaper it before applying the first undercoat. After the undercoat has dried, putty up any imperfections, then sandpaper it, and apply the second coat. Again sandpaper and give the third coat.

It is wise to give a piece of furniture three undercoats, letting it stand overnight between each coat. Each coat must be sandpapered before applying the succeeding coat. Fine sandpaper, No. 4-0, must be used and care taken to see that all brush lines and bubbles are removed. For the final sandpapering before applying the enamel, an even finer sandpaper, No. 6-0, should be used, which is for polishing the surface. The finished coat should be high-grade furniture enamel, and stand twenty-four hours to dry thoroughly.

You may want an antique finish if it is to be French blue or apricot. If so, two parts of turpentine and one part linseed oil, colored with raw umber, will do the trick. This mixture must be applied with a soft hairbrush over the entire surface and let stand about five minutes. Then with a soft cloth, wipe it off, working from the centre of large

surfaces outward, removing as much of the antique glaze as you wish. It is usual to wipe the centre of a panel and turned surfaces of legs cleaner than other parts. Twenty-four hours after using this antique glaze, add one coat of dull clear varnish to prevent unsightly marring.

It is a little more difficult to paint over a walnut- or mahogany-stained piece of furniture. If the old varnish is not checked, you may paint it. Add benzol to the first coat of white undercoat, one-half cup of benzol to one quart undercoat. This has the effect of loosening the varnish enough to bind the varnish and undercoat together. From here on, do exactly the same as already described.

If it is necessary to remove the varnish because of checking, use varnish remover, then wash the surface well with soap and water to be sure that all the old varnish has been removed. In doing this you will also have removed the filler. This must again be added. Paste wood filler—which you can obtain at any paint store—thinned with three parts gasoline and one part linseed oil, is the mixture to use. Apply this to the surface, then let it stand until nearly dry and rub it with a cloth, working always against the grain. After the filler has dried, add one coat of white shellac that has been thinned with alcohol, one-third alcohol and two-thirds shellac. Let this stand an hour, sandpaper, and go ahead with your first undercoat, as previously described.

Painting over a mahogany stain is not quite so simple as over a walnut stain. In the former, the aniline dye may bleed through your paint. This has been the experience of many after painting an old mahogany toilet seat. To get good results, it is better to use two or three coats of shellac before putting on the first white undercoat.

Fortified with this information it should be possible for you to give some of those wrinkled pieces of furniture a new make-up and prove the quip—"A new household background is as good for a woman's morale as a new hat."



CLEAN seed is SO important—and BROCK'S is clean—dust-free—blended and balanced by experts—as perfect a diet as 40 years' experience in canary feeding can produce. In every securely sealed package of BROCK'S is the exact mixture of selected seeds your canary needs—plump, nourishing, clean seeds—AND IN EVERY PACKAGE THERE'S A "LIFT" FOR DICKY IN A TREAT CONTAINING YEAST TO TONE UP THE LITTLE SONGSTER'S SYSTEM.



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FREE ADVICE

If there is anything you're not sure about regarding your canary, write Brock's Bird Clinic, 123 George St., Toronto.

BROCK'S BIRD SEED
and TREAT containing YEAST

POINTERS for the HOME



THE LATEST bed is known as the two-in-one. The box springs are mounted on ball-bearing casters and hinged to the bed-head, being very easily moved. This is an untold blessing for those who make the bed, and gives all the comforts of twin beds but takes up much less room.

☆☆

There is a powderlike preparation on the market to keep rugs from slipping. Ask your hardware merchant about this.

☆☆

For further convenience in the kitchen, pull-out towel racks are available. They fasten inside the sink cabinet or elsewhere, and have three chromium bars on ball bearings.

☆☆

To prevent the bathroom mirror steaming, rub a dry cake of soap over it before turning on the hot water; then polish it off again with a bath towel. The mirror will retain its polish no matter how steamy the room may become.

☆☆

To clean enamel sinks, use a trisodium phosphate or whiting soap paste with a little kerosene. It will not roughen the enamel.



☆☆

Animal pictures for nurseries can be pasted on the nursery wall; they are more persuasive than spinach and will plant a feeling for art in your child.

☆☆

Soaking paper off a wood surface is apt to cause the wood to warp. Try a small area to see if the paper can be removed quickly without too much soaking. If it takes a long time and much water, scrape it off by rubbing with sandpaper.

☆☆

To clean neglected aluminum ice cube trays, wash them thoroughly with soap and water, then scrub them with steel wool and scratchless scouring powder. Rinse well in hot water. In cases where the trays have been neglected for a long period of time, plenty of scrubbing will be needed.

☆☆

Many people, after doing a paint job, have smeared fingers. Maybe you

have no turpentine in the house, so what can you do? Go to your refrigerator, get out the butter, take a dab and rub your painty hands and fingers well. Then, to the wash basin; hot soapy water, and there you are with another job well done! Simple and easy. Salad oil, lard or anything similar will have the same effect. For best results, rub either grease or soap under and around your fingernails before starting in.

☆☆

Dried paint splashes on windows can be scraped off with a sharp razor blade or penknife, but, if you cannot remove all trace of them this way, try washing the glass with hot vinegar and water.

☆☆

Does the wall round your electric light switch look grey and soiled with finger marks? And do you—and your friends—trip over a sudden step up, or down, in a dark passage? Phosphorescent paint—which glows faintly in the dark—is the friend you need. A touch on the light switch, and a broad line on that step will put a stop to any more fumbling and stumbling.

☆☆

The E-Z-Do small wood Shu-hat-ti-rak is just the thing for children of school age. It is a space, time and clothes saver, and can be painted to harmonize with the closet door wherever the closet may be located. There are six swinging nickel-plated hat racks, two tie racks, three shoe racks, all make this piece of adjustable equipment worth while.

☆☆

The latest in mirror magic is a "close-up round your neck" looking glass. It has a revolving hinge for neck strainers and leaves hands free.

☆☆

Metal door knobs can be kept bright after polishing if treated with clear liquid wax.

☆☆

A damp wad of absorbent cotton will easily pick up tiny splinters of broken glass.

☆☆

Unless you can afford to modernize just for the fun of doing it, concentrate on changes which will add to the resale or rental value of your house. ☆



Presenting
COLONIAL
sheets and pillowslips
IN THE NEW *Royalty Series*

PRESENTING luxury... in five aptly named qualities, each individually wrapped in its own distinctive cellophane. There's the Princess in sparkling orange, Duchess in green, Countess in yellow, Baroness in blue and Superfine Percale in its new "Salute to Royalty" package—the ideal gift for those that like the best. The new Royalty Series offers a quality to suit every purse in smooth, evenly textured cottons. Be sure to ask for "Colonial" products.

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MAKERS OF MAGOG FASTEST FABRICS



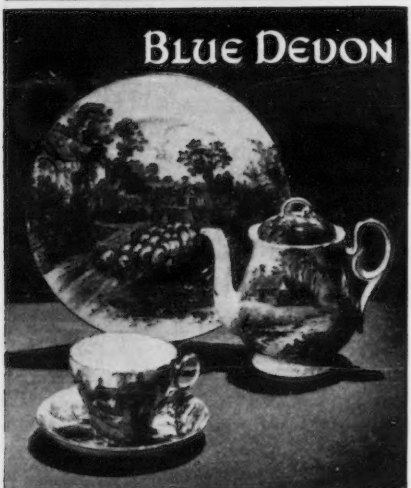
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So gentle with the precious surface, so careful of the loveliness it restores and retains. The kindly touch of Silvo keeps your silver always new.

Beautiful Enchantress pattern by International Silver Co., who recommend regular use of Silvo for your silverware.

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BLUE DEVON

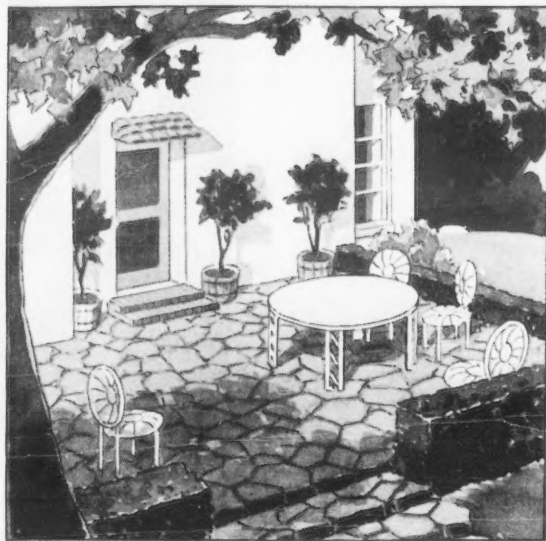
English Fine Bone China

Beautiful Devon in a fascinating variety of its old English scenes, is pictured in rich blue, edged with gold, in Shelley tea and dinner services. There is an assortment of scenes in every set, each one a separate picture for your enjoyment.

This is only one of many smart patterns designed and made by the craftsmen of Shelley Pottery. See these patterns at leading dealers everywhere in the Dominion.

Write for illustrated literature to H. Webster, 33 Melinda St., Toronto, Ont., Canadian Agent.

Shelley
ENGLISH FINE BONE CHINA



A Garden Terrace

by Frances C. Steinhoff

HAVE YOU a tea-terrace in your garden? And if not, why not? It is one of the easiest things in the world to evolve, and we know of nothing that can add so much to the family life. Not only does the tea-terrace become the gathering place for all the family, but it makes an excellent setting for entertaining during the summer months. In addition to this, it is quite the best way to develop the area of ground that meets the garden wall of the house, as it makes a pleasant intermediate step between the building and the garden proper.

Where there is even a slight change in grade, the earth should be carefully levelled to give the feeling of a very generous platform. Ten feet is about the minimum width for comfort if furniture is to be used.

While grass is pleasant underfoot for walking, we instinctively want something firm and substantial under our feet if we are sitting for any length of time, and a level hard surface is preferable for table and chairs. For this work, smooth flagstones are the most popular material. They may be shaped to fit fairly closely and set in a foundation-bed of cinders and sand. Brick paving will last for a lifetime and provides considerable warmth of color. For a tiny area in a city garden it would be possible to construct a wooden floor and cover it with a piece of good-looking tiled linoleum. The main point is to have something level and firm.

With the foot problem solved, we decide whether we want anything over our heads. This will all depend on the exposure of the garden. If exposed to the north, the terrace will be in the shade of the building, and protection from the sun is not necessary. Occasionally an overhang from the house becomes the roof. Sometimes awnings or large garden umbrellas are feasible. In full sunshine, a pergola construction, covered with a vine such as the grape, gives a pleasing ground pattern of intersecting beams and bold foliage. However, a covering is largely a matter of choice.

NOW, A stark terrace is not pleasing, so our next step is to provide some form of decoration for the house wall.

One simple device is to insert in the pavement at intervals along the wall, planting pockets, excavated to a depth of not less than eighteen inches. These in turn should be filled with a one to three mixture of fertilizer and good loam. Suitable vines, such as the Boston Ivy, or climbing roses, can then be grown in these pockets. In lieu of the planting pockets we can use tubbed evergreens, or any large-sized plants that will make bold accents.

The terrace gives us a splendid opportunity to work out definite color schemes, and we will do well to remember that several pieces of furniture of one color will provide the dominant color note. We can then pick this color up and repeat it, or use a complementary or harmonizing color in the incidental furnishings. Chintz fabrics lose color value out-of-doors, and the effect becomes too muddled. So if you should be thinking of recovering old furniture for outdoor use, why not decide on your predominant color, which might be lemon yellow, or jade green, or salmon pink, and then select one of the modern fabrics treated for use outside in plain color as your covering?

IF YOU are not yet converted to the use of potted plants, we urge you to do a bit of experimenting on your terrace and see if you do not like the results. Keep in mind the value of repetition and simplicity, and above all, avoid a cluttered effect. Use them for a specific purpose. For instance, we will have to consider the best way to treat the outer edge of the terrace. Sometimes the edge of the paving will be level with the grass; at others where there is a definite change in grade, the edge of the terrace will need some kind of barrier to prevent our falling over. This takes various forms—a low stone or brick wall, an iron balustrade or a low clipped hedge. Whichever form it takes, we usually find an opportunity here to use potted plants on a smaller scale than at the rear of the terrace. Try using a series of generous-sized pots of uniform size and shape, filled with flowering plants of one color, and note the pleasant sense of rhythm that you establish. This is a particularly good treatment for a terrace that overlooks a garden with a central axis.

DON'T BLAME THE MOTHS

Blame Yourself!



THIS YEAR DO YOUR MOTH-PROOFING RIGHT! USE **LARVEX!**

Instead of tedious sprinkling and wrapping and "storing away" . . . use Larvex this year to keep woollen clothing and rugs and furniture safe from moths. You'll save both money and bother and stop moth damage cold!

Moths will not eat Larvexed wool. Larvex is simple to use, has no odor, requires no wrapping or packing. When bought by the gallon, Larvex is so cheap that a man's 3-piece suit can be protected for less than 28¢.

Just spray liquid Larvex on wool clothes and furniture according to instructions. It's easy with the Larvex hand sprayer, still easier with the power sprayer on your vacuum cleaner. Then rinse blankets and washables in Rinsing Larvex and the job's all done, and done right!

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O-Cedar
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POLISH
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Only O-Cedar Polishes Contain MIROL

KISS YOUR TIRED FEELING GOODBYE!

Peppless Many Suffer Low Blood Count—And Don't Know It.

The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can weigh about as much as you ever did—even look healthy and strong, yet—you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and peppless.

Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.

Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today. They are world-famous for the help they give in increasing the number and strength of red corpuscles. Then with your blood count up, you'll feel like bounding up the stairs as if you were floating on air. Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today.

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MONTHLY
BUYS THIS 4 ROOM HOME
EASILY-QUICKLY
ERECTED WITHOUT
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A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT-Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



The King (James VI and I): "And my lords and lieges, let us all to dinner, for the cock-a-leekie is a'cooling."—Scott.



" 'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast, for an ill end disparages the rest."—W. King.

Soup Tureen—courtesy T. Eaton Co. Ltd. Crystal Dessert bowl—courtesy Birks & Elliot-Ryrie. Silver Entree dishes—courtesy Canadian Wm. A. Rogers.



"Sparkle wi' jay, me eyes they do to see a ham on table."—Edward Slow, in Wiltshire Rhymes.



"Let the sky rain potatoes," said Falstaff when greeting Mistress Ford in Windsor Park.—Shakespeare in The Merry Wives of Windsor

Commonwealth of Flavors

WHEN THE King and Queen are in Canada, here is the heart of Empire.

Many of us for the first time will stand along the processional way and take part in a Royal welcome. We'll put on our best bib and tucker, salute Their Majesties with our cheers, and celebrate at home with festival and feasting, after the traditional manner of rejoicing.

Dishes from the land of the rose and the thistle, the shamrock and leek, may be combined with good Canadian foods in that commonwealth of flavors which produces a delicious meal. Several menus are possible by varying the combinations of those suggested here, and making such additions as you think advisable. Scotland gives us the soup—an old favorite bound to please the most modern taste. Make it if you like by the Scots method, or take a shortcut with Canadian products to achieve something equally creditable for your tureen. Potatoes remind us of Erin, and we offer them boiled with mint and anointed with butter and the fresh chopped leaves. Or try them as "champ," or in whatever form of service appeals most strongly to you.

To honor your platter we suggest a baked Canadian

ham, with a crunchy crust of maple syrup and bread crumbs and a border of appropriate garnish. For dessert an English trifle full of macaroons and flavor, as delicious to taste as it is to look at.

If you want to add a salad to your dinner, let it be something cool and green—a mere morsel of crispness between the main course and the sweet. Simplicity of ingredients and perfection of flavor in the dressing are the two requirements of an epicurean salad suited to this role and to the taste of Canadians; avoid like the plague a too-elaborate, insipid, or bedraggled concoction.

Wales is represented in our list by the leeks in the Cock-a-Leekie, and a savory Welsh rarebit. I hope it had its origin in that country, but in any case it's Welsh in name and delicious as a luncheon or supper main course. And to make it, where will you find better cheese than Canada produces?

Cornish treacle tartlets, Clabber pie, Scotch oat cakes—their names are as Old Country as the pomp and circumstance of State, but their flavor has spread to Dominions beyond the sea, and has a universal appeal to those who know good cooking when they taste it. What the English call a tart is to us a pie with an open face, or

a crisscross top. By either name you'll like these treacle-filled miniatures for dessert—or with it—or as an afternoon tea accessory. Inexpensive, and a good way to use left-over bread—another point in their favor if you're one of those to whom thrift is a housewifely virtue. Delicious things from curds were made in both Irish and Canadian pioneer kitchens. Here is a recipe that's an heirloom from those good cooks and worthy of being handed down to succeeding generations. Then, representative of the plain living and high thinking of our Scottish ancestors, we give you oat cakes. You can buy very good ones of course, or you can make them from these directions and serve on many occasions when a simple accompaniment fills the bill.

Last, but not least, is a nourishing and delicious split pea soup, which the French Canadians have developed to a high art and which has become one of our national dishes. It's a soup of substance and gorgeous flavor—a credit to the best of tables, and a delight to the palate.

We have reached across the seas for traditional foods, added a few of our own good dishes, and suggest them to you as a gastronomic celebration of the Royal Visit.

Recipes on page 64.



DISCOVER THE UNEXPECTED IN SUNNY **Alaska**

From Vancouver, Victoria,
Prince Rupert
S.S. "PRINCE ROBERT"
11-day cruises - \$115 up.
via Mackenzie River, Gardner Canal,
Ketchikan, Wrangell, Sitka, Taku
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and "PRINCE GEORGE"
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No matter what you expect of Alaska, this amazing country will surprise you—intrigue you! Longer summer days in America's Land of the Midnight Sun. Huge, luxuriant flowers contrasting their Arctic brilliance with rugged peaks and frigid glaciers. The once arduous Trail of '98, still colorful as of yore, is reached luxuriously today in the modern comfort of Canadian National "Prince" boats, with their broad decks and all outside rooms—a spectacular, comfortable voyage through the smooth waters and majestic scenery of the sheltered Inside Passage.

Travel West the Jasper Way on your trip to Sunny Alaska. Enjoy a stop-over at Jasper Park Lodge in the Canadian Rockies. Ask your local Agent for descriptive booklet and full information. Low summer rail fares.

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TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

1

OH DEAR! ... POWDER ALL OVER THE CLEAN RUG—AND GUESTS ARRIVING ANY MINUTE!

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WHAT TO DO??—SUDDENLY REMEMBERS HER NEW BISSELL SWEEPER

3

WHISKS UP MESS, THANKFUL THAT BISSELL GETS DIRT FROM ALL KINDS OF RUGS, OWING TO EXCLUSIVE HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL

4

AND REACHES UNDER-FURNITURE SPOTS SO EASILY—THE BUMPERS PROTECT THE FURNITURE, TOO

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GLAD SHE HAS EASY-EMPTYING BISSELL FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS—AND CAN SAVE VACUUM-CLEANER FOR PERIODIC CLEANING

6 See the new "streamlined" Bissells
\$4.45 to \$7.45 at your dealer's.

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BISSELL
The housewife's choice—since 1876
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Discoveries in Decorating

Continued from page 55

narrower than it is, even though it is obviously intended for the beds. One way to bring such a room into good proportion is to paint or paper the side walls a light French grey, which tends to enlarge a room. At the back of the bed on the long wall, hang a panel of silver paper with floral design in pastel shades, from floor to ceiling. A narrow border of silver paper at ceiling line, a second silver border in line with top of door trim, and a third halfway between these two tends to break up a long uninteresting wall space, and very often will even correct faulty proportion of a room.

THE LIVING-DINING room problem is solved by combining plain and figured walls. To create the illusion of two rooms within a room, yet tie them together, you should use plain color walls in the living end of the room, and a floral design for the dining end.

A monotonous living room can obtain dignity by having a dado wall covering that simulates wall panelling. Above the dado a Chinese Chippendale wallpaper is most effective.

One way of combining plain and figured walls in a room is to paint three walls of the room a soft yellow, a darker shade for dado with a lighter shade of yellow above. The fourth wall hung with a striking paper of interesting vertical leaf design in green against a stark white background.

WHEN SEARCHING for possibilities in the use of washable and sunproof fabrics for slip covers and drapes, it is just as well to know that they are very popular this year. New York is wildly enthusiastic over them; in fact, they are also being used for wall finishes.

Fading and shrinking of fabrics has long been a bugaboo to women in the home. With the advent of current house designs, plenty of light, and color treatment in every corner of the house, such a fabric was bound to be the outcome of research which has been carried on unceasingly for the past few years.

Among these new fabrics are to be found new lustrous surface finishes for chintzes, which are much favored, especially so, since they can be washed and still retain their pristine beauty.

The linen and linen union fabrics are winning friends and exerting an influence upon those who use them. Imagine drapes in a youngster's bedroom with designs of "The Three Little Pigs," "Mickey Mouse," or "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The windows in any little girl's or boy's room, treated in such a manner, would certainly help to interest them and perhaps be the means of quietening them in their fractious moods.

Generally speaking, we find that chintzes in general are still holding their own. Linens are in much clearer colors than formerly, and dyed in fast colors which add to their usefulness. Of course, as of yore, they are inclined to wrinkle, but wrinkle-proof linens are on the market, although they aren't entirely perfect. ☆

QUAKER NATURAL BRAN

RECIPE OF THE MONTH BY

Helen G. Campbell

of Chatelaine's Department
of Home Management.



Tempting BRAN RAISIN BREAD

2 cups Quaker Natural Bran	1 teaspoon Salt
2 cups Quaker Flour	2 cups Sour Milk and
1½ cups Seeded Raisins	2 teaspoons Baking
1 cup Sugar	Soda—or—
3 tablespoons Short- ening	2 cups Sweet Milk and 4 teaspoons Baking Powder

METHOD: Mix dry ingredients together, cut the shortening in lightly, then add the floured raisins. Now add the milk slowly and mix well. Put in two well-greased loaf pans and let stand 20 minutes. Then bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Temp. 325 deg. F. Remove from pans and brush the tops with melted butter.



For that real, spicy, nutty flavour that makes all bran recipes so delightful and tempting, use only Quaker Natural Bran. Because it is a natural Bran, Quaker mixes better, rises lightly, gives better baking results.

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Natural Bran
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* COSTS MUCH LESS

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These four Chatelaine Service Bulletins will give you new ideas for home meals and party teas and dinners.

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BULLETINS**

481 University Ave., Toronto

This cheese that cooks *so perfectly!* ...Now in 2-pound family-size loaf *thrifty! convenient!*



Look for this
new Kraft wrapper —
your protection
against substitution

It's your old favorite—Kraft Canadian with the rich time-mellowed flavor. Only now you can buy this famous cheese boxed—2 pounds in an economical, handy loaf.

And the loaf is sealed in a new transparent wrapper. A new kind of wrapper which, like the cheese itself, is approved by the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection.* You can see the golden cheese right through this wrapper. And it comes off "slick as a whistle" when you just cut it with a knife as the directions say.



New loaf a delight to good cooks

You cooks who love to make fluffy soufflés, smooth cheese rabbits, rich sauces and casserole dishes—you'll be especially happy to discover the family-size Kraft loaf. You'll keep Kraft Canadian on hand ready for



TUNE IN the Kraft radio program! Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, guest stars. Thursday nights, CBC and NBC Networks

cooking at any time. And for little snacks and grand sandwiches—plain or toasted.

Kraft Canadian is made from carefully selected cheeses . . . some sharp through age, some mild. Through the skill of Kraft Master Blenders these cheeses are combined to give you a cheese that *always* has the same rich flavor, *always* melts and toasts to perfection.

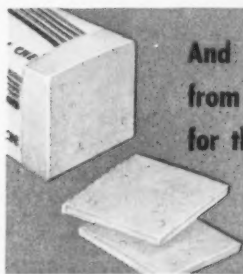
So look for the Kraft name on the transparent Sealtest-approved wrapper when you buy. Get the economical family-size loaf tomorrow.

* The Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection and its member companies (of which Kraft is one) are under the same ownership.

Cheese Soufflé Ring. In a double boiler make a sauce with 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. flour, and 1 c. milk. When thickened, add ½ lb. (¼ of the loaf) of Kraft Canadian, grated; stir till melted. Add: ½ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne; 4 whole eggs, one at a time, beating well after each is added. Pour into buttered, 6½" ring mold. Bake 40 min. at 325°. Serve with Creole Shrimps: cook ½ green pepper, shredded, and 1 small onion, chopped, in 2 tbsps. butter. Add 2 c. canned tomatoes; simmer till thick. Season. Add 2 c. cooked shrimps. Unmold the hot ring; fill with shrimps and garnish with shrimps and parsley.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE
MADE OR IMPORTED BY

Kraft



And when you buy slices
from a 5-pound loaf, look
for the Kraft name on the
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FREE! The famous booklet, "Favorite Recipes from Marye Dahnke's File," Home Economics Kitchen, Dept. C-5, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, Outremont, Quebec.

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Refrigerators under test. Here, at left, is an electric model ready to be put through its paces in our engineering laboratory, with the instruments in place and the temperature indicators outside the cabinet. The gas refrigerator, below, left, is shown doing its duty in our Kitchens where a check-up as to its working efficiency is made. Below, right, the last stage in testing an ice refrigerator is illustrated—the double glass door strapped in place and on the centre shelf the instrument for measuring air velocity. The Chatelaine Seal of Approval is awarded to those which meet our standards.

Testing Technique

Helen G. Campbell tells how refrigerators are put through their paces before they can win the Seal of Approval

LIKE THE prophets of old who asked for a sign, modern chatelaines are demanding distinguishing marks of quality on the products they buy.

When, for instance, we come to the purchase of a refrigerator—something we don't do every day—we may need more than our own experience and knowledge to guide us. True, by exercising our common sense we can make up our minds about the proper size for our needs, appraise the design for ease of cleaning and flexibility, check over the shelf arrangement and ice-cube capacity, and decide on the merits of various features or refinements in relation to our standards of convenience.

But how can we judge its efficiency as a safe and reliable weather maker for the preservation of food? As it stands on the showroom floor, a refrigerator is pretty noncommittal as to its construction and performance in your kitchen. But there are, fortunately, signs to guide you in making a satisfactory purchase and getting good value for your money. The name of a reliable, well-established manufacturer, for one. If it's a nationally advertised product it has a reputation to maintain, and this is your second guarantee. Your third, is the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval, for any refrigerator which has passed the practical tests in our kitchen and the engineering tests in our laboratory has been proved to be well built and capable of maintaining a constant

temperature at which food can safely be stored.

For the purpose of getting real information as to its efficiency, each refrigerator is put through its paces, and its behavior charted and recorded by scientific instruments. There's no guesswork about the results and no mystery about the routine: let me tell you how we go about it.

When an electric or gas refrigerator is sent in for test, it is put in what we call the hot-room, where the temperature is kept at 85 degrees Fahr. by thermostatic control and the air is kept gently circulating. There it stands, taking its ease, overnight, or until it reaches room temperature inside and out. Then the business ends of specially designed thermometers are distributed in the ice chamber and different sections of the food compartment. Recorders which make a continuous chart of the rise and fall of temperature are set in place on the shelves, the control is turned to high, or low, setting, and the door is closed, leaving the thermometer indicators on the outside for periodic reading. These are noted every two hours during the test, when the cycle is repeated with the control at each setting to show the efficiency of the refrigerator as regards temperature.

NEXT COMES the test to find out the rapidity with which ice cubes are formed. With the thermometers

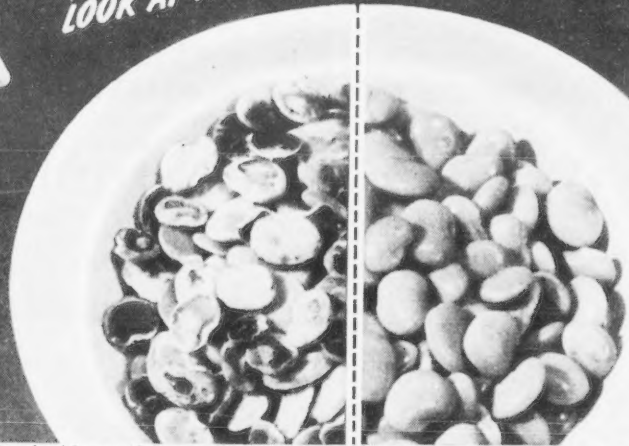
and recorders still in place and on the job, the trays with a definite quantity of water at 60 degrees Fahr. are set in place. After half an hour, and then at thirty-minute periods, the door is opened to see the progress of ice formation. This test too is repeated for each setting of the refrigerator cold controls.

Now, to learn the cost of running the refrigerator under test, electricity or gas consumption readings are taken. If it is an electric model, records are made of the time the motor goes on and off, and the total of these figures tells us what percentage of the time of test the motor is actually operating. In this way we find out the cost of running the refrigerator, and as the test is made with the control at the different points, we know too the comparative cost of operation at high, low, or intermediate settings. Gas consumption is measured on a special pilot testing meter for each run at each control point.

FINALLY the cabinet is examined for construction, insulation and finish. The motor of an electric type is checked for its efficiency, absence of noise, and vibration, and the burner of a gas refrigerator, as to the way it adjusts itself to the demands made by the various temperature controls. We examine also the safety feature with which the burner *Continued on page 67*

NEW!
**AMAZING
 DISCOVERY**
*Saves Food's
 Vital Freshness
 from Drying Out!*

*BOTH 7 DAYS OLD...BUT
 LOOK AT THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!**



*Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures.

The World's First "Cold-Wall" Refrigerator... made only by Frigidaire and General Motors *BUILT ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE!*

**Prolongs Food's Original Freshness, Color,
 Rich Flavor Days Longer!**

• Now... because of the amazing new "Cold-Wall" Principle... you can keep even highly perishable foods days longer than ever before! But here is the most astonishing fact of all! Now you can prolong food's original freshness... retain rich nutritional values... save peak fresh flavor for days on end!

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color. Left-over foods... meats, peas, beans, even mashed potatoes—stay as deliciously fresh and appetizing as when first prepared! And you needn't even cover them! For with the new "Cold-Wall" Principle, food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. Odor-and-flavor transfer is checked, too.

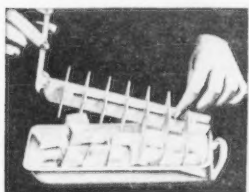
Here, at last, is real advancement in refrigeration... vitally important to every home... especially where there are children. Because, now, you save not only the

food, but the VITAL VALUES in food as well. Natural nourishment stays in—because it doesn't dry out!

Convince Yourself...with Proof...in 5 Minutes

See Proof at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's that the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire puts you ahead in every vital way! New economy with the famous Meter-Miser. New Meat-Tender for keeping fresh meats. New Super-Moist Hydrators. Plus General Motors dependability and long life! Yet it costs no more than ordinary "first-line" refrigerators! See Frigidaire's other models, too—for every need and budget. FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS SALES CORPORATION, LEASIDE, ONT.

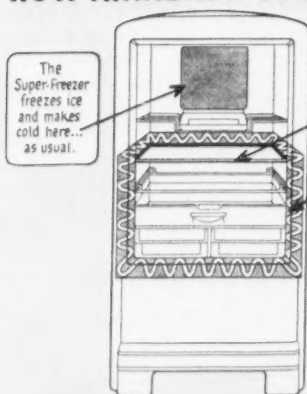
See also the new Frigidaire Electric Range—has many exclusive features asked for by 7550 women to combine low cost... high speed... greater convenience... sure results!



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS

Imitated but never equalled—because they're 1. *Easier to use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—made of heavy gauge metal in every part. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—and you'll want only genuine FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS



The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.

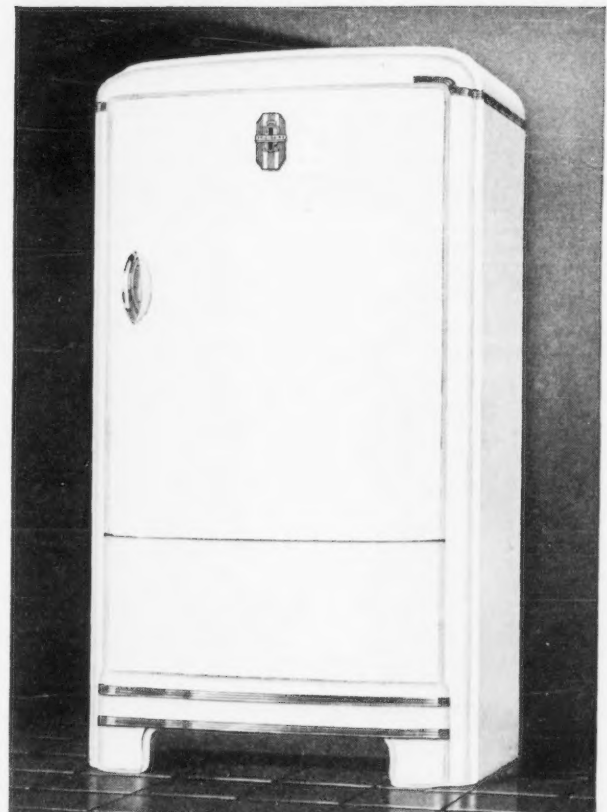
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

① THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

and

② THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS.

This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!* 1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. 85 to 100% Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation. All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!



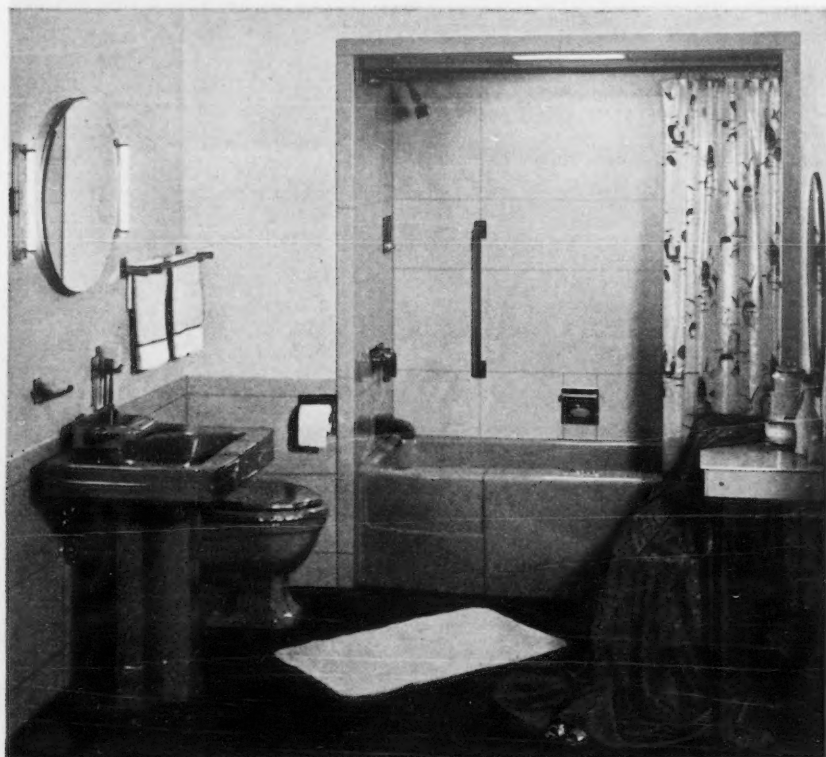
CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE... Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.



FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

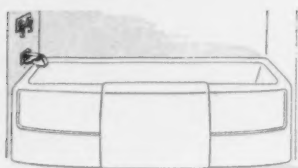
See a "Cold-Wall" Demonstration at your nearest Frigidaire Dealer's

THERE'S *More Than Beauty* IN THIS CRANE BATHROOM



On view at our Toronto Display Rooms: 306 Front St., W.

THERE'S beauty, colour, charm in this Crane Bathroom but there's a wealth of new ideas, new conveniences as well. Expensive? Not necessarily so. In the complete Crane line there is something to suit *every* Canadian home as your architect, builder or master plumber will gladly demonstrate. Now let's look at some of the features:—

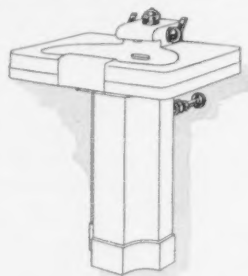


"Neuvogue" Bath

Its broad, flat bottom minimizes the danger of slipping—its wide sloping end allows plenty of elbow-room—and the front bows out, providing a flat, comfortable rim seat.

"Neuvogue" Lavatory

The practical design of the basin combines unusually generous space for washing together with ample, free surface for small toilet articles. Note how the lines of the basin front match those of the bath; also the smart streamlined fittings.



T/N—The only really quiet toilet

This is a one-piece fixture which stands clear of the wall and is protected against overflow. It has a thorough cleansing action and, due to its patented design, it is exceptionally quiet. It is the only toilet of its type on the market today.

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Ask also about the Crane Budget Plan: Small Down Payment—Balance Monthly. Or the Government Home Improvement Plan.

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Branches in nineteen cities in Canada and Newfoundland.

Commonwealth of Flavours

Continued from page 61

Welsh Rarebit

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Pound of nippy cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of cayenne or tabasco
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cream
- 4 Slices of hot, buttered toast

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler, add the cheese which has been grated or thinly sliced, the mustard, seasonings and cream. Heat over gently boiling water until the cheese is melted and the mixture very smooth. Spread thickly on the buttered toast, and serve at once, or, if preferred, brown quickly under the broiler before serving. Four servings.

Scotch Oat Cakes

- 1 Cupful of fine oatmeal
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar (scant)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 1 Tablespoonful of dripping (beef or bacon)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of boiling water, approximately

Combine the dry ingredients, add the dripping and the boiling water, mix well and roll out very thin on a board which has been dredged with fine oatmeal. Cut with a large round cutter, then cut each circle into four wedge-shaped pieces. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen to twenty minutes. The cakes should be thoroughly cooked but not browned. These are good with cheese to wind up a dinner.

Cornish Treacle Tarts

- 1 Cupful of stale bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon, grated rind and juice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of syrup (corn or golden)
- Rich pastry

Combine the bread crumbs, the lemon juice and rind and the syrup, using enough of the latter to make the mixture of thick pouring consistency. Line tart tins with the rich pastry and place the syrup mixture in the centre. If desired, small strips of pastry may be crisscrossed over the top. Bake the tarts in medium oven, 350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—until the pastry is delicately browned.

Dinner Salad

Crisp salads are practically a feature on this side of the Atlantic, and a favorite on the dinner menu is a selection of crisp greens dressed with a piquant French dressing.

Select a firm head of lettuce, remove the coarse outer leaves and cut the

heart into quarters or wedges. Arrange one or two sections on a bed of crisp watercress on individual salad plates and serve with Roquefort Dressing:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Dash of white pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of salad oil or olive oil
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of crumbled Roquefort cheese

Mix the salt, paprika and pepper together, add the vinegar and oil and shake or beat vigorously until thoroughly mixed. Combine with the crumbled Roquefort cheese and blend well.

French Canadian Pea Soup

- 1 Cupful of dried, split peas
- 6 Cupfuls of water or beef stock
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of salt pork or a ham bone
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of bacon or pork fat
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Salt, tabasco and chopped parsley

Soak the peas overnight in water. Drain, add to the water or stock, and cook with the salt pork or ham bone until tender. Melt the fat, add the chopped onion and cook until lightly browned, stir in the flour and blend thoroughly. Combine this mixture with the soup, simmer for one-half hour, then season to taste with salt and tabasco and add a little chopped parsley, if desired.

Potatoes

For the real Irish touch, serve the potatoes as "Champ." Here's how you prepare it: Boil potatoes until done, mash thoroughly, moisten with hot milk and cream—half and half—and add a generous portion of sliced scallions (green onions to us). Season to taste, and serve a nicely rounded mound on each plate. Make a hollow in the top of the mound with the back of a spoon and put in a good-sized lump of butter. The proper Irish way of eating this dish is to work around the mound from the outside, dipping each mouthful into the butter until finally the well itself is demolished. Parsley may take the place of the scallions, and in some cases, cooked lima beans or peas are mixed with the potatoes.

Another way of serving the potato—not quite so Irish—is this: Tie a few sprigs of mint together and add to the water in which new potatoes are being boiled. When the potatoes are cooked, drain, hold the dish over the heat and shake vigorously to drive off the remaining moisture. Turn the cooked potatoes into a warmed serving dish and over them pour melted butter to which chopped fresh mint has been added. ☆ Continued on page 68

SOMETHING DIFFERENT for Sunday Night Supper



A Sunday night treat that appeals to the whole family. The secret—make it with pure Knox Gelatine, unsweetened, unflavored—not factory-flavored gelatine desserts which are 85% sugar.

FREE: Send for Mrs. Knox's Recipe Book. Dozens of tempting salads, desserts and main dishes. Simple and economical to prepare. Write today to Knox Gelatine, Dept. C, 140 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, P. Q.

MRS. KNOX'S GOLDEN SALAD

Use 1/4 package—serves 6
1 envelope Knox Gelatine

1/4 cup cold water	1 cup raw carrot (grated on coarse grater)
1 cup hot pineapple juice	1 cup oranges, cut in small pieces
1/4 cup mild vinegar	1 1/2 cups canned pineapple cut in small pieces
1/2 cup orange juice	
1/4 cup sugar	
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt, hot pineapple juice. Stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and vinegar. Cool. When jelly begins to stiffen, add other ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. For individual molds, place one teaspoonful of clear jelly in bottom of mold. When nearly firm, place on it one tablespoonful of thick mayonnaise. When this is firm, fill mold with salad mixture. When congealed, unmold on lettuce.



KNOX GELATINE
is Pure Gelatine—No Sugar

Beautiful silver is a lasting joy; and there is little to pay in upkeep if it is polished with "Goddard's" Plate Powder.

"Goddard's"

Plate Powder or Liquid Polish
In Boxes In Tins

A SNACK with a SMACK!

Paris Pâté always tastes good . . . wholesome . . . sustaining . . . deliciously flavoured.

ASK YOUR GROCER



Testing Technique

Continued from page 62

is equipped, to prevent any escape of gas.

Ice refrigerators follow a slightly different routine in the test room. Before beginning, all instruments are placed in the cabinet—recording thermometers, humidity meters, maximum and minimum thermometers, and a recording meter for minimum temperature, which draws a continuous graph of the temperature throughout the duration of the test. The ice chamber receives a full load of a definite weight, then the refrigerator is precooled for three days without opening the door. No readings are made until now, when we re-ice with a full charge, and take temperature recordings every two hours for a period of three days. During this time the meltage is collected in a covered container and weighed twice a day, to determine how much ice is being used in relation to the storage capacity of the refrigerator. Now for the first time since beginning the test, the door is opened, and the findings of the different instruments read and recorded. The maximum and minimum thermometers are a double check against our readings from the temperature indicators outside the cabinet. The humidity recorder has drawn a graph showing the humidity at all times, and the recording thermometer presents a similar picture of the minimum temperature.

THE NEXT step is to take out these instruments, set a velometer on the shelves to determine the air flow within the food chamber. In order to read this when the box is closed, we replace the standard door with a tightly fitting window, which has double glass. This is strapped in place to prevent escape of any cold air. The air flow is read in feet per minute, and as soon as conditions become steady, the reading then obtained is taken as the air-flow speed for the refrigerator under test. If too high it means excessive meltage of ice, when too low it shows inability to keep foods in the best condition.

Besides these tests, each refrigerator is called upon to do its duty in our kitchen—just as it would in yours—until we have proved it for keeping a wide range of food, for making ice creams and other frozen desserts, appraised its various features and checked its behavior against the housekeeper's demands for satisfactory service.

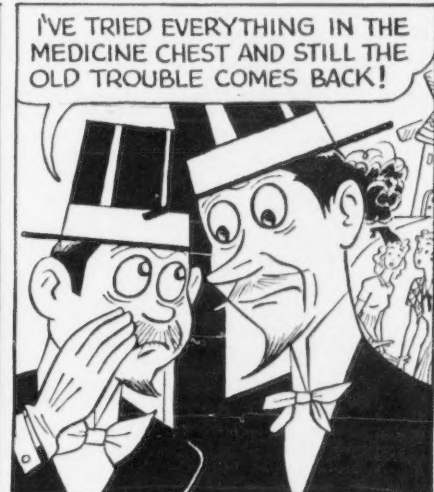
Only refrigerators which meet our standards are approved by Chatelaine Institute. The Seal of Approval is a sign of good performance and a buying guide in the selection of this important piece of equipment. ☆

CHATELAINE HOUSEKEEPER'S DIGEST

Here's a new service for you from Chatelaine Institute—a condensed digest of household facts—a summary of new recipes—new flavoring ideas—unusual food combinations. Your copy is waiting for your request and will be sent free of charge. Write to

Miss Helen Campbell,
Director Chatelaine Institute,
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto

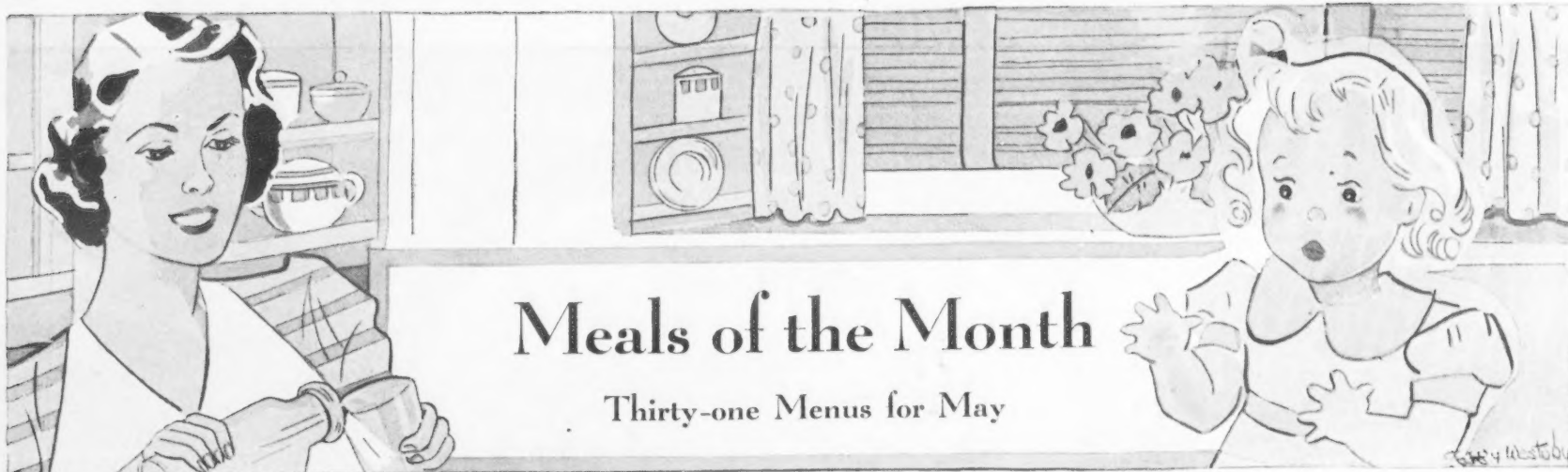
ALPHONSE AND GASTON



You can't shine at work or play if you're troubled with constipation. And common constipation is not a necessary evil. Too little bulk in your diet often causes it. Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a crisp, crunchy ready-to-eat breakfast cereal. It helps to supply the "bulk" you need, and is rich in Nature's intestinal tonic, Vitamin B₁. Eat ALL-BRAN every day. Drink plenty of water. Note how fine it feels to be "regular" again. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada. In two convenient size packages at your grocers.



Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN



Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for May

1 BREAKFAST Half Grapefruit Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea	LUNCH or SUPPER Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Brown Bread Prune, Peanut Butter and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	DINNER Shoulder Lamb Chops Boiled New Potatoes Green Beans Butterscotch Pudding with Chopped Nuts Coffee Tea	17 BREAKFAST Bananas Cereal Jelly Toast Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Chilled Canned Salmon Potato Salad Cocoanut Cup Custards Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	DINNER Consommé Cold Roast Lamb Au Gratin Potatoes Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
2 Chilled Prune Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Biscuits Sardine and Egg Salad Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Horse-radish Gravy Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Rhubarb Betty Coffee Tea	18 Half Grapefruit Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Waldorf Salad Graham Wafers Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Creamed Potatoes Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
3 Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Pears Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Jellied Grape Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	19 Apricots Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Pan-broiled Brook Trout with Lemon Potato Chips Sliced Bananas and Oranges Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Vegetable Plate (Noodle Ring with Creamed Mushrooms, Buttered Carrots, Asparagus) Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
4 Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Sliced Bologna Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Rice and Minced Beef Spinach Cup Cakes Coffee Carrots Fruit Sauce Tea	20 Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Casserole of Vegetables with Cheese Sauce Brown Bread Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Diced Fruits in Strawberry Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
5 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Fresh Scones Coffee Syrup Tea	Casserole of Asparagus and Hard-cooked Eggs Hard Brown Rolls Rhubarb Tea Macaroons Cocoa	Tomato Soup Pan-broiled Trout with Lemon French-Fried Potatoes Apricot Tart Pie Coffee Tea	21 (Sunday) Grape Juice Fish Cakes and Bacon Brown Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Devilled Eggs, Sardines, Lettuce and Tomatoes Rolls Angel Cake with Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Parsley Potatoes Fresh Spinach Chilled Rice Mold with Fresh Pineapple Coffee Tea
6 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Spanish Rice Jellied Fruit Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Green Salad Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea	22 Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Onion Soup Biscuits Club Sandwiches Ice Cream Tea Macaroons Cocoa	Sirloin Steak Hashed Brown Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Butterscotch Pudding with Chopped Nuts Coffee Tea
7 (Sunday) Orange Juice Savory Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken and Noodle Soup Biscuits Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Fresh Fruits Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Grilled Pineapple Slices Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Gingerbread Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea	23 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Hot Buttered Macaroni Canned Cherries Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Baked Potatoes Whole Kernel Corn Cottage Pudding with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
8 Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Creamed Pilchard on Toast Sweet Pickles Canned Plums Nut Bread (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Scalloped Corn Orange Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea	24 Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Head Lettuce Russian Dressing Biscuits Tea Jam Cocoa	Boiled Corn Beef Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea
9 Grapefruit Juice Grilled Smoked Herring Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Jellied Vegetable Molds Boiled Rice Tea Syrup Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Scalloped Potatoes New Cabbage Fresh Pineapple Sponge Drops Coffee Tea	25 Orange Halves French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Dill Pickles Fresh Pineapple Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash Chili Sauce Beet Greens Chocolate Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
10 Orange Halves Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Mulligatawny Soup Crackers Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Broiled Wing Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Banana Almond Custard Coffee Tea	26 Pineapple Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Spinach and Poached Eggs Brown Toast Stewed Prunes with Lemon Cakes (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Oven-fried Fillets of Haddock Baked Potato Slices Harvard Beets Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
11 Stewed Rhubarb Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Cole Slaw with Pimiento Brown Bread Prunes with Lemon Tea Cocoa	Small Rolled Veal Roast Browned Potatoes Baked Onions Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	27 Cereal with Dates Toast Bacon Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tomato Soup Biscuits Cooked Vegetable Salad Jellied Prunes Tea Cream Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Lima Beans Cole Slaw Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
12 Pineapple Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Tea	Mushroom Omelet Toast Rhubarb (from Thursday) Iced Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Steamed Cod Parsley Sauce Boiled New Potatoes Spinach Cherry Polypoly Pudding Coffee Tea	28 (Sunday) Orange and Lemon Juice Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Assorted Cold Cuts Green Salad Bowl Bran Muffins Chocolate Eclairs Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Asparagus Strawberries and Cream Light Cake Coffee Tea
13 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Veal Curry with Rice (use veal from Thursday) Lettuce Salad Blancmange with Jam Tea Cocoa	Grilled Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Coffee Jelly Whip with Cut Marshmallows Coffee Tea	29 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Grilled Liver Savory Rice Vanilla Rennet Custard with Shaved Nuts Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Green Beans Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
14 (Sunday) Rhubarb Juice with Orange Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Lobster Hot Rolls or Biscuits Celery Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Tongue Browned Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Ice Cream Chocolate Cake Coffee Tea	30 Orange Sections Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup Jellied Vegetable Molds Gingerbread with White Cream Cheese Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea
15 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Canned Pork and Beans Chili Sauce Apple Sauce Tea Cookies Cocoa	Swiss Steak Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets Fruit Cup Chocolate Cake (from Sunday) Coffee Tea	31 Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Casserole of Asparagus with Hard-cooked Eggs Canned Pears Gingerbread (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
16 Sliced Oranges Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Chicken Salad (canned) Biscuits Tea Cheese Cocoa	Shoulder Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Franconia Potatoes Beans Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month		

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added, if desired.) Add the cleaned fowl and the stock, bring to a boil and skim. Cover closely and simmer three to four hours. Half an hour before it is finished, add the washed prunes, if used. Season to taste with salt and pepper. To serve, put pieces of the fowl in the tureen or in soup plates and pour the unstrained soup over them.

A Canadian Version

- 4-6 Leeks, medium size
- Melted fat
- 1 Can of chicken broth
- 1 Can of bouillon
- 6 Prunes (optional)
- 1 Small can of chicken

Clean and prepare the leeks, cutting them into pieces, and cook lightly in the fat. Add the chicken broth and the bouillon, diluting according to directions on the can. Add the prunes, if used, cover tightly and simmer until leeks and prunes are tender. Add the canned chicken, heat thoroughly, season if necessary and serve in a tureen or in flat soup plates.

Trifle

- Ladyfingers
- Raspberry or strawberry jam
- Macaroons
- ½ to 1 Cupful of orange juice
- ¼ Cupful of blanched, shredded almonds
- Grated rind of half a lemon
- 2 Cupfuls of cold, thin custard
- 1 Egg white
- ½ Cupful of whipping cream
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
- Crystallized cherries and angelica

Split the ladyfingers, spread with jam and put the halves together again. Place a few in the bottom of a serving dish and arrange others along the sides. Add a layer of crumbled macaroons, moisten with the orange juice, and sprinkle with the almonds and lemon peel. Cover with the cold custard, and top with the beaten egg white and whipped cream which have been combined and sweetened with the sugar. Decorate with quartered crystallized cherries and strips of angelica.

Baked Ham Canadian

Select a mild-cured ham, wash and dry thoroughly. Place, rind side up, on a rack in a roasting pan and bake uncovered in a slow oven—275 to 300 deg. Fahr.—until done. The exact time depends on the type of ham selected and its size. A roast meat thermometer will keep you posted as to the degree of "doneness." About one-half hour before the ham is cooked, remove the rind, score the surface and cover with a thin paste made from sifted bread crumbs and maple syrup. Stick with whole cloves and return to the oven for about one-half hour, increasing the temperature to 400 or 450 degrees to brown the surface. ☆

Sturdy Healthy Bodies!



Watch your youngsters burn up energy. They need the right elements in their food to build up reserves and develop strong sturdy bodies. Mothers find a powerful ally in Ovaltine, because it contains in concentrated form, the needful nourishment for growing children. Ovaltine nourishes body, nerves and brain.

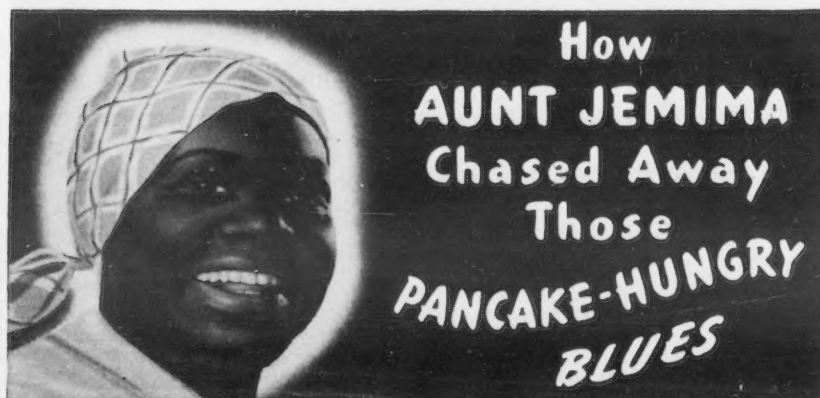
Added to hot milk it makes a delicious beverage that promotes sturdy growth, strong bones and sound teeth. Give Ovaltine to your children at meals, after school and at bedtime. Take it yourself, too, particularly at bedtime and see how it helps you to drop off quickly into a sound, restful sleep.



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Refrigerator Hints

Ice Chamber—In an electric or gas refrigerator this compartment is designed for the making and storing of ice cubes—plain or as fancy as you like to have them. It will freeze fruit juices—not too sweet—as a delightful addition to drinkable appetizers and cooling beverages. With the grids removed, the trays can be used for ice cream and suchlike desserts, and counted upon to do their duty by them. Individual portions of richer mixtures can be frozen, if you like, in slotted paper cups set in the tray and served just as they come from it. Adjust the temperature control for faster freezing according to the directions which come with your refrigerator, then turn it back to normal position.

Ice releases on this year's model make cube removal a simple thing, with no pulling, splashing, or waste of ice.

With an ice refrigerator, crystal-clear cubes can be cut from the block by means of an ingenious little gadget designed for this purpose. Hot or lukewarm water goes in the top section of the cuber. This sinks into the flat surface of the ice, marking it off in little squares ready for easy removal. The ice chamber is for ice alone, so don't be tempted to put food in here; it interferes with the refrigerator's efficiency. and, of course it's equally bad practice to cover the ice with newspaper or anything else.

Food Compartment—Constant cold between thirty-five and fifty degrees preserves milk, butter, meat, and all sorts of perishables, thereby saving you money and providing great convenience to the housekeeper. Though in a refrigerator with a Chatelaine Seal of Approval there is not much difference in temperature in the various sections of the food compartment, it pays to stock your shelves with some care. Tall bottles go in the space designed for them, less frequently used items have a place toward the back, reserving the easily accessible locations for those frequently needed. Above all things, don't overcrowd the

shelves, as this interferes with the circulation of air and the refrigerator's efficiency for its purpose. If you put in hot, or even warm foods, you must expect the refrigerator to cost more to run. You pay, too, in fuel or ice consumption for the privilege of leaving the door open while you wander about the kitchen. Naturally a mechanical refrigerator uses less power with the control in normal position: turn to "colder" when you want ice cubes in a hurry or are making a dish which demands quick freezing, but don't leave it there after your purpose is accomplished.

Ice refrigerators and some new electric models provide not only cold, but humidified air, which prevents drying out. Or you can preserve the moisture in the food by covering it. There are many covered containers for refrigerator use—oiled silk caps of different sizes for bowls, custard cups and milk bottles, oiled silk zippered envelopes for vegetables, meats, or what have you, and the reliable wax paper which gives protection to whatever foods require it. Most electric and gas refrigerators are provided with large covered containers for salad greens, and in the larger sizes there is often another for fruit that needs this kindly atmosphere.

With ample refrigerator storage you can prepare many dishes ahead of time, keeping them there until ready to serve or complete their cooking. And you can be prepared for any emergency by having on hand a roll of pastry or cookie dough, fruit syrups, salad dressings, and a variety of accessories to the meal, as well as the makings of all sorts of dishes.

Defrosting—A thick layer of frost cuts down the efficiency of your refrigerator. And there is no excuse for it when defrosting is merely a matter of turning a switch. There is no definite rule as to how often it should be done, but it's good practice to defrost when a quarter-inch-thick layer collects on the coils. ☆

Commonwealth of Flavors

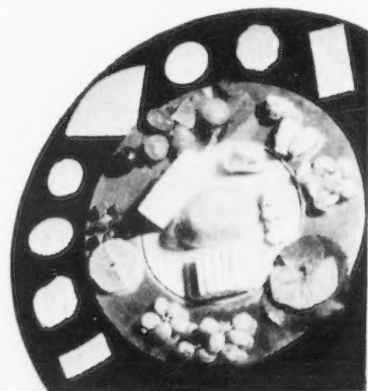
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Cock-a-Leekie Soup

The Real Scotch Way

- 1 Dozen leeks
- 1 Carrot
- 2 or 3 Stalks of celery
- 1 Fowl
- 2 Quarts of veal or beef stock
- 10 or 12 Prunes (if desired)
- Salt and pepper to taste

Use only the white part of the leeks, clean, trim and cut into lengthwise halves, then into one-inch pieces. Cut the carrot and celery into small pieces and put, with the leeks, into a large covered kettle. (The cut vegetables may be lightly cooked in melted fat before the remaining ingredients are



A smart cheese service with an interesting grouping of fruit and biscuits is favorite with every hostess—and her guests.

The Other Brother

Continued from page 16

"It's no matter, Everett. I'll throw some pebbles up. Bunny Hutchinson will let me in. Lord, I'm hungry! Why didn't we have a kitchen scene? A kind of orchestra piece, with vacuum cleaners for bass viols and washtubs for drums and—"

Everett looked at her. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his shirt was wringing wet from moving scenery, and his hands and arms were dirty and his face had a smudge across it. He smiled at her. "How can you, Alison, have the courage to imagine a new idea at this ghastly moment? Come on, I'm dead. Maybe I could raid our pantry."

Alison looked at Everett and shook her head, solemnly. "And how you've got the courage to think of you and me being caught by your mother, sitting in your kitchen munching a sandwich—what kind of sandwich, Everett?" "Cheese?"

"How about the chances on roast beef? I feel very wistful at the thought of roast beef."

"Maybe cold chicken."

"Oh, shut up!"

"We could stop at a diner."

"And get seen and reported and hauled up to the dean? Come on, Big Brother. Let's get going."

The old car made a hideous noise going up the hill in the dead night silence, so hideous a noise that they decided to walk the last bit to the dormitory. He stood beside her while she roused Bunny, and went with her to the side door to wait for Bunny to let her in. The folly of this occurred to neither of them, until the outside light was switched on and the door was opened upon the matron, standing there correct and disapproving in her dressing gown.

She said to Alison, "It is three-thirty, Miss Blake," and looking behind Alison, and seeing Everett, she shut the door in his face.

AT THE last minute Franklin and Margaret decided—they decided everything the last minute—to come. Everett's play Friday, Tony's meet Saturday—"After all Meg, they're the only boys we've got."

They drove, arriving just before dinner time. Laura tried to explain the absence of both boys, but they said, of course, how could they be expected to be there?

"Well, of course Anthony can't break training. But I couldn't get Everett. I do think he—"

"But his play goes on at eight."

"I know," Laura said. "But it's only a little high school exercise."

"Do we have tickets, or do we just go?"

Laura's eyes opened with surprise. "You mean you are going to the play? To a high school play?"

Franklin turned to James. "Sure we're going, high school play or no high school play. Don't you realize that Everett not only wrote the thing, but is putting it on with nothing but a bunch of high school kids to work with? I confess I'm curious to see what the boy can do with limited material like that. But then, that's my trade. James, you're going?"

"I guess I will. Laura?"

"Why—why certainly, James. Of course."

EVERETT TOOK a peek out the curtain. The room was rapidly filling, and with what? Why, of course! The high school students, a few parents, a teacher's face here and there. Who had he expected to be in his audience? Everett laughed aloud. After all, it wasn't a matter of life and death—this play to be given to a lot of high school students in the school auditorium. But he had worked as if it were.

"Everett!" Alison's breathless voice was in his ear. "I just couldn't get here before! I had to see the dean this afternoon, and then that stuffy-minded matron—I wanted to strangle her!"

"What happened, Alison? Are you on parole?"

"Sure thing. Got to be in by ten-thirty. Tell you later all about it. Want to see my girls now." She ran along down the stage, but turned suddenly to whisper loudly back, "The dean wants to see you in the morning. Eleven o'clock."

Everett whispered back at her. "Are you hopelessly compromised?"

"That's a mild word for it! Three-thirty a.m.? That's sin—in a big way!"

Everett looked at his watch. Eight o'clock. He took a last peek out of the curtain, his eyes sweeping the crowded room. It was then he saw them, Margaret, Franklin, his mother, his father! Was it possible? His father—his mother—Franklin—

He turned away, his heart thudding painfully. It was time. The eyes of the boys at the curtain watched him. He looked in the wings. The first actors were there, waiting, their eyes on him. He saw Alison. He said with his lips, Are you ready? and she nodded her head.

He turned to the little girl who was opening the scene. "Babette, what is your line?"

"Oh, sir, the night is dark without—"

"All right. Curtain!"

Really, it was amazing, thought Everett. Only high school kids and yet—Even the little fat comic was an unexpected hit; during rehearsals he had been inclined to giggle, but tonight he was solemn as an owl, swaying fatly to that tum-te-de-tum, te-de-tum, te-de-tum to which the melodrama was set.

The first act was done. Also the second act, with a stampede of applause and the cast and chorus before the curtain and the girls getting flowers and the principals taking their extra bows. One more act.

And then it was over. Just like that, it was done. A half-hour back Alison had come and whispered, "By, Brother. It couldn't have gone better. Madame Sherer was here," and he had whispered, "If it hadn't been for you—"

And now the last curtain was down but the wild clapping continued, for the cast, the dancers. Suddenly there were cries of "Author! Author!"

The program had said, "Written by members of the Senior Class," and he motioned to the committee to go on and take a bow. But they were surrounding him, pushing him on the

SISSY BREAKFAST, MY EYE!



SHE: But darling, I never knew you were such a Cream of Wheat fan!

HE: Neither did I—till you popped this bowl at me this morning. Always thought Cream of Wheat was just a kid's cereal—plumb forgot it tastes so good.

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Name

Address

The Bridge at High Leap

Continued from page 54

run. Mrs. Weekes caught her arm and wheeled in the road. Her fingers bit like iron as they ran together. She said hoarsely: "Is he after you, Mis' Hale? Is it Weekes? He'll kill the both of us. Drinkin' he was, mad drunk. He went for me, Mis' Hale, and Lonnie pitched into him—"

Charlotte gasped: "Is Lonnie all right? Where's Lonnie?"

"Took to the woods, Mis' Hale—we broke away and ran for the woods. And then I seen Weekes goin' up your road, and it come over me in a flash—she's all alone there—she's all alone—" She was pulling Charlotte with her, running swift and easy in the battered old tennis shoes that were apparently her only footwear, surely as though she saw with a cat's eyes. Their feet rang hollow on the bridge. The whole structure moved sickeningly beneath them, swayed with the fury of the flood, seeming to leap sideways. The pounding feet were close behind them now, so close they could hear heavy breathing and strangled sounds of rage and obscenity. And Charlotte's heel, striking the solid earth again, twisted under her and threw her full length in the stony road. The breath went out of her bursting lungs like a flame.

She heard Mrs. Weekes shriek wordlessly above her, and stooping, snatch up a broken branch. "I've got to get up—" Charlotte's mind was saying, over and over again, "I must get up—" She struggled to her knees.

With a last grand wild glare lightning revealed the world again. In that infinitely narrow space of time, lighted so fiercely it seemed to print itself on her sight in a sort of slow motion, she saw the wet road, and the unnatural yellow and livid green of fields, and the foam-splashed water hurling itself over High Leap, and the wind-torn trees, and the wide blackness of the night. And Mrs. Weekes like an avenging fury, her face illumined in a most dreadful laughter, her wild hair flying, with the heavy branch uplifted in her hand. And the bridge—Weekes running, lurching, across the bridge, as with a grinding and a shriek of timbers the flood tore it free.

Then everything vanished, and thunder rolled, and something that might have been a cry echoed thinly in the gorge.

HEADLIGHTS crept cautiously up the road. Charlotte rose dazedly to her feet, looking down at her muddled hands, her ruined dress, as though these were part of a stranger, revealed by the advancing glare. The car came close and stopped, and Johnny was in the road beside her, taking her in his arms.

"Charlotte—for heaven's sake—what's the matter? What are you doing here?"

Bob was out of the car now. He yelled like an Indian brave in sheer astonishment. "By jinks, Johnny! The bridge is gone!"

The headlights shone on torn stanchions, on broken beams; one wrenched log, like a despairing arm, lifted itself at the implacable edge of the falls. Mrs.

Weekes, her face set in a hard white mask, stepped into the path beside them. She still had the branch in her hand. Charlotte saw her look at it, curiously, impersonally almost, and then with a fierce gesture, fling it away from her into the woods beyond.

"The bridge is gone," she repeated the words after him in a flat dead voice. "And Lon Weekes with it—" The storm was dying away among the hills with disconsolate murmurings, but the vengeful river shouted triumphantly through the gap in the road. Old Bob snatched off his dreadful cap.

"By golly, Johnny!" he said in agitation. "The pore devil ain't got a chance—not a chance!"

"Charlotte," said Johnny again, both stern and anxious, "are you all right? I'd like to know what's happening here." He turned on Mrs. Weekes a fierce blue gaze. "What was your husband doing across my bridge, Mrs. Weekes?"

"I don't know what he was doin', Johnny Hale, except it was no good." She spoke defiantly, but then suddenly her face was working. "Oh, Mis' Hale, I didn't do it! Tell them I didn't do it! I went for to do it, Mis' Hale—it was in my heart to strike him down. I couldn't stand no more. Only the river struck first, and the river saved me; it saved Lonnie, Mis' Hale, from havin' his mother a murderess. Tell them I didn't do it, Mis' Hale!"

With a swift movement Charlotte caught and held the desperate, work-rough hands. "I know you didn't do it, Mrs. Weekes. And Lonnie's safe now, isn't he? That's the important thing."

They heard her draw her breath, in a slow deep sigh.

"He was a bad man, Lon Weekes. A bad husband to me, and a cruel bad father to Lonnie. And he come to a cruel bad end. This has been a strange night for you and me, Mis' Hale. Put the memory of it far away from you. But I got to remember, and mourn the days a long time ago, before things went wrong with us—when Lon Weekes was a fine tall young fellow like your man there, Mis' Hale, when we felt for each other as you and Johnny Hale feel now. That's what I'll be remembering—"

Her voice broke suddenly; she turned and ran from them. Charlotte called after her: "Mrs. Weekes! Mrs. Weekes!" but there was no answer. Only the sharp sound of a door closing.

Johnny said: "Leave her alone, darling. She's going to be all right. I've got to get you home."

Old Bob was standing by the truck, looking ruefully down the road. "By jinks, Johnny," he said. "It's gonna be a long hard drive round by the far road—"

"We'll make it," said Johnny shortly, helping Charlotte up into the driver's cab. She was conscious of an unspeakable exhaustion, a longing to rest safely against his stalwart body. She wanted to get back to the house, to the deep security of its four walls—

And they were going home. ☆

MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH

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You'd never believe you could make such a gorgeous chocolate pie as this in such double-quick time. Just try it — with Chocolate Fancy Free. You can make all sorts of tempting things — pies, tarts, desserts with the easy recipes contained in each package.

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SHIRRIFF'S FANCY FREE

A CREAMY PUDDING with "SEALED IN" Flavour

EVERETT WOKE early the next morning and lay for a while, wondering what it was, besides the spring sunlight, that so flooded him with a sense of well-being. Then he remembered.

He bounded from his bed, said, "Ouch!" to a lot of aching muscles, and stretched himself in the soft morning air. How good the world was! Up on the hill were Alison, and Franklin and Margaret, and an oak tree watching for him to return to his window. And there, too, was Tony, with this magnificent day for his big try. By tonight Anthony would hold the world record for the pole vault. And he was going to the meet with Alison.

And there was the dean to see, he mustn't forget that. He'd snatch a bite of breakfast, put his stuff in the car, and be on the campus well by eleven.

"Come on, Jerry, you lazy bum! Get off my bed and get your clothes on!"

Just before eleven o'clock he drove the car into the home yard and shut off the engine. He looked up at the window of his room, and fancied even that the oak tree rubbed its branches together to welcome him back. Jerry bounded off the load with a yelp, and the oak welcomed him back also. With an admonition to Jerry to stay where he was, Everett went whistling down the walk for his appointment with Dean Hazel.

Dean Hazel was a pleasant person, small, with intelligent brown eyes. In another job, Everett had often thought, she might be considered human.

"I'm not blaming you, in this instance . . . you and your brother have not made it easier for Alison . . . talent and courage . . . a background and experience that make it continually difficult for her . . . escapade like this is bound to be misconstrued. Officially, I have to . . . Whereas Alison is really one of the nicest . . ."

Alison is really one of the nicest of girls. Everett went out into the warmth and sun of the campus with a kind of singing in his heart.

Streams of students were hurrying to twelve o'clock class, just as always. But today there was release in the air. Students were already selling big colored feathers to wear in one's hat. He bought two, and a program, reading as he went along the names of boys he knew. When he looked up, smiling, strange faces smiled back. With his red feathers and his program he was one with them, part of the pattern; they needed to know no more than that.

He crossed over the green campus and sat on the steps of memorial arch, leaning his head back against the warm stone. The chimes struck the quarter hour, the half hour, the quarter to, but Everett sat content, thinking of little. He had accomplished something; he had earned the right to sit.

WITH COMPLETE simplicity the student body had put its mind into Saturday cold storage. Everett, walking beside Alison in her yellow jacket and white skirt, felt with her, and all that streaming crowd of which they were a part, that pleasant animal tension that precedes an athletic event. It was as if all of them were involved; each of them, sitting in the grandstands, was to feel that heroic

effort of leap before the jump, that last straining to breast the tape. Everett's heart began beating heavily. For it was, as Everett knew well, one thing for Tony to break a record in private; it was quite another to break it, with only three tries, before hushed and waiting thousands.

Alison was equally nervous. She was quiet, her eyes a little unseeing. As they passed the building where the men's lockers and showers were, she hesitated. She looked up at Everett almost appealingly.

"Hunt up Tony, won't you, Big Brother? So we can wish him luck?"

He found Anthony, dressed in his white running trunks and his yellow sweater, just lacing his shoes.

"Alison?" Tony's eyes, surprisingly dark today, looked up quickly at Everett, but didn't seem to see him. His strong fingers gave a quick tie to his laces and he was shouldering his way through the crowd of half-dressed athletes. On the sidewalk he grasped Alison's elbows, looking down at her, heedless of the passing students who, knowing him by sight and by reputation, turned curious eyes.

"It's just to wish you good luck, Tony," Everett heard her say.

"If I make it—we'll go on a bust, shall we?"

Alison laughed softly, but Everett, watching with a curious dead feeling of weight upon him, saw that her eyes couldn't leave Anthony's and that her manner too, heedless of passers-by, was absorbed, compelled by his.

"When you make it, Tony, you'll belong to the world."

Then she gripped Tony's hand hard, looking up into his face, and then she was again beside Everett.

Tony's eyes, following her, lifted to Everett's, and he smiled, a tight smile. He said, "Luck, Tony. You'll make it." He would have done more, crossed to his brother, gripped his shoulder, but someone called out to Tony, and he turned. Then he and Alison were walking away.

He couldn't look at her. He could feel that she had forgotten him. For three months he had been happy, content with her association, her affection. Now here it was again, this bitter, futile longing, this violent emotion that pushed its consuming way over all that had been so normal and good. And it wasn't just Alison that he wanted; almost more he had wanted, on this most important day of Anthony's life, that it should have been he, Everett, his brother, whose word of good luck Anthony had looked for. There were brothers like that. Instead of that, he was outside the consciousness of both of them.

He felt a sense of shame, of deep disappointment in himself that robbed the bright consequence of the afternoon of its importance. It stood between him and the first straining eager runners hurdling their bars with such frantic necessity. For weeks of almost daily communication with Alison he had been natural, talkative, at ease, sure of the knowledge of her affection for him and his for her. Now he stood or sat beside her silent, or at best perfunctory, flattened by the sense of his unimportance. Once in a while, as event followed event, he could feel Alison's eyes on him, considering.

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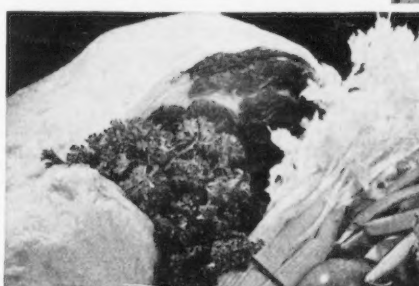


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stage, before the footlights. "They are calling for you! Go on! Go on!"

He went on, uncertainly, for he was sure the audience didn't expect him. At the wave of applause he stopped a little awkwardly. The lights dazzled him. He could see nothing but white faces and clapping hands. He smiled, he bowed. The wave of applause increased, and there were a few cries of "Marbury! Marbury!" He bowed again, and backed off the stage.

"It wasn't for me!" he said to Bill Stoddard. "They wanted you boys."

"They—did—not!" shouted Bill, and suddenly he was surrounded by a lot of people, cast, teachers, youngsters, crowding around him, crying out things to him, going away and giving place to others. The curtain had gone up; friends and relatives were climbing over the footlights. The principal was there, shaking his hand and congratulating him, and the chairman of the school board, and the superintendent. And beyond, coming nearer, were the faces of Margaret and Franklin, his mother, his father. But most clearly he saw the face of his father, smiling at him.

He heard his voice greeting them, making proper introductions, heard Franklin say, "It was darn good. Darn good." The students at once ceased to burst themselves against him, but he was still distracted by their faces smiling at him, their gestures pointing him out to relatives, their hands waving at him surreptitiously. From somewhere he heard his mother's voice, "Yes, it was good . . . Yes, my older boy . . . The Settlement House itself should . . ." But he was warmly aware of Margaret's fingers holding his.

He spoke to them all.

"I'm sorry Miss Blake couldn't stay. She deserves as much credit as I. But it was three-thirty when we got done last night, and she got caught getting in the dorm and so—"

The principal laid his hand on his arm. "You were the one that did this job, Marbury. I've been telling President Marbury and Professor Forbes—why didn't you tell me your uncle was Franklin Forbes? No wonder you have talent for this sort of thing! I was telling them, and I am glad of this opportunity to tell you, that I have seen in very few teachers more power to bind students together, more ability to get response, than you have shown in the little time you have been here. You prove your heritage." He looked at President Marbury, and at Franklin. "Your presence here has honored us. I am glad we had something so unusually worth while to show you."

Everett was touched. Stuff? Yes, but—He looked at the four faces, his eyes lingering long on Franklin's, on his father's. "Thank you, sir," he said.

Franklin spoke. "It was darn good. Darn good! It's given me an idea."

And his father's voice was in his ear. "Now, son, what about coming home? With your shield. Your mother and I—"

He turned to him. "I will, dad. Tomorrow. Tomorrow morning."

Distantly he heard his mother's voice. "Yes, a world's record, if he makes it."

"He'll make it," said Everett, smiling at his father.



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him success when others failed. How childish was last night compared to this—these pouring thousands, the noise already of electric instruments ticking the message all over the world. All over the world would be persons to whom the name of Anthony Marbury would mean something.

"I knew he would. He succeeds, Alison. He succeeds in a way I never will."

The tears cleared from Alison's eyes. In an instant they were angry eyes, glaring at him. She stamped her foot.

"How can you, Everett! Anthony's one great day of all his life! To begrudge it to him!"

"Begrudge it? Alison—no!"

"You do! I don't care—it's childish to be jealous!"

He stared at her, and her eyes, staring into his, answered him. "I don't care," she said again, at last, but less certainly. "Think what you like! I care about him! I'm proud of him! He's asked me to marry him! You might as well know!" And then, as if something drove her that she could not bear to think of, she turned and ran away from him, leaving him standing there.

It was as if a cloud had come over the day, darkening it. Everett, looking down at the thousands of heads streaming past him, at the far distant tangle that was Anthony's bodyguard, now the head of a procession, could feel about the whole thing no sense of reality. This was a picture, a story, one of the endless scenes of his own

imagining. This wasn't actually he, Everett, standing alone here, while everybody in the world was pouring away from him. This was the way he always thought it was; it couldn't really be so.

Aimlessly he made his way down the stands, toward home. Margaret and Franklin were leaving immediately. He must get back and say good-bye to them. He wondered if he could ever get his face, his words, enough unfrozen to say adequate things about Anthony. Was it true, as Alison had said, that he honestly didn't feel them? But he did! Only his heart was crying, Alison! Alison!

But coming out of the stadium gate he bumped right into Franklin and Margaret. And with a wrench that he could feel bodily, he forced himself to be adequate. And yet for all his effort he could feel how stilted his words were. He could see it in Margaret's quick look, in Franklin's grave eyes. Yet he wanted to cry out at them: I wanted Tony to win! More than anything in the world I wanted it! But Tony's getting Alison!

At home at last. There on the porch stood his father and his mother. He must try again. He was living in a nightmare. Yet even he, even from this distance, could perceive that his mother was in a state of mind. She was angry. Now what? thought Everett.

Laura stood on her doorstep, facing the three as they approached.

"Everett—please, James, don't

☆ Continued on page 77



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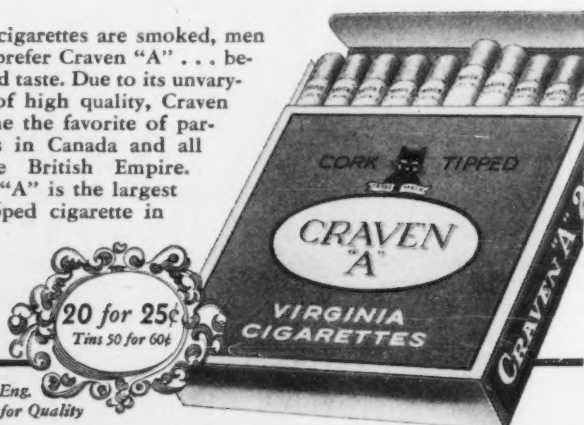


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Finally she said, "What are you doing, Big Brother? Talking to yourself? I had thought this last three months that you had given that up."

He looked at her, surprised out of himself. "Talking to myself? What do you mean?"

She looked at him, and then away. "You know very well what I mean," she said.

And did she with equal intuition know what it was that he was saying to himself?

BUT WHILE he was painfully considering this, the contestants for the pole vault came out on the field; and as one man the stands rose. Everett's throat choked up. They were honoring Anthony. They stood a moment. The drums rolled clamorously. Then everyone sat again, and the meet went on—the broad jump, the high jump, the discus throw, the shot putt, the two mile. It was early obvious that the university would win the meet.

But Everett lost all sense of other events in the field. He saw only his brother. That chap down there was Anthony, his brother. It seemed to Everett almost as though his body passed into that of his brother, so painful was the desire to be some help to Anthony. Like a magnet he was; but he needed no help from anyone. When he pulled the yellow sweater over his head and soared over the bar, it was with a simple ease that put the labored efforts of his fellow contestants to shame. This was form; this was the precision gained by the few who could make each nerve, each pound of muscle, function perfectly in perfect timing. This was Anthony.

The voice of the announcer, filling the stadium from the loud-speakers, hushed the crowd a moment.

"The pole vault is now at thirteen feet, nine inches."

And at that point, there was no one to clear it but Anthony. For Anthony it was just a soaring, easy flight, that was all.

Suddenly everything was finished. The announcer stepped to the microphone, and the crowd was still as his slow voice filled the stadium.

"Anthony Marbury will now attempt—to clear the bar—at fifteen feet—to make a new pole-vault record. The present record—is fourteen feet, eleven inches. The bar is now—at fourteen feet—three inches."

But that, too, was easy for Anthony; though that was the Olympic record.

Everett's heart began beating heavily. Somewhere in that crowd were his mother and father, Margaret and Franklin, even Bevan and Annabelle and Joan. Were they all trembling, as he was trembling? Beside him, too, was Alison, absent from her own body, projected into Anthony's. And these were only the beginning. All around him were thousands of people intent now on one thing: that Anthony Marbury could lift that graceful and powerful body of his an inch higher than had yet been done. Fourteen-six; fourteen-ten—

"The bar stands at fifteen feet, one inch."

So this was it. The stands rose, silently, pitched to a point of anguish. Everett forgot Alison, he forgot the crowds, he forgot even himself. Down

below him in that hot arena stood his brother, in white trunks and shirt, pole poised in hand, looking at the bar.

For an age, it seemed to Everett, Anthony stood there, his pole steady, his eyes on that bar. Around him everything was motionless, silent, intent upon him. And then he was away; he was lifting himself up, up—but whether from bad timing, or from strain, his leg caught the bar as he cleared it, and it came clattering down upon him as he fell.

The ache in Everett became suffering. Tony, you must do it, he was crying.

And again Tony was standing, looking up at the bar. Again he was balancing his pole, again he was running; but this time he made no effort to jump, but ran under the bar, and so back to his start. A feeling of suffocation came over Everett. Was Anthony losing his nerve?

And now again Anthony stood. Three tries he had; down the stands all these people prayed tensely. He stood a few moments, scraping his feet in the dirt, resting, preparing himself. He took up his long pole, rubbing his hands around it. He took his place, and stood a moment, trailing his pole, his eyes on the bar.

His father, in his select seat in front of that bar, looked at his son. My Hellenic son, he thought; how strange. Beside him Laura was faintly sobbing. He took her hand. Like his own, it was trembling.

And now Anthony was gathering himself up.

HE TOOK the pole, balancing it, pointing it like a lance. He gathered himself to run, his eyes on the bar. Was this only an athletic event, or was this a Greek stadium in which a tall blond youth, as curly headed as any Greek, was proving that the human will and nerve and body can combine together to do what has not been done before?

He was off! Lance pointed, long legs driving him, he was down the stretch, the pole was driven in and his long body was rising, rising, in a swift clean arc. There was that awful moment at the top of the bar—what looks like a long pause, as one leg follows the other lazily over the bar, the pole is dropped, the whole body rolls over the bar, and drops—drops—

Anthony, falling on his knees, looked up to see. Everett could see him looking before he thought to look himself. The bar rested, untouched. Before he moved, men with steel tape were running forward, verifying this new record.

With a rising cry, the whole student body began flowing across the field, down the aisles, piling over the seats, crowding their way irresistibly into that milling arena. In a moment Anthony was lost in tossing heads, and then his head appeared, higher than any, as they lifted him to their shoulders.

Alison turned to Everett. She was crying, openly, but with gladness in her eyes. "He made it! Isn't it wonderful? He made it!"

That's it, thought Everett, the thought cutting like a clean knife. Anthony made it. Anthony could put out that last ounce that could raise him above his fellows, that could give

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The Other Brother

Continued from page 75

interfere—I am thoroughly indignant with you—thoroughly out of patience!"

"Mother, what in the world is it?"

"What is it? What is it? Everett—how can you stand there and answer me like that? Four different women have spoken to me of it, just now, coming from the meet! The town is full of it. Even, it seems, your father knows about it. I seem to be the only one that didn't know! I mean, as you well know, your being out till daylight with that Alison Blake! Alison Blake! After all I've said!"

"Laura." It was his father. "I do know. And it was not important."

Laura flared around at him. "Not important? If this isn't important, what is?"

"Mother, please—"

Laura flashed back at him. "So that was why you left home—to be free to hang around with this girl! For months! Oh—I've heard. Now. Five minutes ago. She went to your rooming house—regularly! Oh—it's disgraceful—from beginning to end!"

"Mother—we practiced—"

"Laura." James Marbury's voice was peremptory. "This is Everett of whom you are speaking. You should be the first to listen to him, not condemn him before he has even had a chance to explain."

But Laura was past listening. She turned back to her husband. "Explain what? That girl! That cheap girl! She's been determined from the beginning to get her clutches on one of the boys. Oh—you don't understand these things! You've never understood Anthony! You always say that he, not Everett, is the one that takes things easily—yet look what he's done today! A world record—a record better than anyone else in the world can do!"

"Laura, I'm the last to—"

"It's because Anthony's always been a good boy—lovable, easy to handle, doing what we wanted—that you've never given him credit for what he is. Well, is it a sin to be lovable, to try to do what we want—to be able to do things easily and cheerfully, and well? He knows this girl, but it's not he that's mixed up with her, I'll have you notice that!"

Laura had begun to run down, exhausted by her own feelings. Margaret said, "Laura, we'll just have to go. We won't get home till midnight as it is."

They turned together and got into their car, but Margaret's eyes rested now wholly on Everett. He came around to her side of the car, and leaning in the window looked straight at her, and said, "I just want you to know something. Tony has asked Alison to marry him. She told me after the track meet today."

She put out both her hands and caught his. "Oh, Everett," she said.

But he couldn't stand any more. He broke away from the car window and started crosslots away from the house. Just somewhere, up the woods hill, perhaps, where the dogwood might be still in bloom. He had been too busy to go and see. Too busy—too busy—He said the words over and over in his mind, till they fitted into the rhythm



"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail! . . . Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"



Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure . . . your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."



"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it . . . and it didn't work. Aw shucks! . . . But wait—got an idea . . . Johnson's Baby Powder!"



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- ① **Outdoor exercise and play:** Sunlight, fresh air, and exercise are the best tonics for your children. Play develops muscles and the ability to meet competition.
- ② **Correct clothing:** Tight, constricting clothing is unhealthful. Watch your fast-growing children carefully. Be sure clothes, and especially shoes, are big enough.
- ③ **Plenty of sleep:** School-age children should sleep at least ten hours a day with windows open and light though warm coverings.
- ④ **Cleanliness:** Thorough washing with hot water and soap before meals. Hair combed neatly. Regular baths. Teeth brushed at least twice a day and inspected by a dentist twice a year.
- ⑤ **Proper diet:** Nothing is so essential to the health of your children as a well-rounded diet. Be sure this includes plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, and, of course, whole wheat.

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THE BABY CLINIC

by J. W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D.

WHY DO BABIES CRY?

THERE IS always a reason for the baby's cry. He may be hungry; he may be in pain. He may be too cold or too hot, or he may be tired from lying in one position. He may, though not usually, be spoiled. Babies are not born spoiled, yet some of them cry during their early days in the world. Let us not hastily condemn the crying baby. Let us rather analyze his possible complaints.

The well baby is usually happy and content. He rarely cries without due cause. The crying baby may have his abdomen filled with gas. Just as a gas-filled abdomen will make you, an adult, uncomfortable, so with the baby. Sometimes setting him upright against one's body and patting him on the back, will bring up the wind and give him relief. A warm, soapy water enema, given with a rubber bulb syringe, will usually bring the gas down. A small dose of milk of magnesia will do the same thing.

Half smothered in a deep basket, in an overheated room where the air is dry and irritating, is enough to make a baby cry. The more he cries the hotter he gets. Take him up and make him more comfortable. At times he will enjoy being stripped in a warm room and allowed freely to kick his limbs. Babies, like adults, get tired lying for a long time on their backs. Change of position will often stop the crying.

Prickly heat and scalded buttocks frequently are causes of crying. Delicate-skinned babies are irritated by woollen garments. Incorrect feeding, under- or over-feeding, will make the baby fret. Wet napkins are a common cause of crying.

Babies suffer many ills and the only way they have of telling us of these ills is by crying. There may be earache, or a stuffed nose from a cold. Babies do not cry because they have tempers inherited from the parents. Sometimes they cry because the mother is too fussy with them. They are taken up to be soothed on the slightest occasion.

When the baby cries, investigate what may be the cause. Crying is a distress signal. The signal should be heeded.

Your Question Box

Question—My two boys, aged three and six, have threadworms. Please advise a treatment.—Mrs. K. E. L., Vancouver, B.C.

Answer—Obtain six powders, each containing one grain each of santonin and calomel. Give one of these to each boy every other night and clear out the bowels with milk of magnesia next morning. It is helpful to wash out the lower bowel with warm limewater. Most important it is to have the children wear closed drawers so that the fingers are kept away from the parts. If this is not done, the eggs of the

worms get under the nails and are swallowed, keeping up the infestation. This is why otherwise good remedies fail. If there is itching, apply a little "white precipitate" ointment to the parts.

☆☆

Question—I hear a lot about toxoid in the newspapers, and just lately our health officer sent out a request that mothers should have their children toxoided. What is it all about?—Mrs. J. P. K., Vegreville, Alta.

Answer—The use of toxoid prevents children from having diphtheria. It is given by injection of a few drops of diluted toxin (perfectly harmless) under the skin once every three weeks, for three doses. The campaign for toxoiding has spread all over Canada, the United States and other countries, with the result that diphtheria is rapidly disappearing. You should waste no time in having your children treated. The use of toxoid will make them proof against diphtheria.

☆☆

Question—We have no pasteurized milk in this village. Can you tell me a simple way in which I might pasteurize the milk for my children?—Mrs. C. A. G., Blenheim, Ont.

Answer—If you have a double boiler you may readily pasteurize the domestic supply of milk. Heat the milk in the boiler to 145 deg. Fahr., hold at this temperature for thirty minutes, and then rapidly cool the milk to forty or fifty deg. Fahr., keeping it at the latter temperature until used. The foregoing procedure will make the milk safe for use.

☆☆

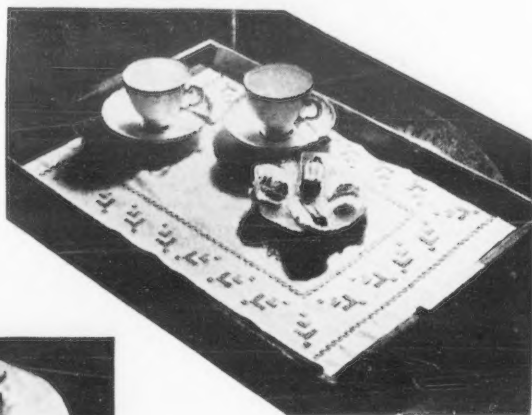
Question—Please tell me some of the signs of tuberculous meningitis. What is its cause, and what can be done for it?—Mrs. J. T. W., Sydney, N.S.

Answer—Tuberculous meningitis is the form of tuberculosis which attacks the covering membrane of the brain. It is a disease chiefly of children and frequently arises through the use of raw milk from tuberculous cows. It usually begins with loss of weight and strength, evening fever and digestive troubles. Then follows change of character, inattention and headache. This period may last for weeks or months, with remissions of improvement. In the second stage there are vomiting, headache and constipation. The child may cry out suddenly. He becomes prostrated and restless with high fever and rapid pulse. There is no cure. Tuberculous meningitis is prevented to a great extent by the use of pasteurized milk. ☆

New Handicrafts

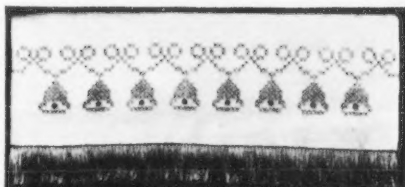
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C660—Blouse front. Stamped on white, cream, green, maize or Wedgwood blue linen, with instructions for making and cottons for working. Price, 75 cents.



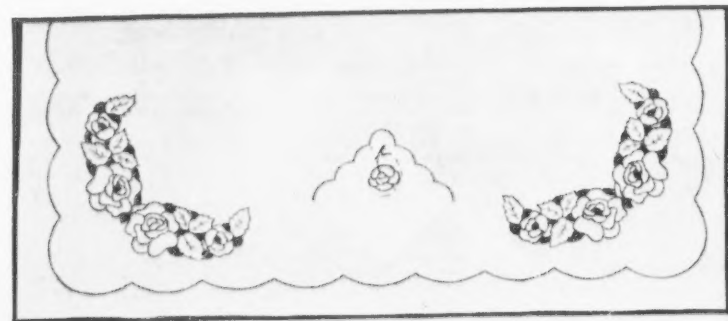
C662—Wedding bells cheerily ringing for the June bride. Fingertip towels—stamped on fine white linen, 13 x 18 inches. Tiny hems are required down each side and a single row of hemstitching or double machining before fringing. Price per pair, 50 cents; cottons in blue and gold, 5 cents.



C645—Daffodil runner in cross stitch, to be worked in yellow, gold and green. Stamped on white or cream Irish linen, 22 x 45 inches—hems may be either hemstitched or machined. Price 85 cents; cottons 20 cents.



C658—The same lovely rose design is carried out on these pillowcases and towels, and the luncheon set below, and it may be in cutwork or plain embroidery. The pillowcases are stamped on finest circular linen-finished cotton, 42 x 36 inches, \$1.25 per pair; the towels on finest white linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, \$1.00 per pair. Cottons, 15 cents.



C657—Rose luncheon set in either cutwork or plain embroidery. This really beautiful spray of roses may be worked in shades of rose, talisman or yellow, with green leaves and scallops. Stamped on heavy white, cream or ivory-white linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes priced \$1.65; the 45-inch set \$2.25; cottons, 25 cents. Please state color of linen and cottons.

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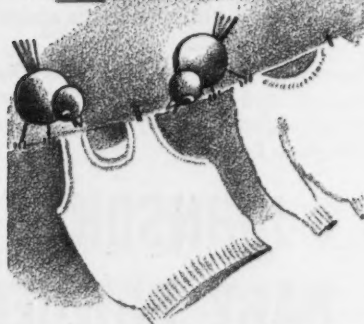


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of last night's play. He hummed it, tum-te-de, tum-te-de, as he went along. Anything, but not to stop and think, or feel, or be. Jerry, seeing him go, abandoned his back-yard bone and galloped joyously after; and Margaret, looking at that striding boy through tears, saw that though the dog pushed his wet nose into the boy's hand, the hand did not respond.

Franklin, seeing her tears, backed the car hastily out of the yard, patting her hand. "Oh, it's not that," she told him. "Laura doesn't matter to him now. He just told me—Anthony is marrying Alison. Franklin, think of it! Brothers—and the same girl! Oh, why did it have to happen! And if it did have to happen, why couldn't she have sense enough to take the other brother? I would have, Franklin, even at her age."

"He makes me think of myself, at his age," said Franklin, slowly.

"He epitomizes all of us!" Margaret's voice was blurred with tears. "It's because he's transparent, like a mirror, and we see clearly in him that sense of inadequacy, of failure, that all of us must feel about ourselves, sometimes. Even when we aren't failures at all, any more than he is."

"No," said Franklin, still slowly. "He's not a failure. And I don't think he will be. But he's sure riding the bumps."

James Marbury, shut in his study, looked onto a green campus crowded with mulling, cheering students. My son Anthony: he may never again be so considerable a person. Everett—This summer he and Everett would go abroad together. Alone. The two of them. Switzerland—tramping—Before it was too late he must be friends with this other son who was so like himself that it hurt.

IT WAS eleven o'clock when Everett again walked up the front walk of his home. He crept softly up the stairs.

On his pillow was a note. "Alison Blake has called up three times. She wants you to call her, no matter how late. She is hardly what I would call considerate."

She had called three times—and over his mother! He jerked the receiver from its hook.

"Alison?"

"Oh, Everett! I wanted so to see you! But it's too late, now. But I wanted to tell you—"

"Alison, you're crying!"

"Yes, dear. I've cried till I'm sick. I've tried ever since the meet to get you. I just couldn't bear it, Everett, that I had said something to hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you for anything! You know I understand you're crazy about Tony, don't you? And I know you weren't begrudging him his success. I don't know what got into me! It's just that sometimes—it makes me feel badly, seeing how you—how you make people misunderstand you. But I'm not one of those, and I shouldn't have spoken as I did. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Why, Alison! My dear, can't I see you for a minute?"

Across her tears he could hear her broken laughter. "After my faithful word of honor to the dean? But I couldn't sleep till I had told you. I just couldn't bear it that I had hurt you."

And did she think that was all the hurt she had dealt him?

"Everett?"

"Yes, dear."

"We're friends?" Her voice was pleading.

"Of course, Alison. Always."

"You sound a little—short with me."

"I'm not. I—" But he couldn't say, I love you. Not now. The chance had gone. Only last night he could have said it. It was only last night he had been so happy! Now he couldn't even say, please talk to me a little. Please comfort me for just a minute more.

"Good-night, Everett."

"Good-night, Alison."

That was all. And Everett, putting his head down on his desk in the quiet dark, did what he had kept from doing all day. He wept.

BUT IT was nothing to Alison's tears. She could not check them, as she crept back from the hall into her bed and pulled up the covers. She buried her head in her pillow, hoping to hide from Joan the sound of them. Joan's frozen silence, day after day after day, her icy politeness, the knowledge that she had injured Joan, these things were all, tonight, too much for Alison.

She said softly, "Joan?"

Joan said coldly, "Yes?" and then, not able to control the storm in her, she said, "Why pick on Everett? Tony's at least a match for you, and knows his way around. Because after all, no matter what you think, that's what Tony's doing—just playing you along, that's all. Giving you a ride. Some day he'll just drop you off. But Everett, poor simpleton—he hasn't any more brains than to believe you're just really wonderful."

Alison said, sharply, her tears forgotten, "He's not a simpleton!"

"Oh, yes, he is! He's just fool enough to let you string him along, being a dummy for you while you try to ring in Tony. Well, don't kid yourself that Tony doesn't see through you!"

Joan flung herself up in bed, her face turned hatefully in Alison's direction, her voice spitting out at her. "You've been jealous of me—you've hated me—ever since school began. You've hated me, because my father paid your expenses to school. You've been just small enough, and mean enough, to try to take it out on me. Well—you haven't succeeded. Tony's laughed about you to me—many's the time. He sees you as the rest of the school sees you—a cheap dancer, strutting herself around."

Alison was sitting up in bed, too. Her voice across the dark was deadly cold. "I see. Then it may interest you to know that Tony has asked me to marry him."

"To marry him!" Joan's voice was a gasp. Sitting up in bed, she was, even in the darkness it was plain, like one stricken. She cried out against it. "You're lying!"

"Am I?" said Alison.

But all Joan's pride was in the dust. She began crying, suddenly, her face twisted in the half dark. "How long ago? Why didn't you tell me? Oh, there's something horrible about you—horrible! How could you do this to me—what have I ever done to you!"

☆ To be Continued

DOES BOTTLE BOTHER BABY?

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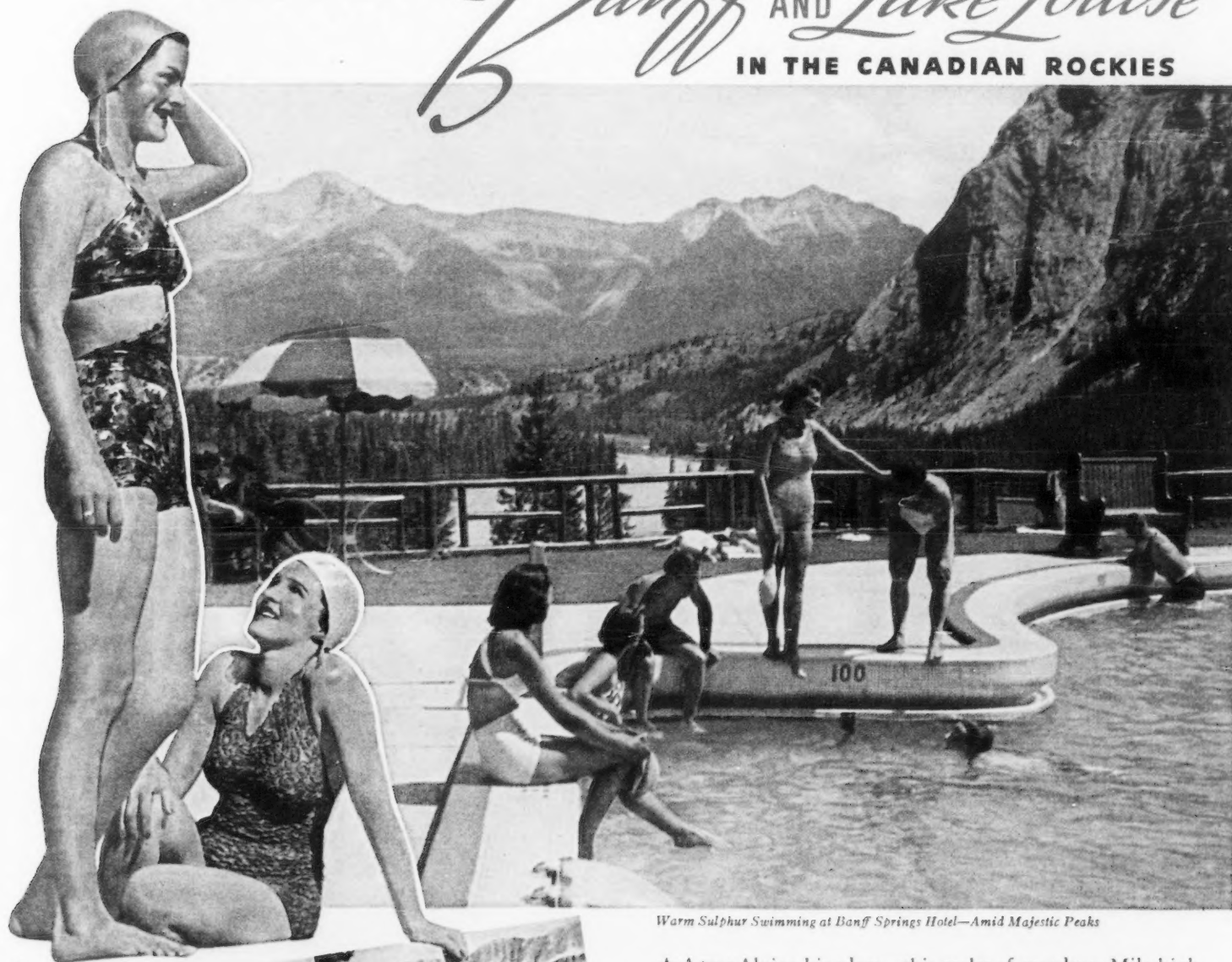


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As an Editor Sees it —

by **BYRNE HOPE SANDERS**



THIS ROYAL VISIT ISSUE

So there it is in your hands, complete. The Royal Visit Souvenir Issue, in this month of May, 1939.

It's been an absorbing task preparing it. Plans were started before Christmas. Hundreds of photographs have been studied to find the most effective ones to tell our story. Hundreds of articles, news stories and features have been read to form a background of knowledge from which to select the points most likely to interest you.

From all this study certain facts have emerged very clearly.

It's interesting to see, for instance, that every writer seems impressed with the sincerity which marks Their Majesties, and with the realization that they have submerged their own personal inclinations to the service of their people.

Writers in many countries, too, pay continual tribute to the Queen as a particularly fine helpmeet for her husband, in public as well as home life. From the millions of words written about her, emerges the fact that the Queen is genuinely interested in her demanding role as Queen of England. I was struck by the fact that in all the hundreds of photographs I've seen, nearly all of them news photographs taken while the Queen was pursuing her work in public life — never once did she look weary, or bored. When you think of it, you realize that a man can walk through public duties with an aloof dignity. But the people demand a vitally human reaction from a woman. The Queen has the instinctive ability to show her very real interest in all that affects the people of the Empire.

The little Scots girl who once patted her dog at a garden party and was snapped by a casual photographer — you'll see the picture on page twenty-one — has grown into a very great lady.

GERANIUMS IN TOMATO CANS

What, I wonder, will be the most lasting impressions of the King and Queen as they travel across the Dominion? Coming from an England with over four hundred people to a square mile, most of us would take for granted that the magnificence of the empty distances will be one of them. The approach to Canada, up the immensities of the St. Lawrence, with the little paper-cut-out villages in white, spotted along the river's edge, will surely be another. And as the train sweeps through the seemingly endless forests of Northern Ontario, will they note, too, the repeated grace notes of the little clearings scooped out of the bush, in which a little shack is set, a line of washing flutters impudently to the forest's edge — and a woman and her children wave in poignant salutation? Perhaps it will be the calm serenity of the prairie horizons — or the lavish growth of British Columbia — which they will remember most.

Maybe, womanlike, the Queen will notice one of the little things which has always an appeal for me — the eternal sprouting of the geraniums in the windows of isolated homes from Halifax to Vancouver. The geranium, it seems to me, should be the national flower of the home-loving women of Canada. In the little shacks of the Northern bush, in the homes of the prairies, behind the panes of glass in cabins set high in the mountains, you see the gallant, sturdy geranium plants, turning insistently to the sun. As one passes, with this homely symbol in the window, one knows that here again is a woman, making a home, with the eternal love of growing things in her heart. Even in the unbelievable desolation of Turner Valley, where every green thing has faded before the flaring gases, I saw geraniums blooming behind the windows of little homes.

Sturdy, adaptable, colorful, ever ready to grow in new soil and find the sun, the geranium has about it much of the spirit of Canadian women. Perhaps that is why they love it so well.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CHEER?

As the King and Queen ride by the particular square foot of Canada where you are standing — what will you be doing? Cheering, waving — or just staring?

We're not a demonstrative people. We're not used to Royalty. Our processions are usually spectacles, and we watch them pass with silent interest.

The King and Queen are used to massed crowds, who are accustomed, for generations, to showing their love and fealty in cheering. Every time they appear in public they are met by crowds who shout their welcome as naturally as they crane forward to get the best view.

Is there a chance that in all the preparation for the Royal Visit in your own particular community everything will be attended to but the need for pointing out to the people how much it will mean to the King and Queen to hear their welcome?

PERSONALITIES OF THE ISSUE

There was, actually, such a man as Philomen Wright, the courageous pioneer of the Ottawa district, described by Marion Greene this month in her story, "Golden Spires." This young Toronto writer tells me that for the background of her story the commentary, "Philomen Wright: ou, Colonisation et Commerce de Bois" by Joseph Tassé, was freely used. This is based on the account given by Philomen Wright before the Legislative Assembly at Quebec, when he was invited by that body to tell of his success in settling the land and in lumbering. The main characters in this story, however, are fictitious.

CHATELAINE

VOL. 12.

No. 5.

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